

"LOVE AND THE LEADING LADIES"

BY ED SULLIVAN

Silver Screen

10^c

April



Miriam Hopkins

895

LAND
TONE



فراغرانس جاي العجيب

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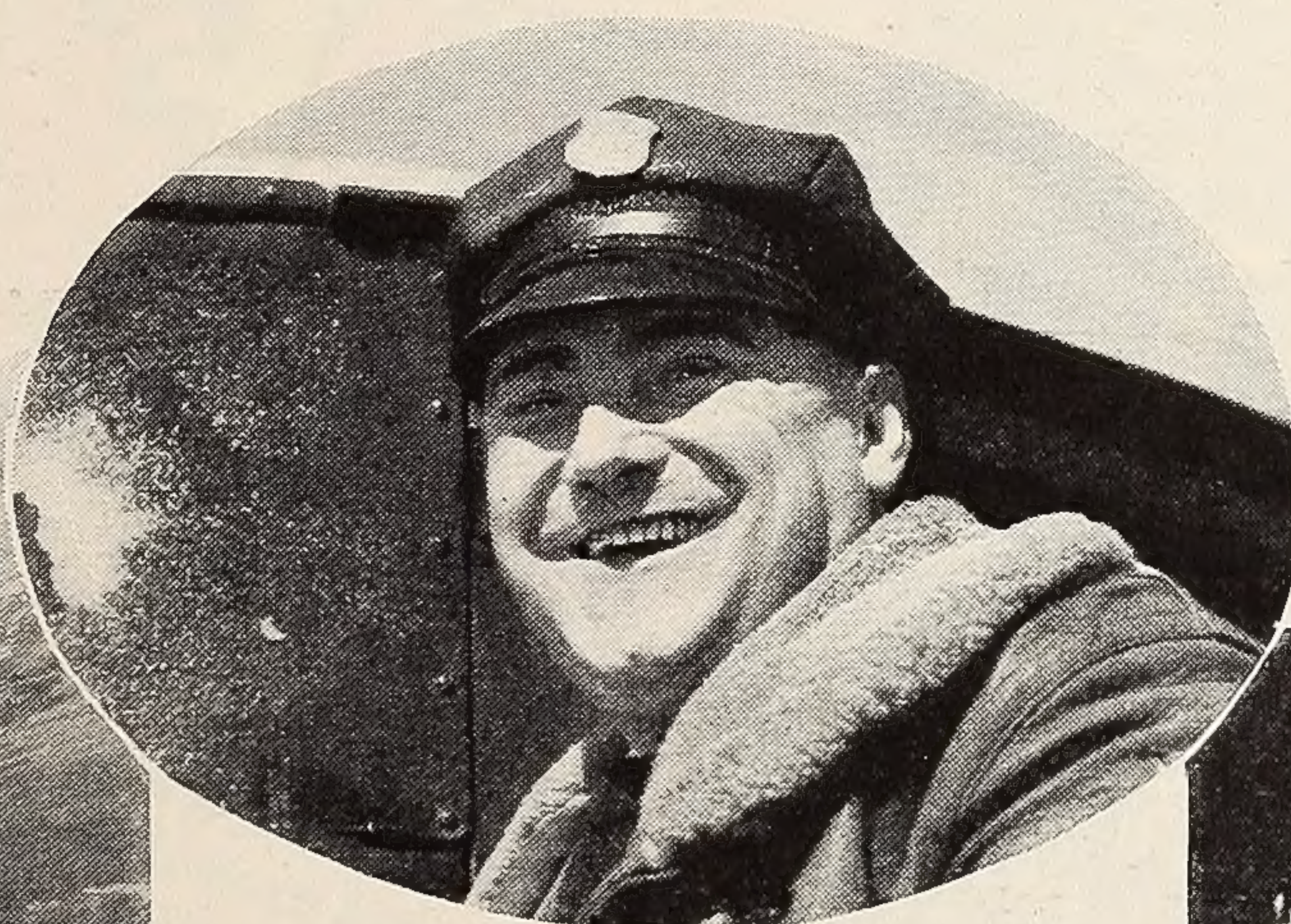
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Teacher checks sore throat quickly

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THE SAFE
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THE

WILLIAM POWELL
As "The Great Ziegfeld"

MYRNA LOY
As loyal, devoted Billie Burke

LUISE RAINER
As tempestuous, irresistible Anna Held

VIRGINIA BRUCE
A "Glorified" Ziegfeld girl

FRANK MORGAN
As Ziegfeld's life-long rival

FANNIE BRICE
The inimitable Fannie herself

LEON ERROL
With his trick knee

GILDA GRAY
The original "Shimmy" Girl, herself

RAY BOLGER
Eccentric Dancing Sensation

NAT PENDLETON
As Sandow, the Strong Man

ANN PENNINGTON
Herself, dimpled knees and all

HARRIET HOCTOR
Ziegfeld's Greatest Dancing Star

REGINALD OWEN
As Ziegfeld's Manager

A. A. TRIMBLE
As Will Rogers

BUDDY DOYLE
As Eddie Cantor

JOSEPH CAWTHORN
As Dr. Ziegfeld

W. W. DEARBORN
As Daniel Frohman

RAYMOND WALBURN
Sage, Ziegfeld's Press Agent

JEAN CHATBURN
Mary Lou, Ziegfeld's protege

HERMAN BING
Ziegfeld's Costumer

WILLIAM DEMAREST
As Gene Buck

200 — GLORIFIED GIRLS — 200
Costumes by ADRIAN

Screen Play by
WM. ANTHONY MCGUIRE

Directed by
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Producer

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Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF MIRIAM HOPKINS BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

The Opening Chorus



Carole Lombard

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR EDITOR,
Well, the Bamboo Cocktail Room of the Brown Derby was premiered the other night with a Lombard party, so that makes everything all right. Bamboo is certainly having its day—what with the Racquet Club and Claudette Colbert's and the Countess di Frasso's bedrooms going in for it—ah me, I can remember when bamboo had no more chic than a boiled potato and was sort of synonymous with the word monkey.

When one recovers from the startling and beautiful things that can be done with bamboo one might imagine, if one had any imagination at all, that one was at the Duchess' county seat all ready for a jolly grousing, for never have I seen so much British Royalty under one roof (bamboo) before.

There was Lord This and Lady That and Honorable So and So and two distinct countesses, well one was a little blurred, besides di Frasso. American Royalty was represented by Alfred Vanderbilt, Joan Payson Whitney, the Jock Whitneys—and last, but not least, Lady Cavendish, she who was Adele Astaire and sister and dancing partner of Fred Astaire, and they do say that every producer in Hollywood is trying to sign her for pictures. Adele is the peppy and un-proper member of the Astaire tribe and once figured in a divorce case (not her own) because she thumbed her nose at people while driving down Fifth Avenue—it doesn't make sense but neither did the divorce case. Yes, I think Adele will be a definite asset to Hollywood. Robert Taylor was dancing like mad with Irene Hervey, and I wonder how Miss Gaynor let that happen.

Of course the high spot of the evening, as far as I was concerned, was when Lil Missy Lombard, too beautiful for words in fringe and orchids, suddenly remembered she was a hostess. She had been sitting in the "back room" kibitzing our bridge game and having a swell time when she recalled the Carriage Trade out front. "I am so tired," said Miss Lombard with an imperious gesture, "of being a hostess"—and saying that she slipped on the newly waxed floor and did as beautiful a fall as Mack Sennett could ever have wished for.

Liza

WARNING!

to the girl
who's in *Love*



YOU spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes . . . you want him to approve of every least detail.

But don't forget—one ugly thing can undo in a minute all the care you've taken with your looks. *The unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.*

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusion a man about a lovely looking girl as this.

Don't run the risk. Give your underarms necessary daily care, just as you give your face.

There's a quick, easy way to do it. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time, before dressing or after. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum doesn't prevent the perspiration itself—just its horrid odor. Depend upon it to keep you safe from this danger to your happiness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.



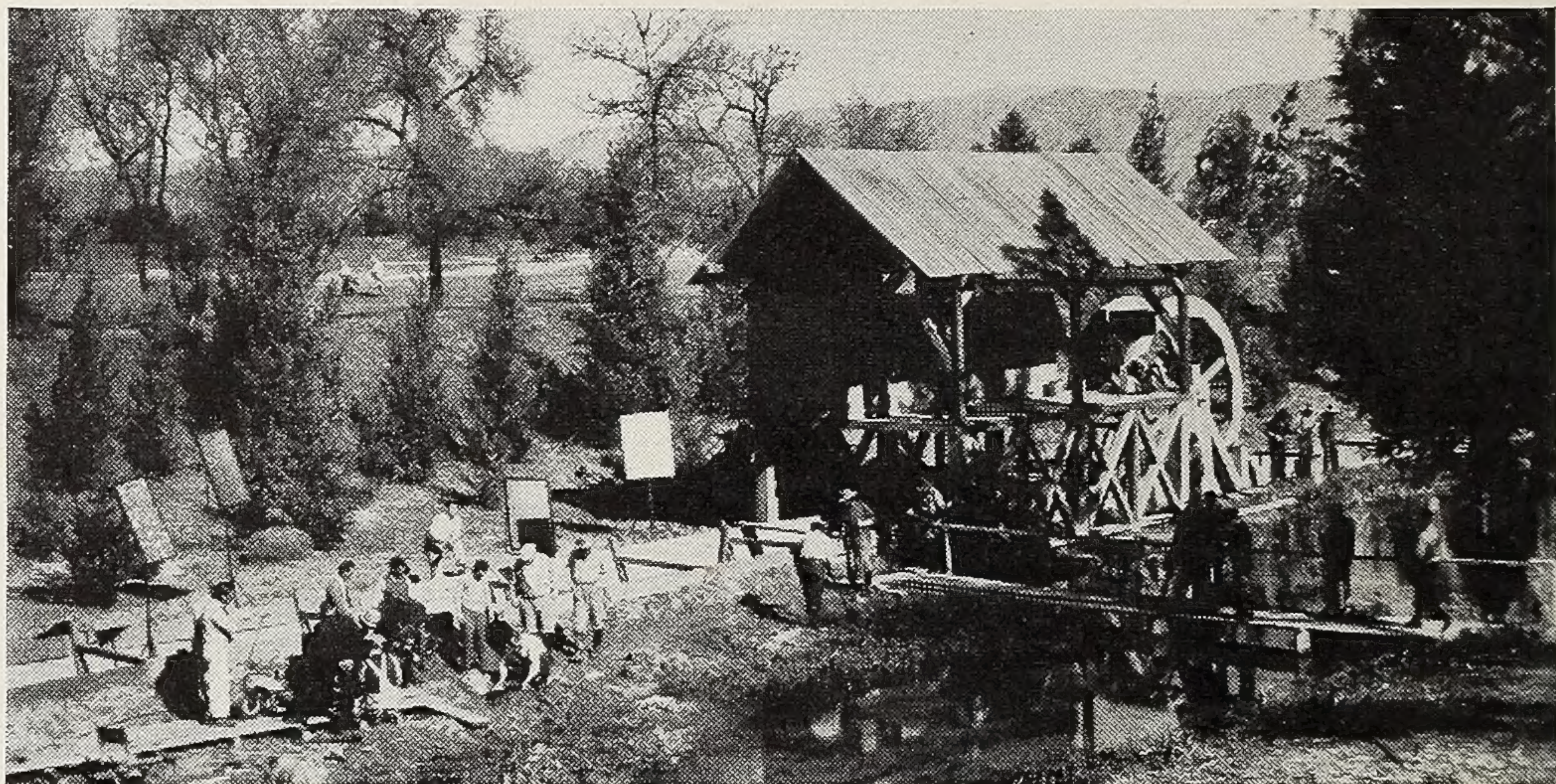
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS Mum protects you from another ever-threatening danger of unpleasantness.

REVIEWS:

Tips On Pictures

Scene from "Sutter's Gold," the Edward Arnold-Universal story. A reproduction of the spot where the first gold was discovered.



AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE—Fine. A romantic costume story of the 18th century filmed in England, with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in the title role, supported by attractive Elissa Landi. There's plenty of color, adventure and comedy to satisfy everybody's taste.

ANYTHING GOES—Good. With Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman sharing the limelight, and little Ida Lupino peeking her nose in now and then, you should take it for granted that this musical farce is highly amusing entertainment.

CAPTAIN JANUARY—Excellent. A new Shirley Temple film is generally a red-letter day for the nation, and this offering should prove no exception to the rule. Rescued from the sea by Guy Kibbee, as the Cap'n, Shirley proceeds to give us "everything"—sparkling comedy, drama, fantasy, etc. We couldn't ask for more from the child, could we?

CHARLIE CHAN'S SECRET—Good. We have the pleasure of meeting the astute Warner Oland once more, impersonating Charlie Chan, and endeavoring to solve in his suave, polished fashion a murder that takes place during a spiritual seance in San Francisco. (Henrietta Crosman, Astrid Allwyn.)

COLLEGIATE—Fine. Once again that old debbil "Charm School" comes out of the moth balls and is turned on the other side for another season's wear. This time, in the form of a musical, it is highly diverting and worth an hour of anybody's time. (Jack Oakie, Frances Langford, Ned Sparks.)

DANGEROUS WATERS—Fair. Jack Holt, Bob Armstrong and Grace Bradley make valiant attempts to convince us that this is a rousing tale of the sea that is conquered by strong men and brave—but the plot foils them somehow at every turn. On a dual bill it may satisfy.

DANCING FEET—Fair. A romantic comedy about a girl whose gayly dancing feet take her away from her staid home to the dizzy floors of a ten cents a dance hall. The cast includes Joan Marsh, Isabel Jewell, Ben Lyon and Eddie Nugent.

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT—Good. All simple home-loving people will be tickled with this story of domestic life which gives the entire family, from the baby to grandma, a chance to do its stuff. (Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, Florence Roberts.)

FRESHMAN LOVE—Fair. The younger element may get some fun out of this flimsy, light-hearted tale of love on the campus. In the cast Frank McHugh, Patricia Ellis, Joseph Cawthorn.

GARDEN MURDER CASE, THE—Fine. S. S. Van Dine authored this opus and because of that you can expect the best in cleverly motivated mystery thrillers. Edmund Lowe plays Philo Vance this season, and acquits himself very creditably. (Virginia Bruce, Benita Hume.)

HERE COMES TROUBLE—Good. A luxurious liner travelling from New York to Havana carries two rival gangs of jewel thieves, both seeking a precious stone hidden in the ship's safe. There's plenty of action, and plenty of color. (Mona Barrie, Gregory Ratoff, Edward Brophy.)

LONE WOLF RETURNS, THE—Enjoyable. The romantic Lone Wolf comes back, to be sure, BUT right in the midst of an intriguing jewel snatch he falls in love. So, what happens? He reforms! However, with Melvyn Douglas in the title role we can accept that step towards the higher things of life quite agreeably. (Gail Patrick.)

MAN-HUNT—Good. Marguerite Churchill and William Gargan are nicely cast as the small town sweethearts who crave excitement, only to find it suddenly confronting them at their own front door, so to speak. (Ricardo Cortez.)

MURDER OF DR. HARRIGAN—Fair. No matter where they decide to commit their murders these days, we never blink an eye-lash. This one happens to take place in a hospital on the way to the operating room. Pleasant idea, what? (Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor.)

MUSS 'EM UP—Fair. There's an excellent cast rather sadly involved in the complicated plot structure of this pseudo-thriller classed as a mystery film. On a double bill you may get in the mood to unravel its tangled threads. (Alan Mowbray, Ralph Morgan, Margaret Callahan.)

PADDY O'DAY—Good. Here's that grand little "bad" girl, romping merrily through a plot that's brimming over with laughter and tears and songs and dances, with a brogue that's as thick as your thumb. Take the children with you to see this one. (Pinky Tomlin.)

PETRIFIED FOREST, THE—Excellent Leslie Howard does ample justice to the sensitive role of a young intellectual who goes west seeking peace only to find himself embroiled in a situation seething with excitement and action. Bette Davis is splendid as his team-mate.

PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY—Good. A murder mystery that has the added thrill of being solved in a Hollywood motion picture studio. All dyed-in-the-wool movie fans will get a kick out of this. In cast, Gail Patrick, Reginald Denny, Ian Keith, Rod La Roque.

ROAD GANG—Interesting. A prison farm, with a cruel and relentless curriculum, furnishes the setting for this melodrama. It's not a pretty tale, so if you're squeamish and like your entertainment sugar-coated, you'd better stay home. (Donald Woods, Kay Linaker.)

SONG AND DANCE MAN—Good. This was once one of Geo. M. Cohan's great stage successes. In its present version Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor are the dancing team which is so unhappily split. The plot is a bit too familiar by now, but it is still entertaining.



A SON...

PROUD OF HIS MOTHER

... worshipping the ground she walked on... loving her with a fierce loyalty... yet at the same time stealing his way into the flinty heart of a proud, tyrannical nobleman and teaching him the meaning of kindness.

Freddie Bartholomew breathes life into Frances Hodgson Burnett's beloved character, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and gives a perform-

ance in the world-famous story that will indelibly stamp itself upon your heart. Dolores Costello Barrymore as "Dearest" his mother, returns to the screen lovelier and more radiant than ever. She will delight the millions of fans who have been eagerly awaiting her return.

We'd like to be modest in our statements about this picture — but

the facts speak for themselves... It has a magnificent cast — a perfect story — was directed by John Cromwell who thrilled you with "Of Human Bondage" — produced by David O. Selznick who gave you "David Copperfield" and the screenplay was written by Hugh Walpole, noted English author.

It is a picture that is marked for major screen honors in 1936!

Selznick International Pictures, Inc., *Presents*

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

with

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW and DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE

Mickey Rooney • C. Aubrey Smith • Guy Kibbee • Henry Stephenson
E. E. Clive • Una O'Connor • Jackie Searl • Ivan Simpson • Jessie Ralph

PRODUCED BY DAVID O. SELZNICK

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS



TO CLEAR UP SKIN TROUBLES

*Try This Improved
Pasteurized Yeast
That's EASY TO EAT*

IN case after case, pimples, blotches, and other common skin troubles are caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets an easy way to correct skin blemishes caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should soon restore your eliminative system to healthy function.

With the true cause of your condition corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And you *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And pasteurization makes them utterly safe for everyone to eat. *They cannot cause fermentation* and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

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Free!

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You may paste this on a penny post card

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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

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Katherine DeMille gets a thrill out of a new lip color.

MAKE-UP NEWS

By
Mary Lee

MAKE-UP is as make-up does! And what it can be made to do for you is plenty—if (and it's a mighty big "IF") you know the rules. Don't use more make-up than

you need. If you have a lovely fine-textured skin, either creamy white or with a becoming natural color, don't patch it up with rouge. Confine your cosmetic urge to your eyes and lips, with only enough powder to cover up unflattering shine. You have a right to be proud of cheeks that can go undressed. They give you a distinction which is, unfortunately, all too rare. There are very few feminine faces which cannot be improved by a touch of rouge, artfully applied. And lipstick has come to be as much of a necessity as silk stockings!

The secret of smart make-up is to look as if you're wearing none at all—yet know within yourself that you're better looking than you were before you put it on. You should do such a good job that even your mirror smiles back at you and tells you convincingly that you are one of the girls Fortune favored with beauty.

Speaking of mirrors, be sure you have yours arranged so it won't let you down when you're doing the make-up job. If you're preparing your face for the day, have your mirror placed so that your face gets plenty of day-light. Put on your make-up by electric light for your evening date. You'd be surprised what a difference light makes! There's a good deal of yellow in electric light which detracts from the color in your face—so you need to put more make-up on. Again, you might look rav-

ishing in the evening, but "painted" and garish in the sunlight.

Don't be satisfied with your appearance from the front view only. Get a good look at both profiles before

you venture out. You may have left lines of demarcation where the rouge ends and your natural paleness begins. That will never do! The rouge needs to be blended better.

"There's such a raft of rouge, lipstick and powder shades to choose from, how can I possibly find the ones that suit me?" we've had wailed into our ears innumerable times. The cosmetic manufacturers have done a lot to help you answer that question. In most of the large department stores there are cosmetic experts, trained by manufacturers, who will help you select the right shades for your coloring and show you how to put your make-up on. Some of the stores even have "make-up bars" where you can be made up according to your type and the colors you are wearing, free of charge.

Frances Denney has made it easy for you to select the right shades for yourself. She has arranged "matched make-up" for various types. According to this specialist, there is a "tone key" for every woman which sums up the coloring of her hair, eyes and skin and which should determine her make-up shades. So she takes her products used in make-up (foundation lotion, "creme parfait," creme rouge, lipstick and powder) and makes them in four sets of harmonizing shades, one set for each "tone key." For [Cont. on page 68]

*Beauty Is A Duty But
Love Is The Reward.*

Look!—Ruby's got a new dancing partner! With Paul Draper, sensational Broadway importation, she does her dandiest dancing to date to the tune of Warren & Dubin's new hits, in this swell story which Alfred E. Green directed.

And what a comedy team this turns out to be! Yet Hugh and Louise are just part of a convulsing cast that includes Marie Wilson, Luis Alberni, Berton Churchill, and Olin Howard.

A DOZEN

GREAT STARS

Go 'Round and 'Round in

COLLEEN

THE PICTURE

OF THE

MONTH

Warner Bros.' Stunning New Musical Displays the Terpsichorean Talents of Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Paul Draper and—of All People!— Louise Fazenda and Hugh Herbert, While the Rhythm of Four Swell New Song Hits Comes Out Here . . .



Between love scenes with Ruby, Dick vocalizes "You Gotta Know How To Dance", "Summer Night" and "I Don't Have To Dream Again"

Everything's Oakie-Doakie when Jack and Joan "swing it" to the strains of "Boulevardier From The Bronx".

And just for good measure, 200 assorted Hollywood lovelies go to town in an up-to-the-second fashion show and other lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly!

"TO ME...HER LIPS
LOOKED *Irresistible*"

SAID

**CHARLES
FARRELL**



**Famous
screen star
tells why
he picked
the girl with
Tangee Lips**



● If you met Charles Farrell wouldn't you want to have tender, soft lips...the kind of lips that would appeal to him...that he would want to kiss?

The Tangee girl won when **CHARLES FARRELL** chose loveliest lips while filming Universal Picture, "Fighting Youth".

Three girls were with us when we visited Mr. Farrell. One wore the ordinary lipstick...one no lipstick...the third, Tangee. "Your lips look irresistible," he told the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint*. It simply intensifies your own natural color. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, send 10c for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**...when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation...there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee...be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical...intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY SU46
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin), 15¢ in Canada.

Cheek Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

STUDIO NEWS

A Visit To The Sets Where The Players Work—
With S. R. Mook



Betty Jane Hainey, Jane Withers, Sara Haden, Jackie Morrow and Claudia Coleman in "The Matron's Report." Jane Withers is an expression of modernism—instead of "America's Sweetheart" she is "America's Brat."

WELL, now that the holidays are safely behind us, thank heaven, we can once more turn our attention to serious things—such as motion pictures and why. But, alackaday. The studios are in the doldrums. They always are at this time of the year due to some sort of tax the government imposes on exposed film, so just before the fiscal year ends there are only a handful of pictures in production. But we'll give that handful a going over—and how!

At Fox

FOX is the busiest of all the studios so we'll get them out of the way.

First there's a little number starring Jane Withers called "The Matron's Report," the title of which will probably be changed.

Arriving on the set, Frank Albertson, whom I'm dragging around with me this morning, lets out a whistle.

"Now what?" I ask.

"Well, blow me down," says Frank. "This is the same picture that Helen Twelvetees and I made years ago. It was called 'Blue Skies' then. But, bullieve me, we didn't have any orphan asylum like this in *our* picture. Ours was a dump!"

He asks the script girl for the story and she gives it to him. "Well, only the first three reels are the same," Frank concedes and then he gets excited all over again.

"What the devil's the matter with you?" I blurt out. "All these fits you're throw-

ing are very upsetting to a person of my tranquil temperament."

"I'll tell you what's the matter," Frank says. "When I made the picture I was playing the part Jane plays now. If I could only find out which of us was mis-cast I'd feel better!"

With a hard day's work ahead of me I can't be bothered trying to assuage Frank so I get on with my job. Jane is the brat of the orphan asylum. Claudia Coleman (remember she played "The Jumping Whale" in "Frisco Kid") is a rich society woman in this one. She comes with her little son (Jackie Morrow) to adopt a sister for him, and Sara Haden, the matron, has all the children lined up for them to choose from.

"Now, Junior, look them over carefully," his mother admonishes.

Junior now feels his authority and, in the manner of an officer reviewing a squad of subordinates, he starts down between the two lines of girls.

"Oh, I hope they don't take me," Betty Hainey whispers to Jane. So as Junior comes to Jane she makes a horrible face and pretends that's how she naturally looks.

Junior recoils in terror. Then he walks a couple of steps and sees Betty, whom Jane is trying to conceal.

"I think I'll take this one," he announces. Betty is ready to break into tears at the

[Continued on page 12]

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!

CAPRA'S NEWEST TRIUMPH!

Gary Cooper

A GENTLEMAN GOES TO TOWN
JEAN ARTHUR

George Bancroft • Lionel Stander • Douglass Dumbrille • Raymond Walburn • Margaret Matzenauer • H. B. Warner • Warren Hymer.

A FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTION

Screen play by
Robert Riskin
From the story by
Clarence Budington
Kelland

GOLDEN-VOICED STAR IN HER
GAYEST AND GRANDEST PICTURE!

Grace Moore

THE KING STEPS OUT
FRANCHOT TONE

Walter Connolly • Raymond Walburn
Victor Jory

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Glorious Music by
FRITZ KREISLER
Screen play by
Sidney Buchman
Lyrics by Dorothy Fields

WONDER SHOW OF 1936!
STORMING AMERICA IN A MIGHTY SONG CRESCENDO!

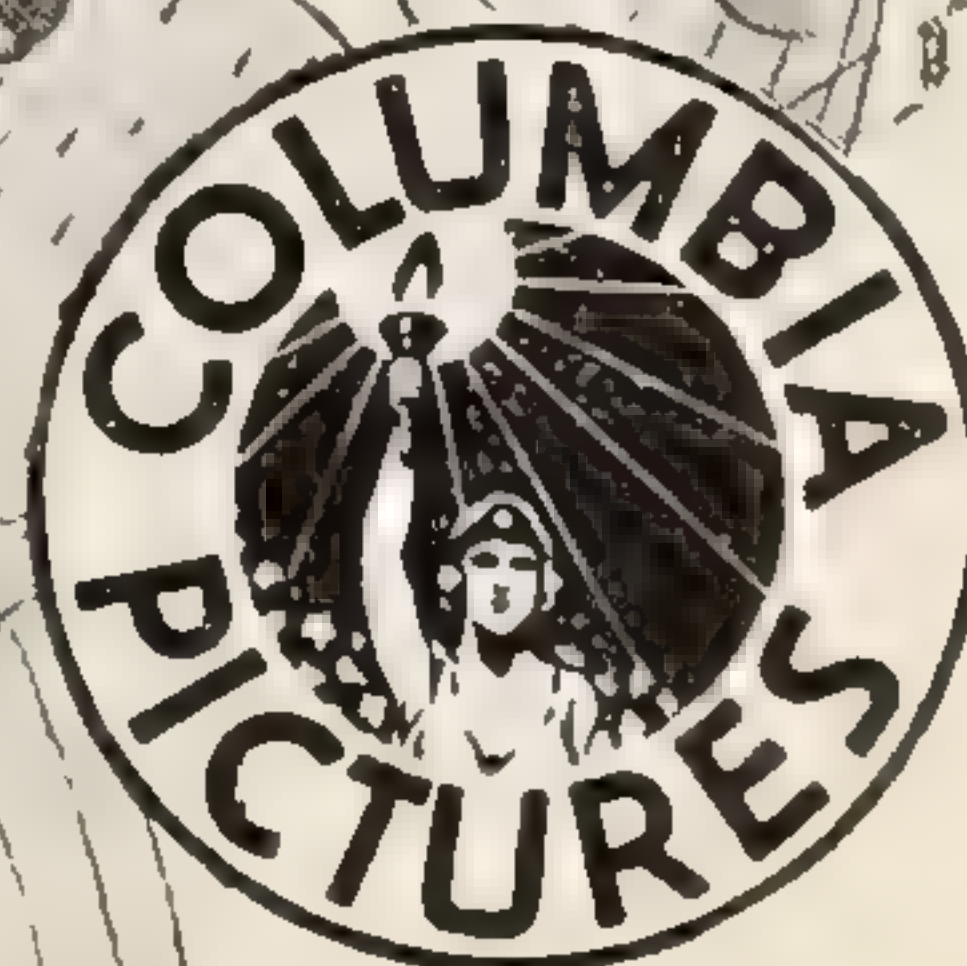
THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

HARRY RICHMAN
ROCHELLE HUDSON
WALTER CONNOLLY

FARLEY and RILEY
and their 'Round and 'Round Music
Douglass Dumbrille • Lionel Stander
Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

Screen play
by Jo Swerling
Story by
Sidney Buchman

Music and Lyrics
by
Lew Brown-
Harry Akst and
Victor
Schertzinger



Your hands

**WILL LEAD A LOVELIER LIFE
ALL... WEEK... LONG!**



**GLAZO IS WORLD-FAMOUS
FOR BEAUTY AND LONG WEAR**

WOMEN are becoming more critical, more discriminating in the beauty preparations they use. They expect a nail polish not only to be outstandingly lovely but to apply easily without streaking and to wear for days longer than polishes they used to know.

Because Glazo has these virtues, its fame has circled the world. It is famous for its glorious fashion-approved shades. It is famous for solving the streaking problem and for amazing ease of application. It is famous for giving 2 to 4 days longer wear, without peeling or chipping.

Glazo shares its success with you, and is now only 20 cents. Do try it, and see how much lovelier your hands can be!



... The Smart Manicure

[Continued from page 10]

thought of leaving Jane. "I wouldn't adopt her," Jane says quietly. "She takes fits!"

They pay no attention to Jane. "But, Mrs. Lewis," Betty pleads to Miss Haden, "can't Judy come, too?"

"Mrs. Smythe," Sara puts it up to Claudia, "could you possibly—" she looks meaningfully toward Jane.

"That Dracula!" Jackie breaks out. "Nothin' doing!"

"Cut!" calls the director and turns to Jane. "Now, Jane, in this next scene, you slap Jackie's face—"

"It'll be a pleasure," Jane informs him. "He used to live in the same apartment building with me and every time I went to ride on my velocipede he'd jump on behind. And if I'd kick him off he'd run blubbering to my mother and tell her I started it. You don't have to tell me how to play *this* scene."

Poor Jackie. I'm sure Jane will see to it that there are more takes than even Von Sternberg ever dreamed of.

Next, we have "The Country Beyond," from James Oliver Curwood's best seller. Rochelle Hudson has the lead and she is aided and abetted by Robert Kent, a newcomer who looks like a youthful Ralph Bellamy, and Paul Kelly. Rochelle isn't working this morning, worse luck, so I have to content myself with being introduced to Kent (who is a nice chap) and swapping horse yarns with Paul Kelly.



"The Country Beyond"—Paul Kelly, Robert Kent and Holmes Herbert. Robert Kent is a newcomer, but the movies always get their man.

The scene is the office of the commandant at one of the stations of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. Kent has just arrived. The door opens and in march Kelly and Kent.

"Corporal King, sir," Kelly explains to the commandant (Holmes Herbert).

"I'm glad to see you, King," Herbert smiles as he rises and extends his hand. "How's your father?"

"Fine, sir," Kent answers.

"I suppose he's given you some idea of what to expect out here," Herbert goes on.

"Yes, sir," Kent admits.

"There's plenty of work to do," the C. O. continues, "and in your case it's going to be harder. As the Commissioner's son you'll have to be twice as good as any man here."

"I'll be satisfied, sir, if I'm as good as any one of them," Kent replies sincerely.

"Sergeant," Herbert turns to Kelly, "suppose you take him under your wing for a few days. Introduce him to his fellows, assign him his mount—acquaint him with our routine."

This is something Kelly hasn't bargained for and he's none too well pleased. But all he says is, "Yes, sir."

And, if you ask me, it looks as though Kent were none too well pleased, either.

"That's all," Herbert announces. And

that, my little duckie-wuckies, is how men are inducted into the Northwest Mounted where men are men and always get their men—except on pay day when they get their women.

Now we come to another in the apparently endless (but highly profitable) series of *Charlie Chan* pictures. This time he's at the circus. Francis Ford (who spits tobacco juice so accurately in "Judge Priest") is addressing a bunch of the performers. "You fellows can help out by finding your own stuff. If you don't find it—" he pauses as Drue Leighton, Warner



It's "Charlie Chan at the Circus" this time. Warner Oland, Wade Boteler, Drue Leighton, Francis Ford and another collection of Oriental epigrams.

Oland, Keye Luke and Wade Boteler arrive at the door of the tent. "Well, Nellie," he breaks off to Drue, "Why weren't you on the job?"

"I don't have to answer to you any more, Mr. Gaines," she answers coldly. Behind her Oland and Boteler can be seen watching her closely. Boothe Howard (who plays her brother and who is already in the tent) starts forward, pretending surprise at his sister's attitude.

"What do you mean by that?" Ford asks.

"I'm as much boss here as you are," Drue informs him. "I'm Joe Kinney's widow and I've put in a claim for his share of the show."

John McGuire and Shirley Deane are quite surprised at this, as, indeed, are all the others.

"What are you talking about?" Howard asks quietly.

"We were married five months ago," Drue says.

"Why didn't you tell me about it?" Howard demands.

"Why, you were with—" Keye Luke starts but Oland accidentally pretends to knock over a stack of basins which fall with a crash. Warner is covered with confusion. "So sorry." He and Lee bend over to pick up the basins. "Better to slip with foot than with tongue," Warner mutters under his breath to Keye.

"I didn't tell you, Dan," Drue says to her brother, "because I knew you didn't like Joe Kinney. And I suppose he was keeping our marriage a secret because he was making a play for Marie Norman (Maxine Reiner)."

"That's not true," Shirley Deane begins furiously as she rushes forward. "You're saying that because you hate my sister."

"You keep out of this, Lou," Maxine says as she pushes her way forward. And then she turns to Drue. "I can see through your game. Because Joe Kinney's dead, you're trying to put something over. But I know he never married you or he'd have told me."

"Why should he?" Drue jeers vindictively. "You were just another woman to

[Continued on page 14]

SILVER SCREEN

Mae West answers the call of the wild (Victor McLaglen) in Paramount's

"Klondike Annie," a roaring romance of the Northern waists



Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore... Tears spout from hardened orbs of Barbary Coast boys as Annie gives 'Frisco the Golden Gate and sails for the wide open spaces of the frostbitten North.

You Sleigh Me, Big Boy... Nome was never like this 'till Annie hit town... these sourdoughs were just a bunch of cheap skates before Annie broke the ice... but now... there's a hot time in the Yukon tonight!



The Big, Bold Miner Stakes His Claim to Annie's Heart of Gold... But Annie can't see him for (gold) dust... he's just one more fur-bearing animal to her... the glamour Gal of 'Frisco is not going to give her heart to any lad in a squirrel bonnet. "Get back to the mines," says Annie.

You're No Erl Painting, But You're a Ferocious Monster... Ah, the secret is out... Annie has given her heart of gold to Skipper Bull Brackett, the toughest lad that ever knocked the teeth out of a gale with a belaying pin. Which proves true love always wins and there's no place like Nome.



How Pepsodent Antiseptic helped
774 Illinois people to

GET RID OF COLDS TWICE AS FAST!

*The people lived together,
worked together, ate the same
kind of food*

*Half gargled;
the other half did not!*



PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

reduced number and duration of colds!

● A Doctor made this famous test—he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. Half of them gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not.

The doctor's report

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, got rid of their colds twice as fast as the others.

That's proof! Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far

To kill germs, ordinary mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water!

**For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps
breath pure 1 to 2 hours longer**

[Continued from page 12]

him. And you thought you were so clever—taking him away from me!"

Well, there you have it: the murder for Chan to solve, with all his homilies thrown in for good measure.

Last we have "The Country Doctor," which is based on the Dionne Quintuplets. They have reproduced to the most minute detail for this picture the hospital where the Quins live in Collander. A log building with a rustic porch and pillars of log from which the bark has been stripped. It has been put up by the government, but now it must be blessed by the Catholic Church and this morning they're having the dedication ceremonies. A couple of real priests and a flock of altar boys are in the background on the porch and a number of officials are sitting about. In front is a crowd of people—curiosity seekers and townspeople. John Qualen addresses them:

"—where these miracle children will make their home. They are our sacred mascots—"

His voice is drowned out by that of George Chandler, a few feet away, yelling, "Peanuts! Peanuts! Popcorn! Candy! A complete line-up and batting order of the Wyatt family."

Qualen looks slightly annoyed but goes on: "—our sacred mascots. And it is to them we dedicate this building."

"Cut!" I hear and then Aileen Carlyle, who played the mother of the twins in "The Virginian" and who plays the mother of the quins in this picture, comes rushing down from the porch to show Frances Deaner and me her outfit. Mrs. Dionne has never been noted for her stylish appearance and Aileen has taken her off like nobody's business. She has padded herself out, her hat is nothing short of a sensation and she has on a mustard colored tweed coat that hangs on her as though it were large enough to cover an elephant.

"How do you like this?" Aileen beams. "Isn't it the latest thing," as she pirouettes in model fashion. "Do you think I could pass for the Glamour Girl and get into Harper's Bazaar?"

And then the director calls for another take and Aileen hurries away. It isn't every girl as attractive as she who would get herself up like that for a part.

"Under Two Flags," with Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert, is shooting but we can't get on that set today because some of the girls are doing a nautch dance. Although they don't at all mind having a hundred million people see them do it on the screen, they're sensitive about having one hungry writer see them do it in the flesh. So-o-o, the set is closed but I'll tell you about the picture next month. Mr. Albertson comes to life once more. "Come on," he says. "I've got to go to work." So we get into Frank's car and when I can persuade my hair to stop standing on end from fright, we're at—

R-K-O

THERE are only two pictures going over here. One of them, "Thoroughbreds All," which is being directed by that grand comedian, Glenn Tryon, is being made entirely on location so you'll never hear about that. It's a sort of "Sequoia" theme about the friendship of a horse and dog and a man. Moroni Olsen (who played Porthos in the "Three Musketeers") is only interested in thoroughbred animals. The romantic interest is carried by Johnny Arledge and Louise Latimer (a newcomer from the New York stage).

The other picture is one of the kind I love. It's called "Farmer in the Dell" and stars Fred Stone, with Frank Albertson and Jean Parker taking care of love's

young dream, and Esther Dale playing his wife.

Now, Fred has made a moderate amount of money farming so he's retiring and his wife, who has ambitions for their daughter (Jean, of course) to enter the movies, has talked him into moving to California. They're just getting ready to leave the old homestead, mortgage and all, and Frank is in the farmyard saying fare-thee-well, Annabel, to Jean.

"I'm going to miss you," he whispers. "Nothing'll be the same."

"I know," Jean murmurs, "because that's the way I feel, too."

And then Mr. Stone, whom I've always liked on the stage but who is more important to me now because he's the father of Paula Stone, appears carrying a rocking chair.

"Hey, Addie," he calls to Jean. "What do you think? They tried to sell my rocker on me!"

Mr. Stone was always noted on the stage for his clean shows and they weren't that sickening sort of clean either—the kind that nauseates you.

This is Jean's first picture since she returned from England where she made "The Ghost Goes West." And did she do herself—and us—proud in that picture! Don't let the title scare you off, either. I've just seen it and it's one of the most side-splitting comedies I've seen in many's the day.

I don't say goodbye to Frank because I'm afraid he'll offer to drive me to my next stop and one ride a day with him is all my nerves will stand. So I just amble along and stop at—

Columbia

TWO BIG pictures going here. First, there's "A Gentleman Goes To Town," with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur. The scenarists must be slipping this month.



"A Gentleman Goes To Town" is the name of the picture that Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur are making. It appears to be another hit for Gary.

There isn't a murder in this picture, either, although Gary's eccentric uncle dies and leaves him \$20,000,000. Everyone is trying to cut in on it. Jean, a sob-sister from a newspaper, pretends to be a starving girl and he takes her out to dinner. Next morning her paper carries the only interview in town on him and he is ridiculed from start to finish. He doesn't suspect Jean, though, and takes her out once more. When the same thing happens a second time, he KNOWS.

His money has brought him nothing but grief so he decides to purchase a lot of ten acre tracts and give them away with animals and farm implements so the starving men who are badgering him can be self-sustaining. And then, my friends, all the dastards who couldn't trick Gary out of his money, see their chance and try to have him judged insane.

We're right in the midst of the trial.

SILVER SCREEN

Jean has just come through like a brick. She has made *the only man she ever really loved* ridiculous in the eyes of the nation. She goes on the witness stand and tells how she crucified the man she loved for the sake of a few headlines, how fine and noble he is and how she resigned her job because she would do no more of that dirty work.

When she finishes, Douglas Dumbrille (the arch conspirator) steps forward. "Your honor," he says to the judge, "her testimony is of no value. Why shouldn't she defend him. It's a tribute to American womanhood. Her instinct to protect the weak. We're not saying nobody likes him. I cherish a fond affection for the boy myself. But that doesn't mean—"

And then good ole honest George Bancroft (who plays the editor of Jean's paper) comes from the audience to the platform. "When this windbag here, gets through, Your Honor," he says, "I'd like to verify what Miss Bennett (Jean) has said. I'm her editor. When she quit her job she told me what a swell feller this was. And anything Babe Bennett says is okay with me."

"If you've anything to say," Judge H. B. Warner advises him, "take the witness chair."

"I've already said it, Your Honor," George replies. "Just thought I'd like to get my two cents in." He turns to Gary who has steadfastly refused to say a word in his own defense: "Don't be a sucker, pal. Get up and speak your piece."

"Your Honor," Lionel Stander cuts in, "I've got a couple of cents I'd like to get in, too. I've been with this man since—"

"Sit down!" the judge thunders.

And then the crowd in the audience who were to have gotten the land and implements start murmuring: "What about us, Mr. Deeds?"

"Yeah, what about us?"

"You're not going to leave us out in the cold!"

"They're just framing you—that's all!"

"Silence!" Warner roars. "In the interest of the defendant I have tolerated a great deal of informality but if there is one more outburst I shall have the courtroom cleared."

"Your Honor," Gary begins tentatively, and I must say there has been enough "honor" scattered about this courtroom during the last ten minutes to keep some of our finest heroines in virtue during the rest of their careers.

"Yes?" His Honor encourages him.

"I'd like to get in *my* two cents' worth," Gary decides.

Well, sir—and ma'am, I've been telling you for months how Gary has improved as an actor but in this speech he delivers to His Honor and the sanity commission, he tops all previous efforts.

But his efforts exhaust him and at the end of the scene he's too weak to even mooch a cigarette off me. But there is nothing the matter with his man Friday, otherwise known as Cracker Henderson. "Dick," says Cracker, "I'd like to have you come down to meet my new wife."

So I go down and the new wife is enough like Mae West to be Mae West. So I congratulate Cracker and sympathize with the wife, wonder how it is that everybody can get a girl but me and follow my guide over to the next set.

Here we have none other than the one and only Gracie Moore in a piece called "The King Steps Out." With her is one of my favorite actors—none other than Mr. Franchot Tone, with whom, I am happy to say, I am now on chatting terms.

The film is laid in one of those mythical kingdoms and the plot is another of those complicated affairs. Franchot is the

[Continued on page 76]

CINDERELLA* *tags these dresses*

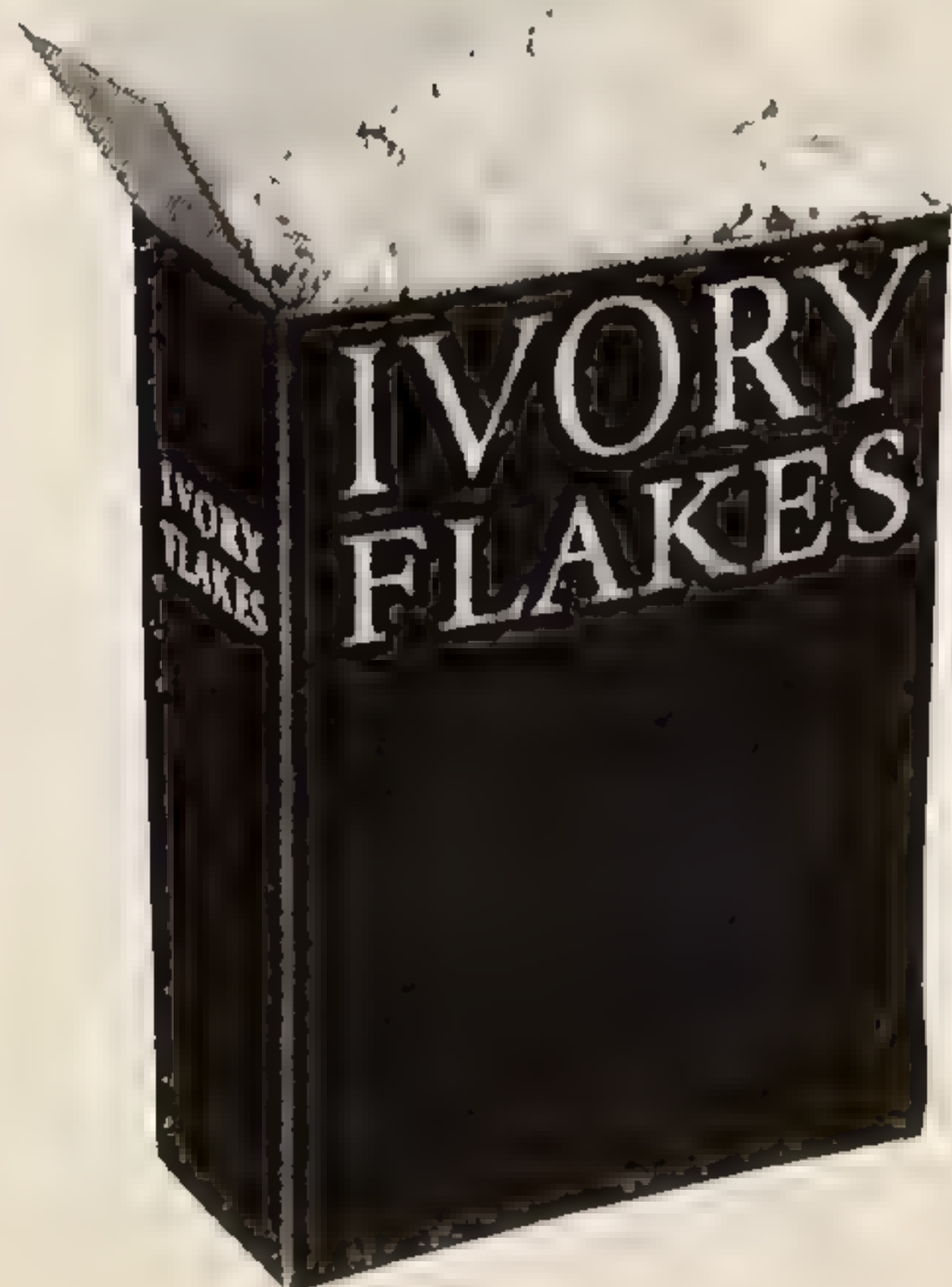


*"Wash with
Ivory Flakes"*



These adorable dresses are the heart's-desire of every little girl who sees them. What a thrill for your own small darling to be decked out in one of these lovable Cinderella frocks!... And don't you worry! Although the materials are fine, the colors dainty, the trimming tricks bright—they'll *stay* that way, if you give them gentle Ivory Flakes care. These Cinderella Frocks may be washed by hand or washing machine—in lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. That's the finest way to wash dainty little girls' clothes (as often as you please)—and the *safest*!

* Makers of the famous Cinderella Frocks for children recommend that they be washed in Ivory Flakes. Exact washing directions are tagged on each dress.



99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure



SOME years ago, demand for an artist's skill was very limited, being confined chiefly to portrait and landscape paintings. Financial success was achieved only by artists of unusual ability.

The situation is entirely different today. Advertising, most of it illustrated, has become a necessary part of selling. Advertisers, magazines, newspapers, and publishers spend millions yearly for illustrations. Industry, realizing that design and color influence sales, is employing artists to design many of its products before manufacturing them. The market for artistic skill has increased many fold and will continue to increase with public demand that merchandise be not only serviceable, but also good looking.

In this commercial art field, youth is not a handicap as success depends on artistic talent rather than on age and experience. Girls can earn as much as men.

Training that has Brought Results

The Federal Schools, affiliated with a large art, engraving and printing organization, has trained many young artists now capable of earning from \$1000 to \$5000 yearly as designers or illustrators. Its Home Study courses in Commercial Art, Illustrating and Cartooning contain exclusive illustrated lessons by many famous artists. Practical instruction by experienced men is the reason for its many years of outstanding success. Courses sold on easy monthly payments.

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"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

"SINCE I can't have Fred MacMurray in the flesh, how I long for a picture of him," writes Saundra Lawson of Cortlandt St., Belleville, N. J. "We movie-goers are fortunate in having such a fine actor who will undoubtedly last a long time."

Yep, Fred looks durable.

"OF ALL THE modern, up and coming, young actresses, Rochell Hudson is the outstanding one," writes Mary Hura of Ravenna, Ohio. "I have a scrap book of two hundred and forty-five pictures of her, and a signed photograph would be the cream of my collection."

"She's the Cream of My Collection" sounds like a song, Mary.

"CHARMING, BEAUTIFUL Jeanette MacDonald is the reigning queen of song," writes Mary Siciliano of W. 46th St., New York, N. Y. "Her pictures give me so much joy and pleasure I go and see them over and over, which is something I've never done in my life. It is my sincere wish that Jeanette MacDonald become the greatest star of all time."

Or were you looking at Nelson Eddy?

"OH, MY! Would I be tickled to get a swell photo of Robert Taylor with that great big smile," writes Betty Gangitano of Himrod St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Whoever picked Robert Taylor out sure picked something."

It takes nine tailors to make a man, but one Taylor to make any girl—guess!

The Fifty Best Letters to this Department Receive Framed Photographs as Prizes. Specify on the coupon the name of the star whose signed and inscribed photograph you desire.

"IT SEEMS as if I'll never win a picture of my favorite because I can't put my conception of her on paper. I'm on pins and needles waiting for Janet Gaynor to come to town as

the 'Small Town Girl,'" writes Josephine Causarano of 34th St., Astoria, N. Y., "with the devastatingly handsome Robert Taylor."

Now it comes out!

"WRITING A letter about your favorite screen star seems easy, but I simply can't describe my favorite, nor find enough words to praise him. In my opinion," writes Mildred Edlich of 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., "Franchot Tone is one of the best character actors on the screen. I would like to add that I agree perfectly with Liza when she remarks that Mr. Tone should get an Academy Award. Give us more of Franchot Tone."

Franchot (pronounced Fran-show) adds Tone to any cast. Ha ha!

"I'M NOT very good at writing letters, but I sure would like to win a photo of Alice Faye. Since I saw Miss Faye in the 'Scandals' I have been to all of her pictures at least twice," writes Charles Wegner of Arthur Ave., Congress Park, Ill.

She's your Faye-vorite!

"THIS IS a letter in praise of Ronald Colman for his unforgettable performance in 'A Tale of Two Cities,'" writes Lois Marie Eli of William St., Bridgeport, Conn. "After seeing him as Sydney Carton in

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after April 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

.....

My name is

Address..... City..... State.....

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in January have been notified by mail.



The framed, inscribed and signed photograph of Myrna Loy awarded to Lois M. Suel for her letter.

this picture I feel that he should be placed on the very top of the list. As I have always been carried away by his acting and individual charm, I certainly would be one happy girl if I could have a personally autographed photo of this screen favorite for my very own."

We'll ask him anyhow.

"IRENE DUNNE—charming, beautiful, poised, gracious and human, and then, to top all this, the rare ability to be a great dramatic actress!" writes Catherine Newton of Upton Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn. "It would be both a privilege and an honor to receive her picture."

Only the cultured understand culture.



"Stop monkeying with these titles." Donald Cook resents changes of titles.

NEW TITLES

- "I Will Be Faithful" (Claire Trevor) has been changed to "Human Cargo"
- "Money Mad" (Bruce Cabot) has been changed to "Don't Gamble With Love"
- "Sissy" (Grace Moore) has been changed to "The King Steps Out"
- "Mother Lode" (Richard Dix) has been changed to "Yellow Dust"
- "Preview" (Frances Drake) has been changed to "The Preview Murder Mystery"
- "Opera Hat" (Gary Cooper) has been changed to "A Gentleman Goes To Town"

From Heartache to HEART-THROBS



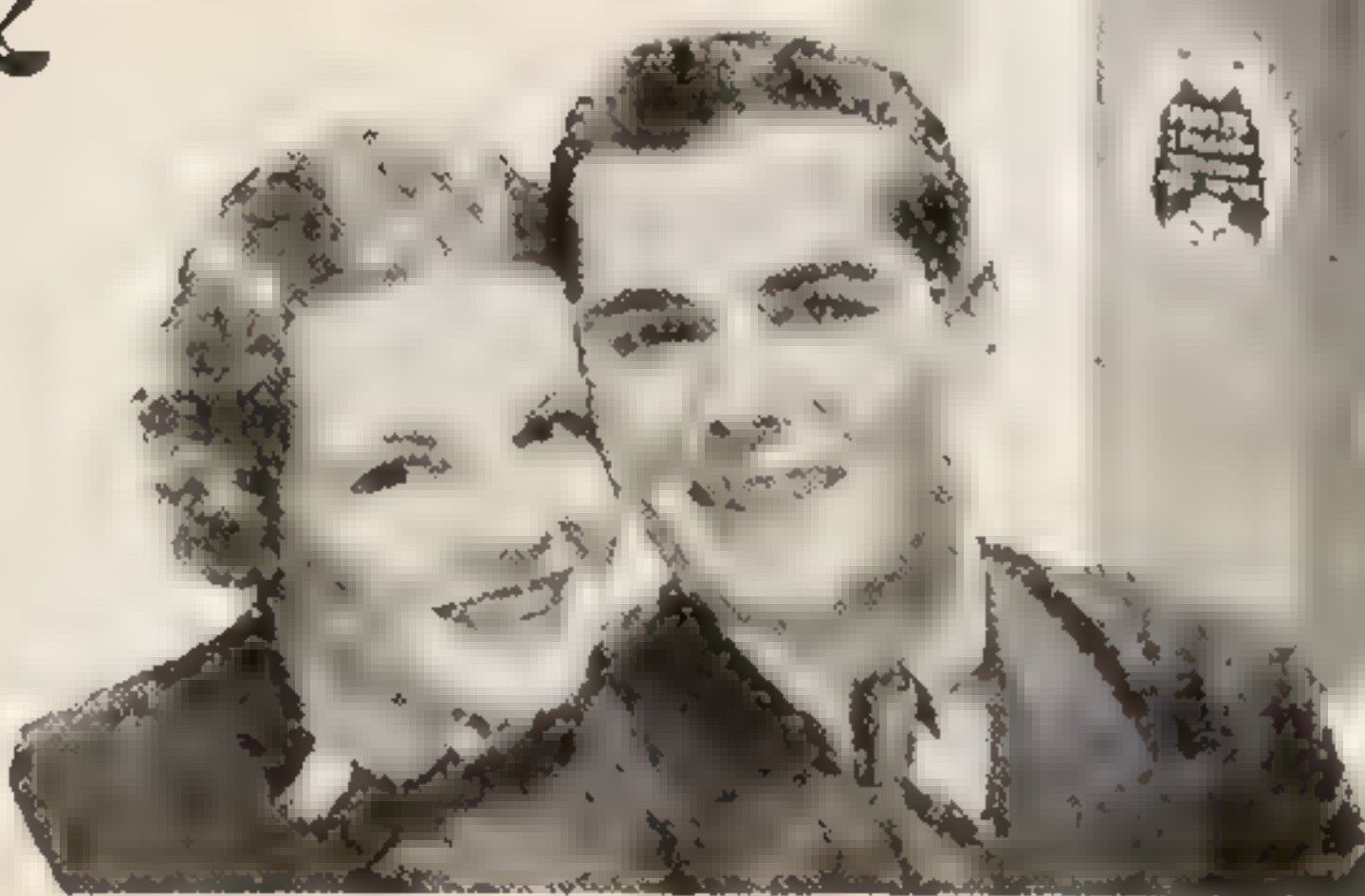
Before you dress! . . . clothe yourself with the lasting fragrance of MAVIS

Recipe for feminine charm . . . a daily dusting with the fragrant glamour of Mavis. Mavis is more than a talcum—so protective to your skin, but with the added allure of tantalizing Parisian fragrance. You'll love the velvety feel of Mavis, and the way it protects your

skin from dryness. Be lovely, be feminine, keep the constant flower-like freshness that men adore—*try Mavis!*

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—convenient coupon below.

MAVIS
Genuine
Mavis
Talcum
IN THE RED
CONTAINER



V. VIVAUDOU, INC.,
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I enclose 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
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Has
lipstick
parching
kept love
from your lips?

Lips that look kissable...and *are* kissable must be satin smooth. Never rough! Yet some lipsticks seem to dry and parch!

Coty has ended all danger of Lipstick Parching with a *new* lipstick.

Coty "Sub-Deb" is truly indelible...warm and ardent in color...yet it actually *smooths* and *softens* your lips. That's because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!
Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty...with the new Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder!



SALADS FOR STARLETS

Three Salad-dears of Hollywood

By
Ruth
Corbin

Alice Faye Tells How
To Make Vegetable
Salad. Evelyn Ven-
able—Fruit Salad.
Anne Shirley—Likes
A Wilted Salad.



Alice Faye, from
Brooklyn, N. Y.,
is a dancer, sing-
er and saladist.

THE current crop of young Hollywood actresses are a healthy, happy lot and there's a reason for it. They have a normal leaning towards domesticity instead of fireworks and temperament.

Alice Faye, for instance, looks like anything but a girl you might need to call out of the kitchen if you dropped in on her unexpectedly. She likes night clubs, dance rhythm and bright lights, but she likes a quiet home too, with a kitchen table where she can make ice-box cookies, garnish salads and play at cooking during her in-between hours. Her favorite dishes are salads. She loves to experiment with them.

The one she likes best has always been combination vegetable salad. Her favorite vegetables are lettuce, green onions, chicory, radishes, green peppers, grated carrots (she uses only enough of the carrots to show the color), finely chopped celery and tomatoes. In preparing the vegetables, she washes them thoroughly first, and places them in the frigidaire until they are chilled. She cuts the lettuce, onions, chicory and tomatoes into small pieces. Cleans the seeds from the green bell peppers and cuts them into rings. She uses only two medium sized carrots grated fine and slices the radishes. Her favorite dressing is what she calls her jiffy mayonnaise, for it takes only a minute to prepare. Here is her recipe:

Jiffy Mayonnaise

2/3 cup sweetened condensed milk
1/4 cup vinegar or lemon juice
1/4 cup salad oil or melted butter
1 egg yolk
1/2 teaspoon salt
A few grains cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes 1 1/4 cups.

Evelyn Venable spent her girlhood in

Ohio, in the quiet atmosphere of a college professor's home. Her mother died when she was in her teens, and when Evelyn arrived at the age when other girls are "thinking mainly of "dates" and "proms," she took over the responsibility of running her father's home and helping him with his research work. She has been an ardent vegetarian ever since she can remember and naturally salads hold an important spot on her daily menu.

Now, like a native Californian, fresh fruit salads vie for first place on her table.

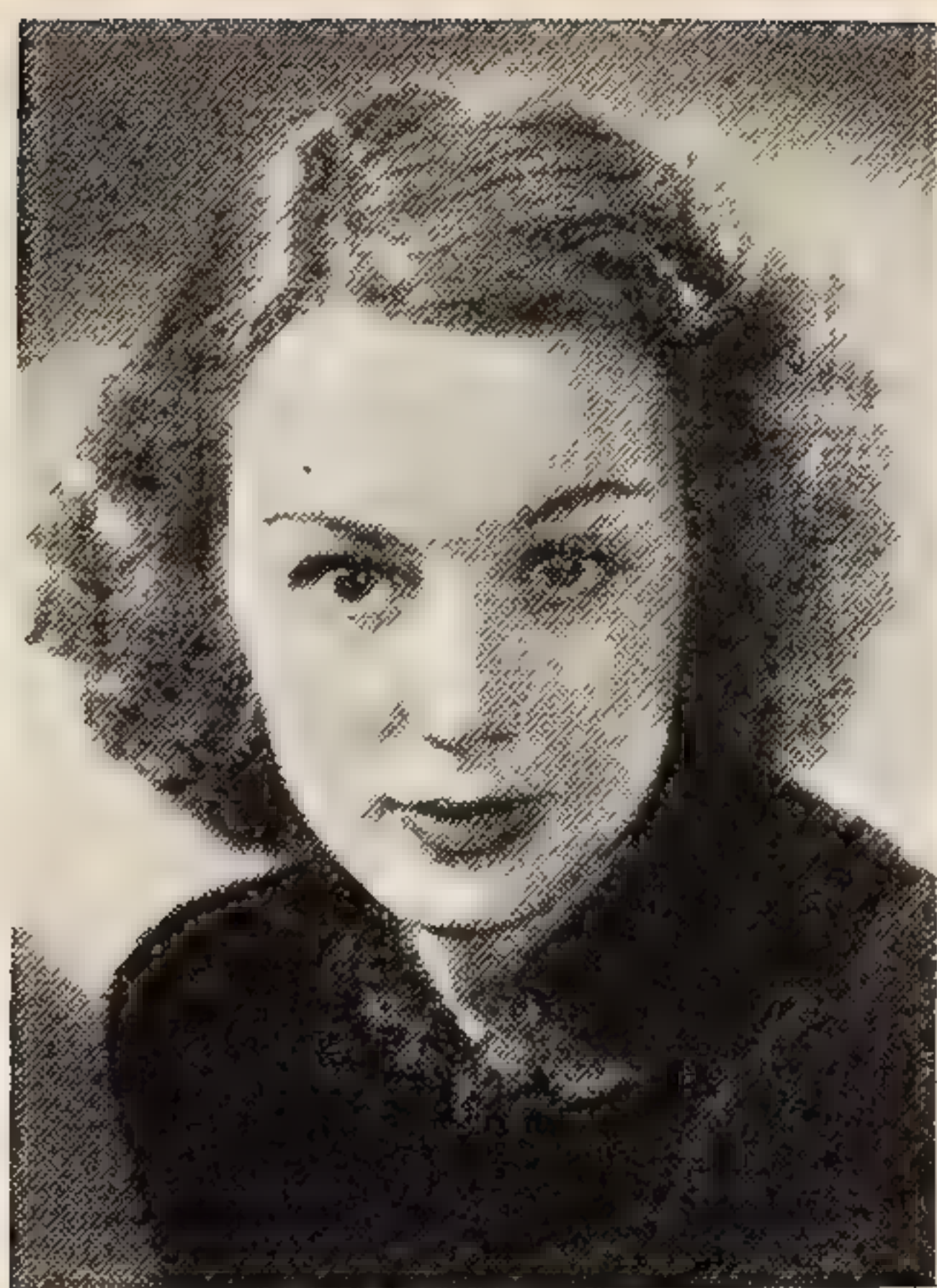
Here is her California Fruit Salad.

Wash lettuce hearts and slice in shreds. To a layer of this, add slices of avocado—thin and ripe. Criss-cross on the avocado slices of grapefruit. Repeat, using two layers of each. Around the edge, place California raisins, and in the center of the salad put a bit of cottage cheese, and on the cottage cheese place several halves of dates. Over the entire salad sprinkle paprika for color. Any kind of favorite salad dressing or mayonnaise can be used if desired.

Anne Shirley, who is known as the "youngest grown-up star in pictures" is a real cook in every sense of the word and another young Hollywoodite with a passion for tasty and unusual salads.

Having spent her childhood in actual "penny-pinching," Anne feels quite happy in her new little six-room bungalow in Hollywood, where she lives now with her mother. They are inseparable chums, and have been through so many hardships and privations together that the bonds between them are stronger than those of most mothers and daughters.

Since her mother, in order to conform with California laws, had to accompany Anne to work and remain on the set with her when she was a child actress, Anne helped her evenings with the housework. Today their housekeeper has an easy time of it, for Anne still loves to help around the kitchen. She makes a pastime of orig-



Anne Shirley is very grateful to California for everything.

inating new salads, and is especially fond of the California passion fruits, cherimoya, blood red oranges, tangerines and pomegranates.

One of the salads which she devised herself, and one which she considers her favorite of favorites, is called Wilted Salad. Here is her recipe.

Wilted Salad

Take crisp fresh lettuce, preferably grown in your own garden,—this does not mean head lettuce, but bunch lettuce, with many loose, grainy leaves. Wash and drain.

In a large skillet, fry bacon and cut in tiny pieces,—drain most of the fat and add salt and pepper and a little sugar. Add one-half cup of vinegar and heat. Dump in salad leaves and turn quickly for a moment in the hot fat. If desired add grated onions to the lettuce leaves and wilt together. Pour the wilted lettuce into a warm serving dish. This is delicious as a hot side dish.

Anne is childishly fond of nuts and often includes them in dressings and salads. She has a dish made of chopped nuts with nut meat dressing, which she serves frequently.

Nut Meat Dressing

2/3 cup sweetened condensed milk

1/4 cup vinegar or lemon juice

1 egg yolk

1/2 teaspoon salt

Few grains cayenne

1 teaspoon dry mustard

1/4 cup salted nut meats, finely chopped

Place all ingredients except finely chopped nut meats in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Just before serving blend in chopped nut meats. This makes about 1 and 3/4 cups. It is a good dish to serve for cold Sunday night dinners, in the late spring and early summer.



Evelyn Venable, an Ohio girl with a yen for salads.

As swift as light—



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Modern life demands much of women—in business, in the home, the club—and in social duties that are a part of her daily life. To meet every occasion, with a consciousness of looking her best, the smart woman tirelessly strives to cultivate every feminine charm. Today, one of the outstanding essentials of charm is a soft, smooth skin.

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But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue



MY CERTIFICATE FROM THE SECRETARIAL SCHOOL! NOW IF THESE PIMPLES WOULD ONLY GO AWAY, I'D START JOB-HUNTING AT ONCE!

APT 1A



DID I COME AT A BAD TIME, AUNT LAURA? I WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU NOW, BUT I---

I KNOW, HELEN. YOUR FATHER SAID YOUR DIPLOMA CAME. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR A JOB?

PRIVAT



IT MAY SOUND CATTY ~ BUT I MUST SAY MISS PHILLIPS' NIECE HAS A DREADFUL SKIN



SO NOW YOU JUST TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, HELEN. EAT IT FAITHFULLY ~ 3 CAKES A DAY ~ AND I'M SURE YOUR SKIN WILL CLEAR UP

OH, THANKS SO MUCH, AUNT LAURA! AND THANKS FOR THE DIVINE LUNCH



LATER

HELEN, I HEAR YOU'RE STARTING OUT VERY WELL IN YOUR JOB ~ I MIGHT ADD, I HEAR YOUR BOSS'S SON DATES YOU!

YOU HEARD RIGHT, AUNT LAURA. AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I OWE IT ALL TO MY BEE-UTIFUL NEW COMPLEXION! ISN'T THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST MARVELOUS!



clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Don't let Adolescent Pimples give YOU a job problem

FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13, until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

SILVER SCREEN

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

LONG before Hollywood became James Hilton conscious, Joan Crawford was reading his books and enthusiastically sending copies of them to her friends. It seems this admiration was mutual, for when Mr. Hilton arrived in Hollywood the only person he asked to meet was Joan Crawford. After a dinner in her home Joan, who gets as excited over authors as you and I do over movie stars, rushed upstairs for her copy of "Lost Horizons" to have Mr. Hilton autograph it, and to Mr. Hilton's surprise, and to her surprise, discovered it was a first edition! And when book lovers discover a first edition—my dear—it's just like you and me finding a thousand dollars.

YOUNG Fred Astaire the Third is doing very nicely, thank you. So far he hasn't tapped a tap, but when he's ready to go into his dance he won't have to rush out and buy dancing slippers because Irving Berlin, the song-writer and one of Fred's oldest friends, sent young Fred, on the anniversary of his first week in this world, a very diminutive but exact replica of his old man's dancing pumps, with cleats and everything all ready for the taps. Fred thinks it's quite the nicest present his young son received. With the shoes was a card on which was written, "The Sins of the Fathers."

BY THE way, did you know that Fred Astaire's "I'm Building Up to an Awful Letdown" has become one of the hit songs of the season? Fred tossed it off on the set one day and thought nothing of it until Irving Berlin told him he had something.

JEAN HARLOW, vacationing in Palm Springs, was the sensation of the Racquet Club in her new sun tan hat. The hat is made of braided cellophane through which the sun can filter, thus insuring a tan without a burn.

HARVEY, the Oysterman, from the bar at the Grand Central Station in New York, is now in charge of the oyster bar at the Trocadero and Hollywood has gone simply oyster mad. The thing to do is to drop in of an evening and have an oyster stew in the Trocellar, and see the screen stars stuffing themselves with "genuine oysters from the East." Did you ever see a Western oyster? Well, then you can understand why all the excitement over the Eastern oyster.

ANITA LOUISE believes in being prepared to meet any emergency. She has finished a very strenuous business course just in case she may have to be somebody's secretary some day.

JACKIE COOPER is sporting his first long pants and feels just awfully grown up. He and the "gang" have a shack in his backyard now and are writing scenarios and acting them out, too.



Janet Gaynor, whose wiles have never failed, is interested in Robert Taylor—just in the picture, of course.

SYLVIA SIDNEY arrived from New York for her next Hollywood picture looking very smart in a close cropped shingle. According to reports from the East the Sylvia Sidney-Bennett Cerf marriage is now a matter of time and divorce courts.

THOSE Hollywood peepul who love a "situation" will have an elegant one soon when Walter Huston's play, "Dodsworth," opens in Hollywood, thereby bringing back to the movie capital Walter Huston and also Juliet Crosby Hornblow who happens to be the wife of Arthur Hornblow, the great romance in Myrna Loy's life. Maybe the Hornblows will be able to settle their matrimonial difficulties when they meet.

NOBODY enjoys a Mae West joke better than Mae West. "But the trouble is," says Mae, "each new one gets dinned into my ears thirty times or more, and I have to pretend the story's new and laugh out loud."

CALL it whimsy, or call it what you like, but Mr. John Barrymore certainly did all in his power the other evening to save a little boy's faith in fairy tales. Reginald Denny took his little four-year-old son to visit the "Romeo and Juliet" set, and was proudly introducing him to the director and cast when suddenly Junior saw John Barrymore all dressed up in his Mercutio costume, and the little fellow began to shout, "Daddy, it's Prince Charming out of my book." Barrymore took his cue at once and played up to the child, who was so excited over him that he wouldn't go home until Prince Charming promised to have dinner with him that night. Sure enough, about an hour before Junior's dinner time the Denny's front door bell rang and there was Prince Charming with his sword and everything and he told fairy tales until the child, completely happy, went to sleep.

IF YOU'RE planning a new hostess gown—be sure that you equip it with the new "Juliet" sleeves! Designed by Adrian, these sleeves are used in the ball gown worn by Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet" and Norma was so pleased by them that she immediately had several new evening gowns made with them. They are long and flowing, reaching to the floor and fashioned of beaded chiffon in sea-green.

"HOLLYWOOD is a carnival where there are no concessions."—Leslie Howard.

GARY COOPER, who is now starring in "A Gentleman Goes To Town," was leaving the Columbia studios the other day when he was approached by a more-or-less intoxicated man who thrust an envelope in his face and demanded his signature.

"Sure," said Gary, "but I haven't a pencil. Have you?"

"Seems to me," sputtered the man, "you actors ought to carry pencils yourselves. You're the ones who have to write your names, not us." That's telling 'em!

RONNIE COLMAN is dining out frequently these nights with Benita Hume. But it isn't love—Benita's "heart-throb" is very definitely back in England.



LOVE AND THE LEADING LADIES

By
Ed Sullivan

It is rumored that Kay Francis will try marriage again, any moment, with Delmar Daves.

Joan Blondell is really a "regular" person, yet she couldn't keep happy in wedlock.



"WHEN your heart's on fire, smoke gets in your eyes." So goes the Russian legend which inspired the hit song in "Roberta," and there is as much truth as poetry in the single-line explanation of love. In Hollywood, where hearts are constantly on fire, fueled by ambition and newspaper clippings, it is small wonder that eyes smart cruelly from the smoke that gets in them. Therein I think is the explanation of the plague of divorces and domestic unhappiness which has reduced the 600 miles that separate Hollywood from Reno, Nevada, into a hop-skip-and-jump.

It is just about 600 miles from the cinema capital to the reneg station at Reno, and it is easily followed. Signposts pointing to Reno are lettered: "Alimony, Straight Ahead." The female of the species, Reno-bound, has no difficulty in reading the signposts. Not, you understand, that I'm saying the ladies are at fault. The ladies have no monopoly on conceit and swelled heads. In fact it is the man who more often starts believing his press clippings, who more frequently is intoxicated by the hero-worship of the crowds, and who, in the full flush of stardom, decides that the helpmate who was good enough for him in the lean days of their partnership, isn't big enough or glamorous enough to share his cinema glory.

The daffy reasons that are advanced for Hollywood divorces indicate the pull and tug on the vanity of these manufactured creatures of the celluloid. Ann Harding claimed that Harry Bannister interfered with her career, Eleanor Hunt claimed Rex Lease was jealous, Agnes Miller said Tim McCoy had "gone Hollywood," Vivian Duncan hit a new high by claiming Nils Asther spoke in Swedish to his mother and therefore humiliated her, Bobbe Arnst got rid of Johnnie Weissmuller because his brother lived with them, William Davidson said that his wife ridiculed his profession, the late Lowell Sherman divorced Helene Costello because she called him a "ham actor," Mary Poulson declared that Bull Montana made faces at her, (which is a legitimate reason if you know Bull), Dorothy Perry averred that Stepin Fetchit, lazy on the screen, was vigorous enough in beating her, Esther Muir declared that Busby Berkeley tore off her dress at a dance, Dorothy Appleby asserted that Morgan Calloway ridiculed her as a "lousy actress," the late George Hill said that Frances Marion was too temperamental.

The answer is, of course, that one or the other of these marriage combinations became successful, and left the other one behind. In the cases where the wife became famous and won a huge salary, the natural and deep-rooted instinct of the male was to vent his unhappiness by ridiculing the money-maker. Any man will understand that reaction. In the instances where the husband became famous, as a result of kissing the leading ladies of Hollywood so expertly that females in the audience swooned delightedly, he too often extended his motion picture labors into resting hours, and so kissed himself into the divorce courts. The

wife, in contrast to the beautiful young things that scamper about Hollywood, seemed old and

shopworn. There is no plea more tragic than that of the wife who learns, after fifteen years of married life, that she "doesn't understand" her hubby. On the Coast, wives understand their hubbies too well, but they are powerless to defend themselves when the hammy husband picks himself a streamlined cutie and a secluded rendezvous.

It has been advanced as fact that Broadway columnists have swelled the divorce rate in Hollywood. This is utter nonsense. In the first place, the columnists do not mention married men or women, unless the domestic violations are so open and flagrant that it is no longer news, but common knowledge. If any Hollywood resident will tell me ONE instance where a line in a column precipitated a split-up or divorce, I'll buy him a polo pony, in technicolor.

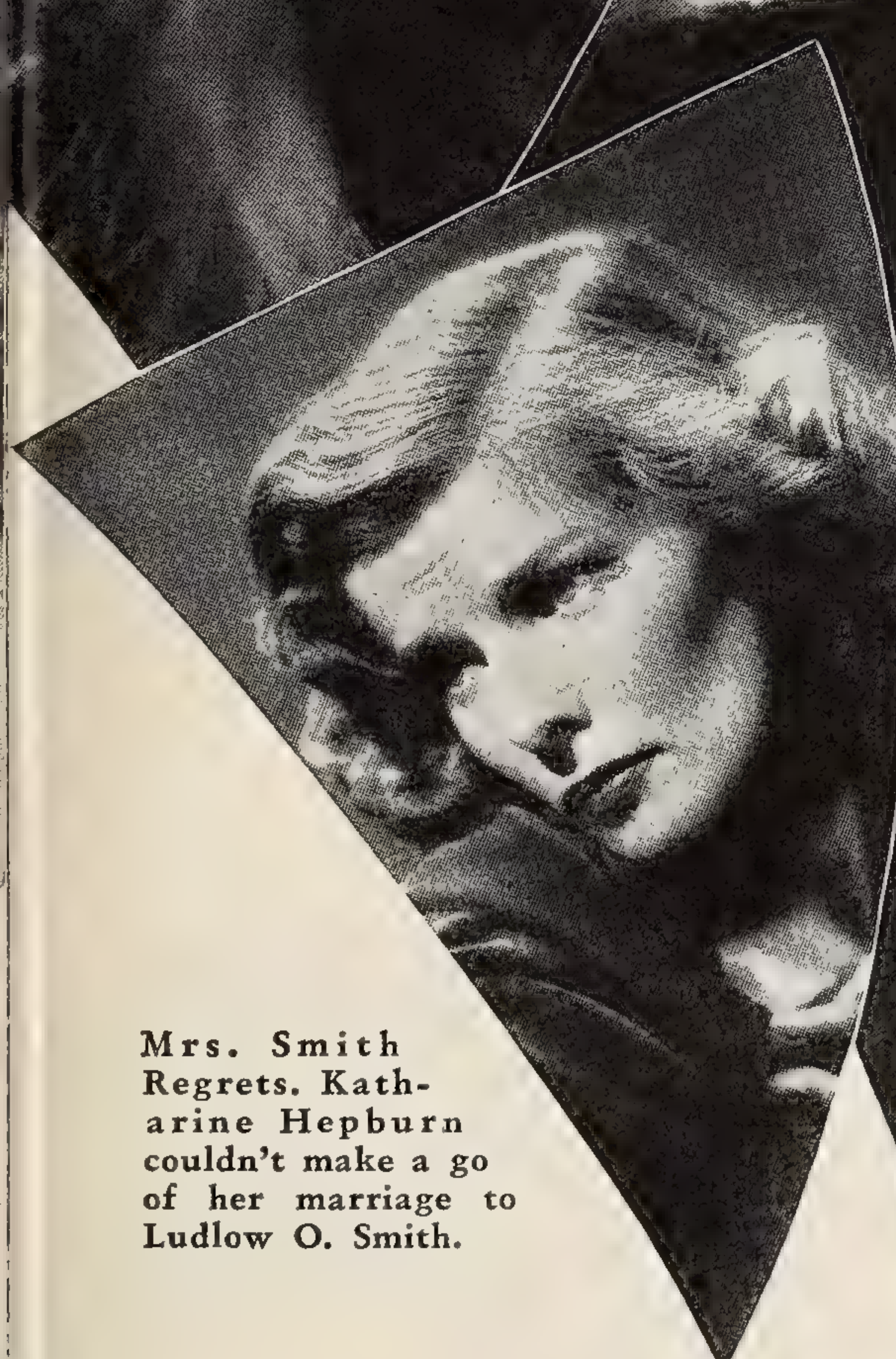
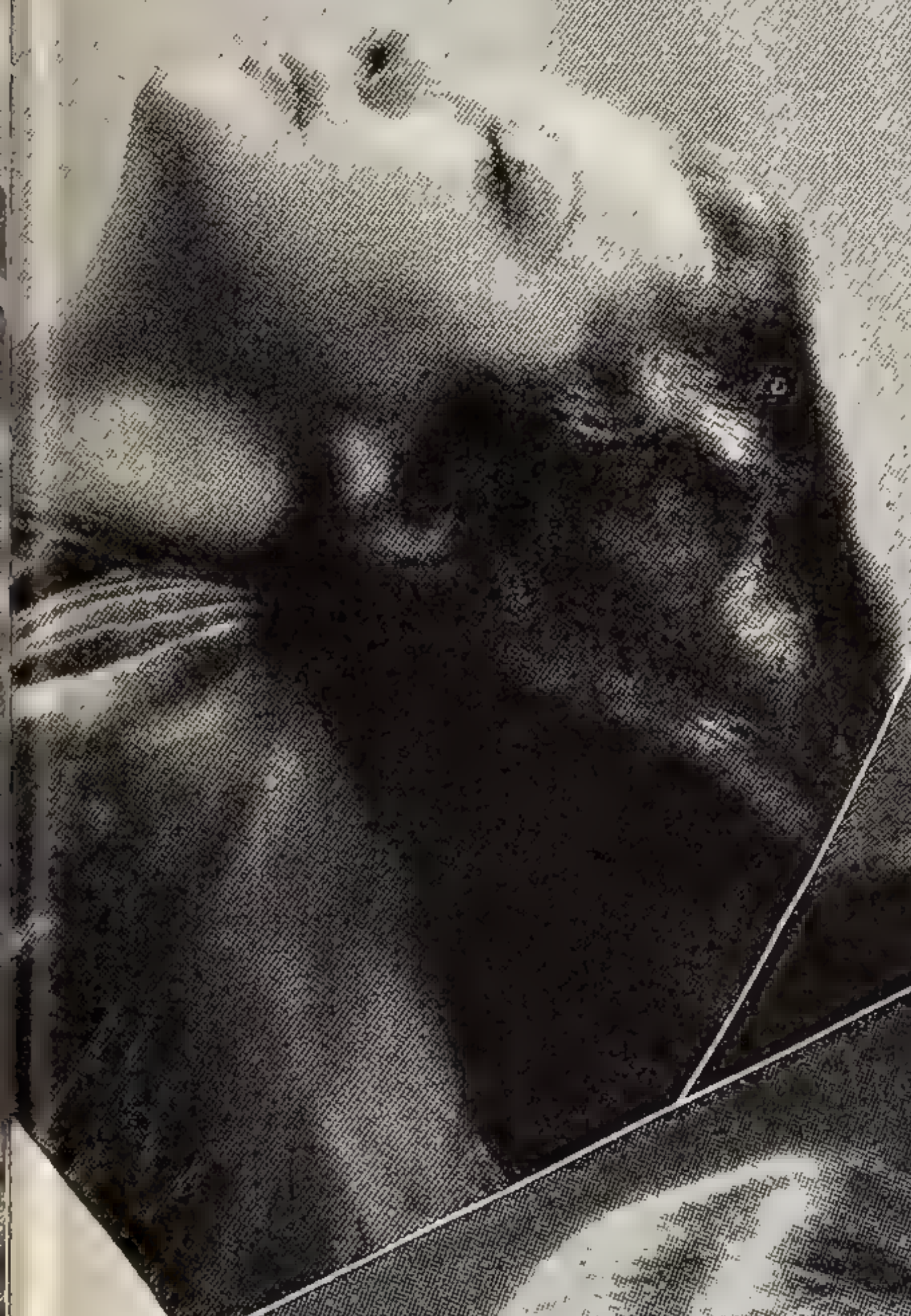
Divorces are distilled in the heart, no place else, and marriages are sanctified in the heart, and no place else. When a wedding ring slips off, the heart of one or both has experienced a shrinkage, although the size of the third finger of the left hand remains constant.

Let's look at the record of the successful marriages of the flicker industry. Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick have been married for twenty-eight years, yet from 1908 to 1936, these two have lived normal, intelligent and affectionate lives. Despite the high honors that he has won, Lionel never suggested that she didn't understand him, never reached the point where he wished to make himself ridiculous by wooing a younger girl. Jimmy Gleason and his Lucille have been married twenty-eight years, Harold and Mildred Lloyd have been married twelve years, the Eddie Cantors have survived twenty-one years, the Joe E. Browns have reached their twenty-second wedding anniversary, the Ralph Morgans have been happy for twenty-five years, the Warner Baxters, sixteen years, and the John Boles have been married fifteen years and have three fine children.

George Arliss and his Missus are the No. 1 happily married couple of the profession, with a record of almost half-a-century of affection. The Thomas Meighans have stuck together for thirty

Oh, Oh, What Can The Matter Be? Why Do Our Loveliest Movie Stars Seem Unable To Stay In Love?

Love flew out of the window shortly after Sylvia Sidney was married.



Mrs. Smith Regrets. Katharine Hepburn couldn't make a go of her marriage to Ludlow O. Smith.



Why can't Jean Harlow keep married and in love?



Janet Gaynor has only tried marriage once. The rapture did not last.

years. Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, eight years; the Chic Sales, twenty-five years; Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eilers, three years; Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, six years; Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston, eight years; June Collyer and Stu Erwin, six years; the Wally Beerys, ten years; the Bob Montgomerys, ten years; Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, six years; Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee, five years.

Theda Bara, who was the slinkiest of all movie vampires in the silent days, is a fine wife in real life. She and Charles Brabin have been married between fifteen and twenty years. Burns and Allen have been married ten years. The Jack Bennys have been married about eight years. Fredric March, and the Lord knows he has plenty of opportunity to go wrong, has been married ten years to Florence Eldridge. Basil and Ouida Rathbone have been married eleven years. Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, married eight years, have two grand youngsters. Harry

Carey and his wife have weathered the storms for eighteen years. The second marriage of Richard Barthelmess has endured for ten years. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are one of the junior couples of the Coast. The Jack Haleys have been married for seven years.

Other couples who belong on the happily married list are: the Boris Karloffs, the Warren Williams, the George O'Briens, the Johnny Mack Browns, the Jim Cagneys and the Edward G. Robinsons.

So you see that marital stability is possible in Hollywood, providing the parties of the first and second parts make an effort to adjust themselves to the artificialities of a community that necessarily is artificial. The record of these successful marriages is conclusive proof of this. It is only the peanut-intellects of the profession, incapable of deep emotion or deep loyalty either on-stage or off-stage, that crack up when exposed to the stratosphere of sudden fame. These celluloid crack-pots, complete "hams" in every respect, become smoked "hams" when smoke gets in their eyes.

The common-law marriages of the Coast, and there are quite a few of them, often create disturbing and embarrassing situations, exposing either the girl or the husband to a sinister form of blackmail in the event either one wishes to break away. This has happened occasionally.

California has been criticized, perhaps justly, for the severe taxes visited upon the motion picture industry, but there is no doubt that one phase of the California statutes has served as a powerful deterrent to divorce. I refer to the California community property law, which insists that the wife and husband must split the assets evenly if they decide to break up. This, of course, has been turned to abuse occasionally, but, in the majority of cases, it has been an emotional [Continued on page 58]

The Flower Gardeners



Glenda Farrell has in her garden a pool for lilies and lotus and some special iris.

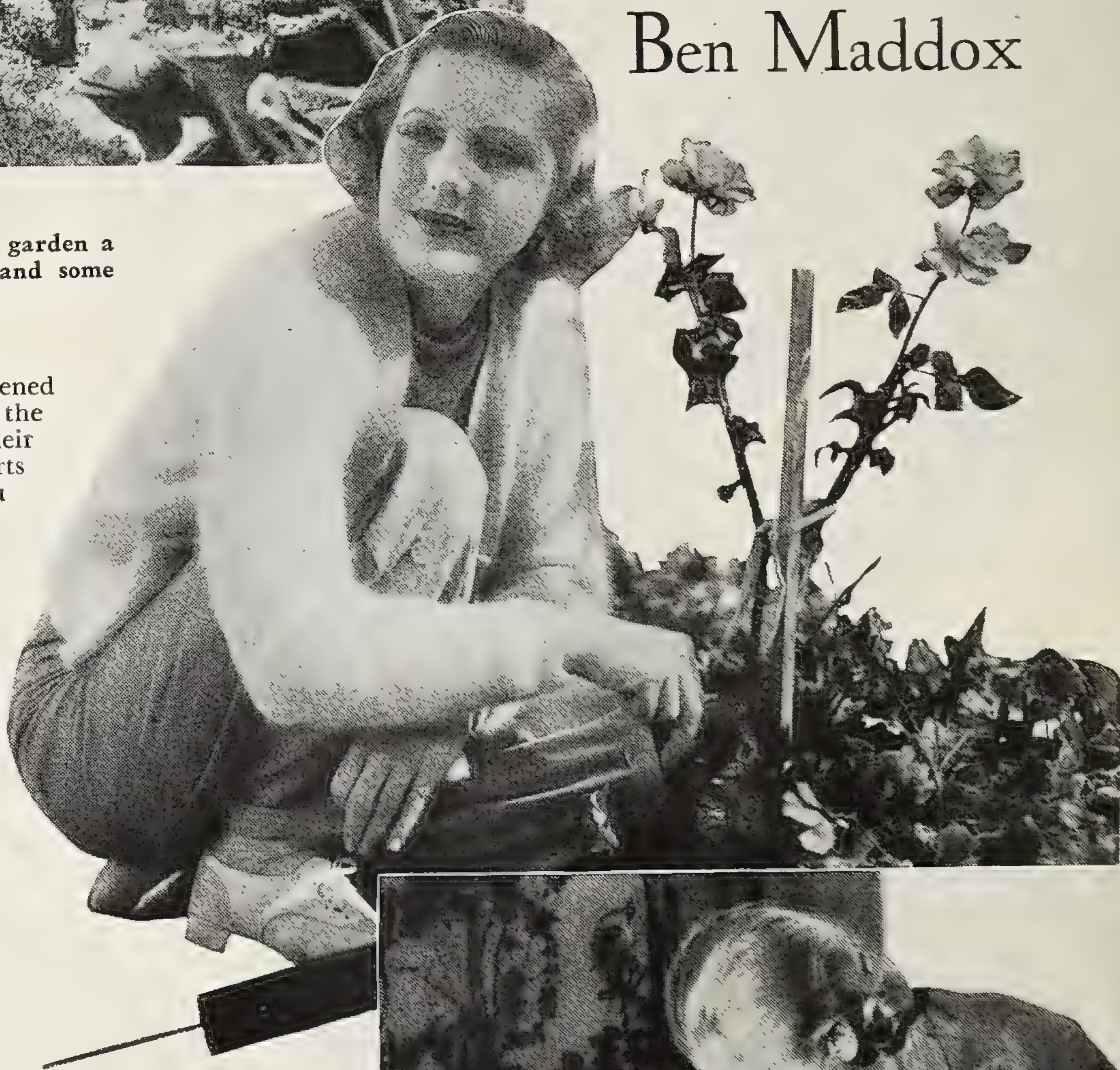
Think Of An Actor Having A Garden! Hollywood Is So Well Loved By The Picture Players Because It Put An End To One Night Stands And Sleeper Jumps.

By
Ben Maddox

THIS month the quaintest thing has happened to the Hollywood honeys. They began the year by dashing to the desert, spent their February leisure losing their elegant shirts at the Santa Anita races, and what do you suppose I've found 'em up to now? They've gone frantic over flowers, daffy over daffodils, and to interviewers in search of a nice hot love story they reel off endless facts about roses. Yes, honestly, and this isn't a lot of good, clean hoey, either. Overnight it's the vogue to be a bear with bulbs and a patron of the potted plant. You madly dig up the dirt in your own yard instead of dishing it in a smoky cocktail bar. The inner circle's conversation has definitely veered from sex to seed. To see the stars when they're just themselves, go into their gardens!

If it seems a little early for it to be blossom time, remember that everything's advanced in Hollywood, including the seasons. February showers have brought March flowers. And if Metro doesn't give Myrna Loy a week off soon so she can locate a house with a handy garden, then heaven help Louis B. Mayer! For Myrna is the leading flower fancier on his M-G-M lot, and her desire for pruning has been suppressed too long. She can snip-snip as well as any high-toned horticulturist, and she's more anxious to clutch her trusty sheers again than to do anything else she can think of at the moment. Her trouble is that when she returned from her European jaunt she temporarily parked in an apartment on Sunset Boulevard. She's been acting so steadily she hasn't had a chance to revert to her normal way of living. All her precious garden implements, which she wields so enthusiastically and ably, are still stored in her mother's garage. Meanwhile, the chromium and leather chairs in her tower suite are littered with catalogs from every nursery in town. It's enough, Myrna declares, to drive a woman screamy.

Of course, I wouldn't put it past the psychologists to try to rate our glamour crowd by the sort of flowers they prefer. But I'm bored with folks who are always being technical about our stars' little quirks. So I'm not going to play up Ann Harding's



Jean Arthur poses beside her roses.





partiality for the exotic types. I say the point is that Ann climbs into those denim jumpers of hers and goes to town with a trowel. Up there on her secluded Hollywood hilltop she personally shows the hired help how to proceed.

There is no question of who has the most elaborate gardens. The honor is Harold Lloyd's. His million-dollar estate in Beverly Hills is our finest stellar number and twenty acres of enchanting, rolling grounds engulf his mansion. There's every kind of flower growable in Southern California some place about, and he has fifteen professional gardeners constantly there to keep things tidy. You can be awed by the beauty of his extensive formal gardens, with their perpetually splashing fountains, or delighted with the variety of ferns that grow so luxuriantly. Brooks trickle picturesquely and that waterfall which is electrically lit after sundown takes you right back to Reinhardt's scenery. The shrubs, arranged in striking patterns, are a magnificent riot of colors already this month. Those huge jardinières on Harold's terraces are gorgeous with streaming plants. I have a particular hankering for the children's garden. (What do you make of that, Watson?) There's an exquisite playhouse hidden in the center.

Next on the grandeur scale is Victor McLaglen's estate. Victor thought I'd better not mention his adventures in flower gardening, for fear someone might presume he's a sissy. You'd best not assume so if he's around! But, anyway, "Fairhaven" is a knock-out over in the ritzy La Canada district near Pasadena. Two years ago a flood wiped out all of Victor's flowers, to the tune of \$30,000 damages. I guess that gives you an idea of what he's got in a floral way, doesn't it? Be terse and speak in terms of cash and I always get the drift. He's restored everything to its former glory and if you'd like to know about roses, he's your authority. That snazzy conservatory of his, where he putters, is worth writing home about, too.

Many a star who's lived in the East and has wound up in sunny Hollywood on a long-term contract celebrates by indulging in a spacious garden. Warren William has several acres around his home at Encino in a condition that'd set you wild with envy. Beneath majestic oaks are lawns bordered with the loveliest of flowers, and Warren has carefully schemed so that there's fresh ones for the house every day of the year. You ought

Ann Harding is a real digger, weeder and transplanter.

A border, always in bloom, surrounds James Cagney's lawn and receives his especial care.

to see him when he's in his old dungarees and a faded sweater! He's built a special tool room for his gardening gadgets and it's a major crime to disturb a spade.

Why, he's almost forgotten about his boat. One part of his yard is an English rose affair, and there's an Australian section. He is marvelously lucky with ferns. But I'm impressed with the gardenias and camelias which grow on both sides of the front door. Outside, mind you!

On the Warner lot this month they're singing a new tune whenever Dick Powell heaves into hearing distance. It goes:

"Oh, you gardenin' man,

Takin' your fun on the outdoor plan . . ."

After which one shouts, "Didja bring me a petunia, Mr. Powell?" But this good-natured joshing doesn't faze Dick. The lad's frankly keen over his success with his gardening. As soon as he moved into his Toluca Lake home he began. His most novel touch is a mass of petunias across the front, rather than mere lawn. He's got a rose pergola beside his swimming pool and currently Dick's mainly engaged in cultivating the rare fringed gentian.

If he needs any precedent he has Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien. Jimmy really knows all there is to know about the fine art of gardening and he revels in tilling his soil on his hands and knees. His choicest products are lilies of the valley. Their delicacy lures him. The seed peddlers get Pat. He can't tell you the names of more than two or three brands of flowers, but he loves 'em and he's regularly willing to add more to his snappy snuggery out in Brentwood. He answers the doorbell and if it's a fellow attempting to get rid of packages of seeds Pat'll sow 'em. He has a lawn around his pool, and his flowers are the margin about the grass. He insists that the canary bush is his pet. (It's a yellow flower resembling that sort of a bird. No kidding!) But before I'm through with Pat you must be informed of his snail remedy. When he learned he had snails he was horrified. Everyone was asked for advice. In the end Pat relied on his own instinct. One morning, according to his amazed wife, he was up before dawn. He toted a flashlight in one hand and a salt-shaker in the other. It must have been tough hitting all those snails' tails. That required finesse, Mr. O'Brien! [Continued on page 66]

A Universal Picture In Which Sally Eilers Is "Jinxy" And Jimmy

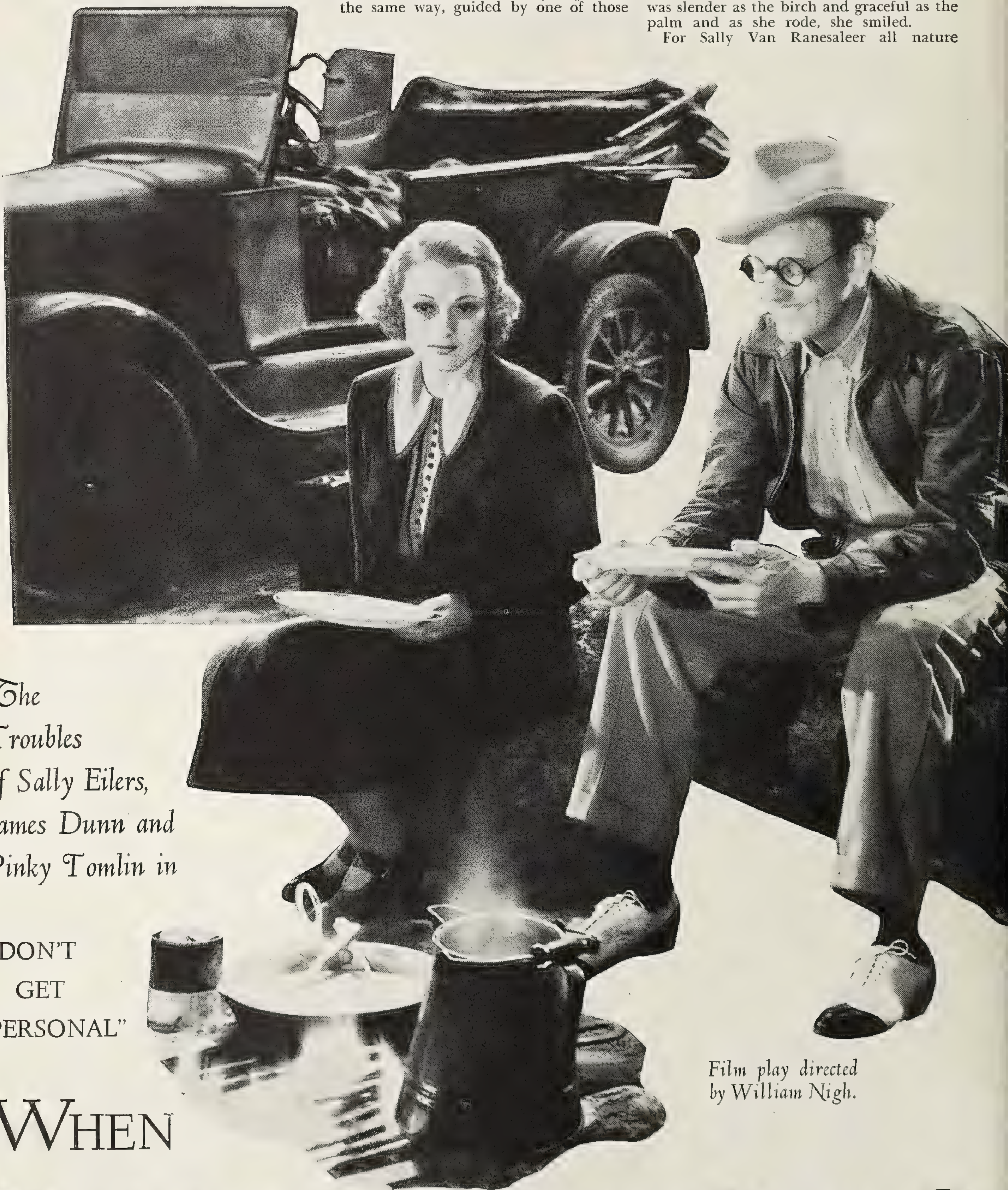
Fictionized by
Jack Bechdolt

PLASTERED across the surprised face of nature like a strip of nice, white surgeon's tape, the national highway pointed in the general direction of London, Ohio and the seedy little Ford that rolled along it pointed the same way, guided by one of those

pretty, chummy girls who mean well—a little hellion whose heart was paved with good intentions.

Her little hat was blue as the cornflower by the concrete's brim and her eyes were bluer. She was trim, she was pert, she was slender as the birch and graceful as the palm and as she rode, she smiled.

For Sally Van Ranesaleer all nature



The
Troubles
of Sally Eilers,
James Dunn and
Pinky Tomlin in

"DON'T
GET
PERSONAL"

WHEN

ROMANCE RAN OUT OF

Film play directed
by William Nigh.

SILVER SCREEN

Dunn Absolutely Will NOT Fall In Love.

smiled; the birds piped their sweetest lays; Burma Shave signs trooped by the roadside to charm her with their nods and becks and wreathed smiles; Socony spread its billboard gags to beguile. She had but to sit still and hold the wheel and someday, somehow she would reach London, Ohio to taste the fatted veal cutlet.

A year before, Sally had gone to New York to get away from it all—meaning the total lack of surprise you feel when you meet the same people at the Country Club

and a little later encounter them all again at a cocktail party, again at somebody's dinner and again at a roadhouse. In London, Ohio, life was gay enough for Sally, but not variegated—and especially was there no thrilling variety in the persistent attentions of Frederick Miller, who wanted to marry her.

Sally stayed in New York the allotted twelve months, seeking a career, but there was a depression, or something wrong. Her bankroll dwindled to a lonesome five, and now that was gone. But Sally didn't care—she had met two lovely boys. At this moment they were behind the car, out of sight of anybody who saw it from head on and they were making it go by the simple process of shoving.

Bob McDonald was a graduate electrical engineer; Arthur Hale a graduate architect. So far their one achievement was graduation. Bob was the husky, broad shouldered youth with a smile like the kewpie doll—only he was not smiling now. Arthur, being an architect, favored the gothic in general appearance, but there was a roguish glint in the eyes behind his horn rimmed spectacles—at least there was when he wasn't rolling Ford automo-



Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers, the famous "Bad Girl" team, in a delightful Universal romance.

biles down the hot highway. Sally had bought the pair of them for her last five dollars, unable to resist a bargain.

She had wandered into a city park, thinking of her lonely five dollar bill and London, Ohio. An auction was in progress. Standing in a battered little Ford, Bob was offering himself and Arthur, guitar included, to the highest bidder. He recommended himself and his pal modestly for anything—such as dance escorts, lawn mowers, dish washers, holders of grand-ma's knitting . . . in fact anything.

A surprised crowd grinned, but plainly was not in the market for a pair of boondoggles. Then a lone, forbidding spinster forgot herself long enough to offer a dollar for the pair. Sally's heart was touched. They were nice boys and, obviously, like herself, out of luck. Sally bid up the spinster and surprisingly found herself owner of the boys.

What could they do for her? Bob asked. Well, they could take her to London, Ohio. She had meant to get there on her own initiative, but a Ford looked like easier riding.

"We couldn't drive you to some town in Ohio if you had twice as much initiative," Bob protested hotly. "We've got things to do in New York—"

"We've been promised jobs," Arthur boasted. "We've only got to wait eighteen months and we draw regular pay."

Sally offered to call it quits if they'd return her money, but they had spent that for grub. "A bargain is a bargain," she said haughtily.

Bob McDonald could be haughty, too. He started the car. They headed westward. Somewhere out where the West begins with a sprouting of tourist camps and Jersey mosquitoes, he stopped the car.

"Out of gas?" Sally asked innocently. She had forgotten she was mad and was having a perfectly good time sharing the back seat with Arthur, the guitar and a box of groceries.

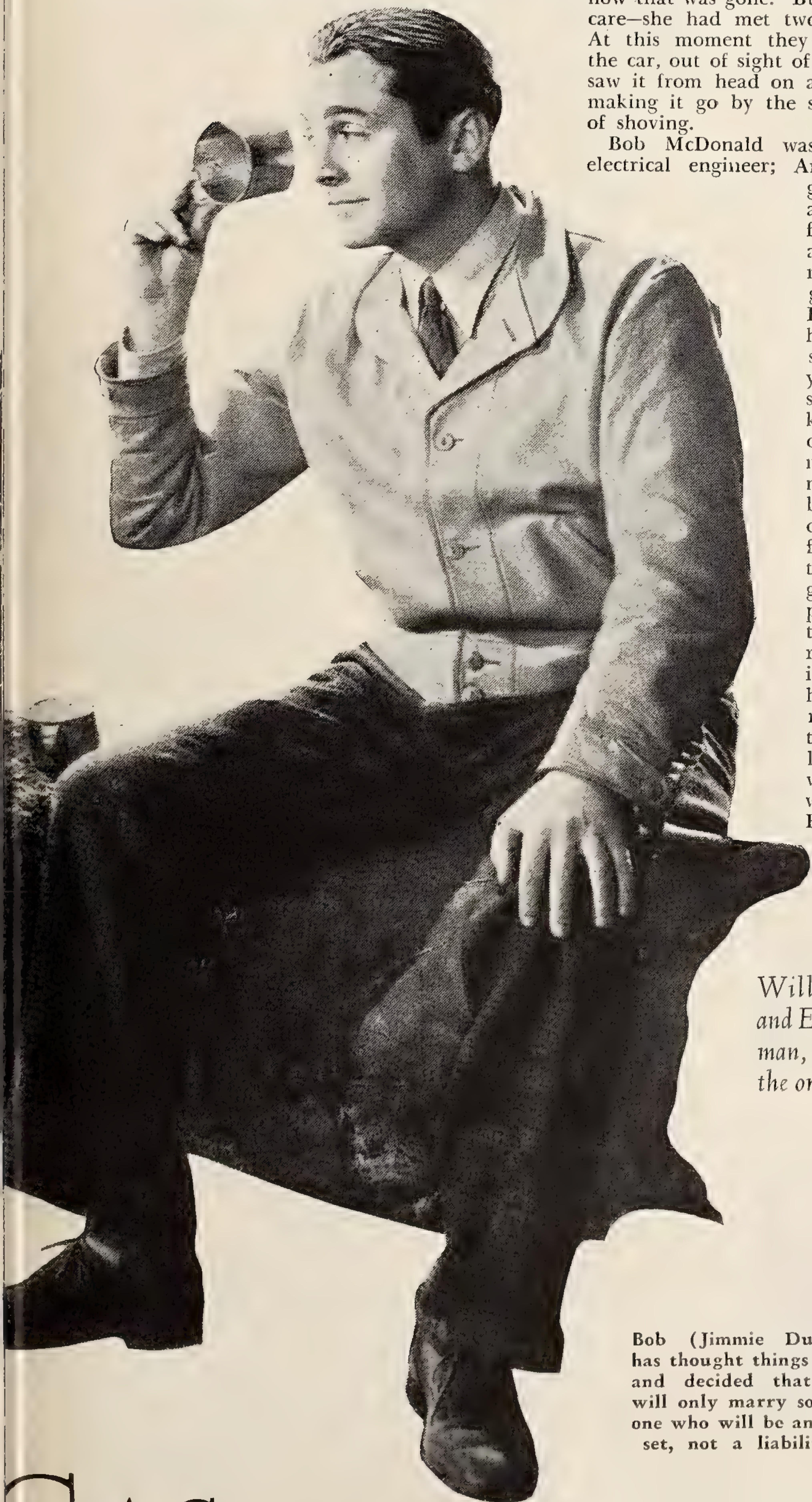
"No," Bob snapped, "you're out of money. We've furnished you with five dollars' worth of transportation."

Sally got mad all over again and clicked off down the highway on her cute little high heels.

Bob heaved a sigh of relief that made Arthur wonder if they had a flat. Now they were rid' of Sally Van Ranesaleer and a good job, too. They'd start back to New York. But they didn't. They were out of gas, after all.

Meantime Sally was riding in a Packard. It was simple enough, if a girl just walked down the highway being herself. It was simple except that the Packard had an owner and the owner had an eye for a pretty girl. That night Sally returned to the boys, driving the Packard and pursued by the owner and the state police.

[Continued on page 72]



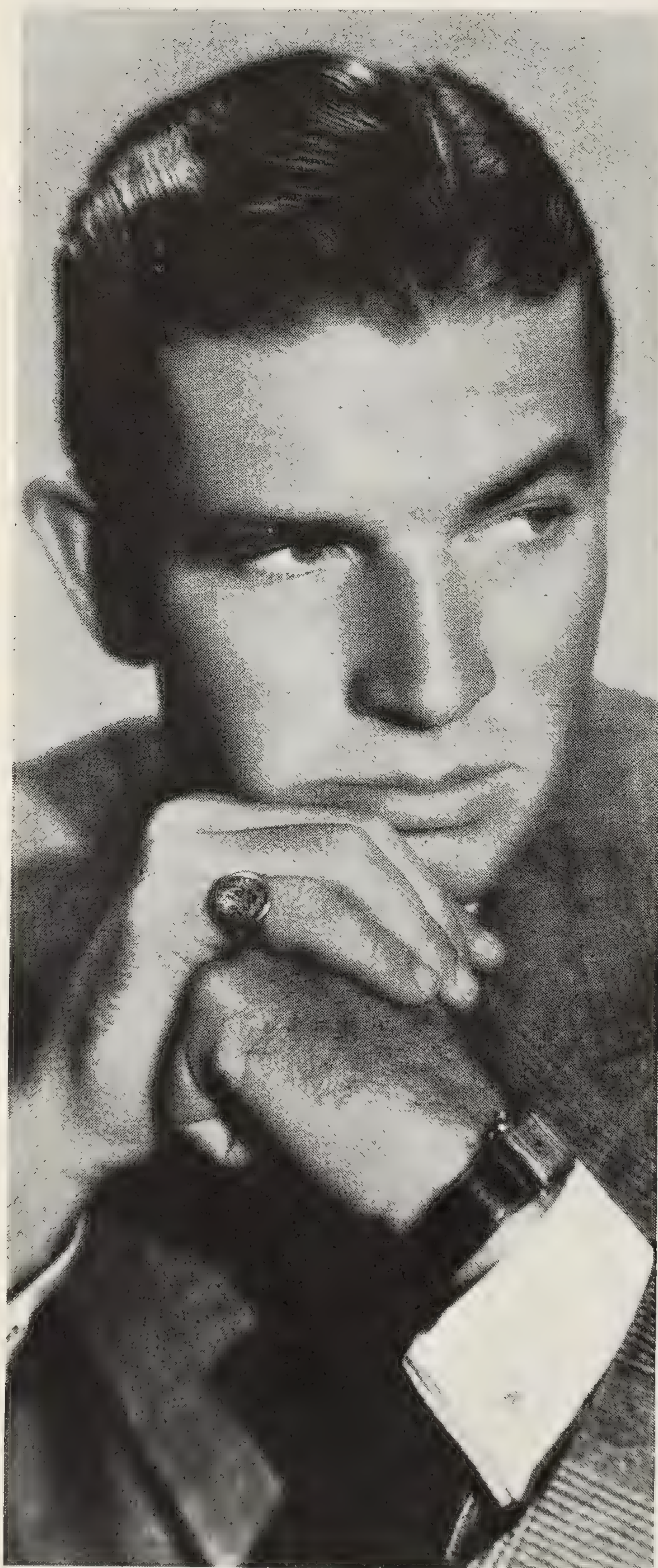
William Thiele and Edmund Hartman, authors of the original story.

Bob (Jimmie Dunn) has thought things out and decided that he will only marry someone who will be an asset, not a liability.

GAS

for APRIL 1936

"A NATURAL"



In spite of the fact that Bruce Cabot has qualified as a "menace," and that Charles Laughton, as the menacing Captain Bligh, has suddenly centered attention on stars who can be villains, Bruce will have no more parts of that sort—if he can help it.

An Actor Who Has Never Been On The Stage Must Rely On His Instinctive Response To Each Role.

By Lenore Samuels

IT WAS a lucky day for Bruce Cabot when he wearied of accepting conventional screen rôles bordering on the romantic, heroic or plaintively sentimental *motif* and had the courage to accept two out-and-out venomous rôles, in direct succession, which were fairly oozing with blatant villainy.

One of these was his characterization of a gangster, closely resembling that extraordinary purveyor of bullets and trouble called Dillinger, in a picture boldly entitled "Let 'Em Have It." The other occurred in "Show Them No Mercy," and although his characterization was not so easily linked up with any familiarly publicized bad man, it was equally as ruthless and equally as realistic and frightening.

I say it was a lucky day for Bruce because he had the good sense to realize that there was gold—beautiful, shining gold—in "them thar vindictive hills." In his four previous years devoted to screen acting, he had never once received the commendatory notices which were his share from the hard-boiled movie critics after his appearance in those two films. He may have received honorable mention before—that much he admits—but raves, no! And it really is not exaggeration to say that his performance in both films became the talk of the town the moment the critics passed judgment upon them.

In fact, so startling was his fame and almost overnight success, that I did not hesitate to ask him on his recent visit to New York whether he had made definite plans to keep right on portraying odious characters under his new M-G-M contract. Bruce's response was quick and, as you see, very much to the point.

"I do not," he said. "I couldn't bear being hated so intensely. I'm afraid my popularity would wane pretty quickly."

I was a trifle surprised at the very determined manner in which he spoke. He seemed to have the matter figured out to his own satisfaction. But I remonstrated with him, nevertheless.

"Look at Charles Laughton!" I cried. "Remember the praise he received for his erotic Mr. Barrett in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' and his Javert in 'Les Miserables'? And look at Bette Davis," I went on, getting all primed up to my subject. "Why she was just passed up in the shuffle until she played an old meanie in 'Of Human Bondage.'"

Bruce looked at me and smiled. "Why do you think I played those brute rôles in 'Let 'Em Have It' and 'Show Them No Mercy'?"

"You tell me," I facetiously replied.

"Because I did remember Laughton and Bette Davis and Claude Rains and Peter Lorre and—oh, so many others I can't recall off-hand. But don't forget, I'm no Laughton. I'm not really an actor in the true sense of the word. I was never on the stage. I'm smart enough to know I'd never make a go of stage-acting. You see, I'm a natural."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"Well—there are two schools of acting as I figure the thing out. One for the technicians and one for the naturals. Laughton is a technician. So are Leslie Howard and Paul Muni. Muni, I feel, is the greatest of them all. When these men are assigned to rôles, they take the scripts home and read them over thoroughly. Then they work out their own parts—they bring something mental to them as well as physical. By the time they show up for rehearsals, they are not only letter perfect as to dialogue but they also know with exactly what intonation they will speak certain lines, as well as how they must convey certain traits of character or mental idiosyncrasies to [Continued on page 69]

By Edmund Douglas

The Charming
Miriam Hopkins
Eludes An Inter-
viewer's Pen Like
Quicksilver — But,
Like Quicksilver, She
Provides A Perfect
Mirror To Reflect
The Characters She
Plays.



The
So-

ILLUSIVE LADY

MIRIAM HOPKINS is one of the few people in pictures of whom a true pen portrait will never be drawn. You may put down on paper her outstanding characteristics, her dominant traits, her likes and dislikes. You may describe her appearance, preferences in food, sports and clothes and you still haven't got Miriam. That elusive spark and sparkle that is Miriam cannot be translated into words.

Only a person who really knows her has any idea of what she is really like. I've seen her at parties and around Hollywood and the studios for several years and I'm still trying to figure out what it is that attracts men to her, for attract them she does.

Despite her fragile appearance she is probably the most elemental woman in pictures. When a man attracts her that man soon becomes her devoted admirer without any conscious effort on her part and often, I suspect, without quite realizing how it happened.

She is the type of girl to whom one sends books instead of candy or flowers. On the one occasion I was in her home I noticed her library table was full of autographed copies of books, most of the autographs assuring her *she* was the only person who could successfully translate their heroine into celluloid.

I would rather go hungry than attempt to interview her. Although she answers all questions intelligently she contributes nothing of her own volition to an interview—unless she happens to know the person. She gives the impression of being scatter-brained—but she isn't. You may be in the midst of a discussion of Freud or Proust and she will suddenly drag you into the garden to show you a new rosebush. You may be in the swimming pool and she will rush you into the house to show you a new edition of H. G. Wells or an antique she has picked up at an auction.

She is hard to pin down to an interview. My own feeling is she loathes them. Recognizing them as an unpleasant but necessary adjunct to her business she puts them off as long as possible and then, after giving in, tries to get them over as soon as possible and make them seem as little like interviews—to herself—as

she can.

The first time I talked to her the interview lasted perhaps twenty minutes. At the end of that time she said, "I'm afraid you haven't got much for your story." Then she smiled engagingly and added, "I'll tell you: you just make up something nice about me."

This current interview was scheduled to take place on the set of "These Three." When I appeared she said, "It's a shame to work against time like this. Why don't you come for lunch some time?" We settled on the next day. Miriam heaved a sigh of relief. The ordeal had been postponed for twenty-four hours anyhow.

Actors working in pictures with her do not always like her. Elliott Nugent, who has directed her in several pictures, once explained it to me: "I've never known another actress who so thoroughly knew what she was supposed to do, and just how it should be done, as Miriam. Before she goes into a scene she has thought the whole thing out. She knows exactly the effect she wants and *how* she's going to get it. Sometimes it would be necessary to say 'I like your idea but I don't believe we can do it *exactly* that way. We'll have to do it this way.' Probably we'd have to change the whole set-up—lights, camera, everything. But it would be worth it. Most actors are perfectly willing to do whatever you tell them but they don't think for themselves. They'll say, 'Where do I stand? Is there any *business* you want me to do in this shot?' There's none of that with Miriam. When she has those conferences with herself before she goes into a scene it's for the purpose of developing her part—building her performance to top-notch. Naturally she's not giving herself any the worst of it and actors not so quick-witted are pretty apt to come out at the short end of the horn."

There have been no stories of "temperament" during the filming of "These Three." Joel McCrea has made four pictures with her. But Joel never has trouble with anyone. Curiously enough, Miriam and Merle Oberon have got on famously. It was startling to watch them make a close-up of Miriam [Continued on page 63]

"IT'S THE FREE ADVICE

In Hollywood Everyone Knows The Right Program For Other People—Particularly The Failures.

YOU get it on all sides, whether you are a picture actor or not—but actors get more of it.

Good advice, bad advice, self-seeking advice, helpful and destructive advice. Especially the young players, newly arrived in Hollywood. Their future depends so much on strategic moves—on advances and escapes and retreats and left-obliques—on admissions, evasions and omissions—that it is no wonder they are a baffled and bewildered bunch of scared kids.

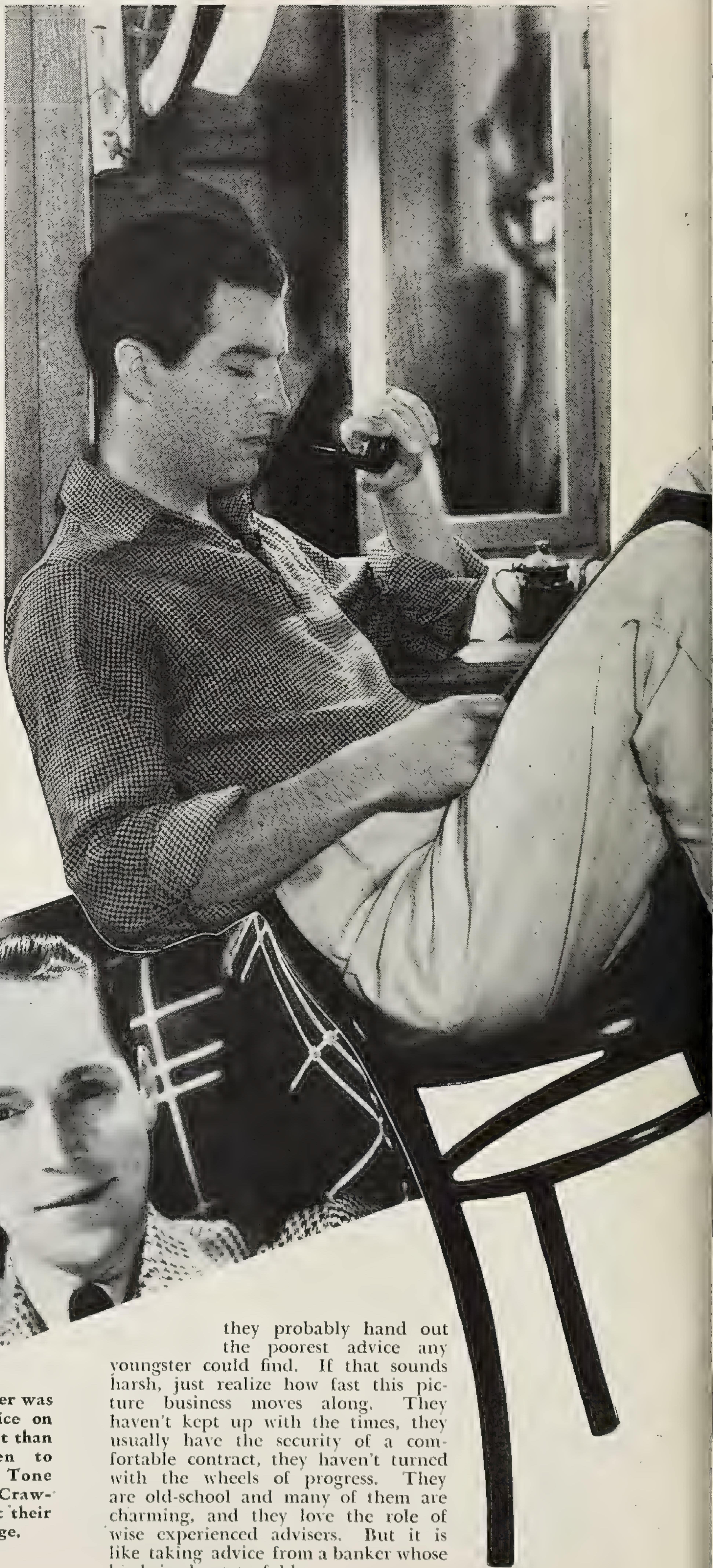
Remember your first day on a college campus? When somebody, some well-meaning Sophomore or Junior, took you in hand and said, "be nice to so-and-so, don't go in there, you can't walk there, snoot so-and-so because a bigger so-and-so doesn't like him, don't use more than your permitted chapel-cuts because the Dean is very religious, don't speak out of turn, don't stay out after ten o'clock, don't wear that kind of a hat, don't go out with upper classmen, don't be afraid to look intellectual, and you'll get along here."

Then another well-meaning hander-outer came along and said, "Listen. Be yourself. Be independent. Walk on the grass. Make them notice you. Don't be a grind. Get rushed by a lot of Seniors. Chapel isn't important, you can sleep that extra fifteen minutes. Don't worry about what anybody says and you'll get along here."

Well, exactly that is what happens to every player who comes to Hollywood, only multiplied by a hundred. It means a lot more to him, or to her. It means his career, his living, a brilliant success or abysmal failure. It means turning him from an almost-was to an embittered has-been, or to an internationally known figure, with the friends, the adulation, and all the emoluments of fame. It means being courted or shunned, having wealth or poverty. There is no half-way. And always there is the haunting knowledge that he might have made the grade, but . . .

So the advice he takes is pretty darned valuable to him, and an awful lot of it is handed out.

The most dyed-in-the-wool advice-dispensers are the old established stars on their last legs. Most of them are on the way out and don't know it, and



they probably hand out the poorest advice any youngster could find. If that sounds harsh, just realize how fast this picture business moves along. They haven't kept up with the times, they usually have the security of a comfortable contract, they haven't turned with the wheels of progress. They are old-school and many of them are charming, and they love the role of wise experienced advisers. But it is like taking advice from a banker whose bank is about to fold.

There never was more advice on any subject than was given to Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford about their marriage.

Jean Muir has taken advice and found herself in difficulties. But her career goes on. Difficulties sometimes help.

THAT
BRINGS
THE

GRAY HAIRS"

By Ruth Rankin

Once upon a time, a girl named Greta Garbo arrived in this town. She was a confused, bewildered creature in a strange, hostile world. But the advice-handers hopped onto her and ladled it out. They said she had to have publicity, lots of it. She must pose in bathing suits and hair-dos and trick garters. She must get out and be seen—yes, indeed, that was very important if she expected to land any place. She must give a few parties for the right people, she must meet the press. Would she kindly oblige them with a few revealing statements about her love-life?

So, very much against her will, she went into the publicity department looking like a hunted little fawn, nothing else would describe it, and tried to cooperate. But when she took recourse to her own inner strength and resources, she *knew* she couldn't do it, it was not for her—so she refused ever to go again, ever.

The publicity department then had her salary check held up to force her to do as they wished.

As soon as her first picture was released, they let her alone. She was big enough then to get along without the well-meaning advice and publicity. Had

you say it. If anybody has a picture of one of the typical Hollywood know-it-alls giving some helpful advice to Norma Shearer, it ought to be framed and preserved for posterity.

The two youngsters who are right now receiving enough advice to float a dirigible are Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey. Lord, I don't know how they have stood up under it. One faction says they *should* marry, and to hell with the career, that marriage won't hinder it in any way, that they are young and in love, and what is a career compared with that, anyway? If the career should flop, these same advisers



Joan Crawford's new marriage has proven very popular with her fans.



Stu Erwin has been repeatedly advised to go in for social activities, but he prefers to stay home and his popularity continues to grow.



Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor have an agreement that no one knows about.

she taken it in the first place, it is my belief that she would be simply a memory today. As it is, she realized what was good for her, she maintained her integrity against all odds, and she stuck to her guns. For a revelation of character against tremendous opposition, the example cannot be met by anyone else in this business. She proved that advice is fine—if you know when *not* to take it.

Constance Bennett is a classic example of good advice spurned. She had had plenty of good strong hints to snap out of it and be a little grateful to those who were trying to help her career, and to stop spitting in people's faces. What do you bet she now wishes she had taken that advice?

Just as Norma Shearer is an equally classic example of a woman who has gone ahead on her own advice, and outlined things pretty well for herself. If you know what you are doing better than your advisers know, then taking advice is simply going backward. Norma is about the only woman alive who never talks without saying something, and never moves without doing something. You can tell a woman like that, as they say about the Harvard boys, but you can't tell her much. She knows before

Bob Taylor, who has had the most outstanding success recently, has to thank his own level head.

don't go on to tell Bob how he could support his family. Another faction declares in holy horror, "Oh, my, it would be fatal for them to marry—absolutely fatal. The public (gr-r-r-r) would lose interest in them the minute they were married. It wouldn't be romantic. Irene should go about with other men, Bob should be seen with this prominent lady-star and that, in the best places. (Bob says, "Why be just another escort?") He should buy a house, Irene should buy a house, they should not buy a house, they should save their money, they should not save their money at this stage of the game, they should spend it all on a good front" That romance has had more bosses than the French Revolution. Everybody has muddled in it. And it will not be surprising if Irene and Bob stage a nice quiet revolution of their own one of these days and tack up a sign, "No More Advice."

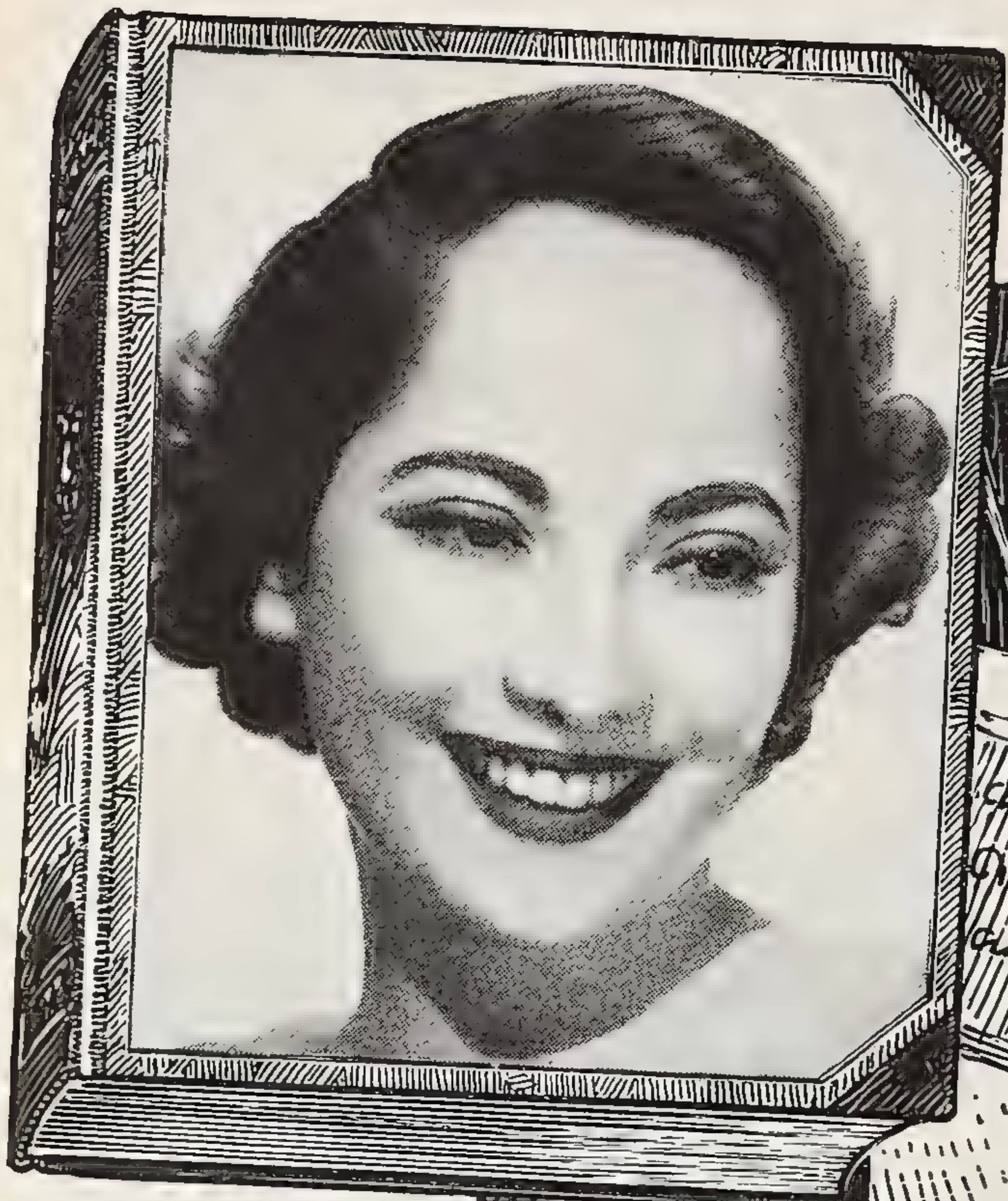
But Bob has had some very fine advice too, and he is infinitely grateful for it. When he first arrived and was in the school of acting on the MGM lot, Louis B. Mayer took an interest in him. He was rather blunt and honest in his advice, and Bob realized it was coming from a splendid source. Mayer told him how to dress, even selected materials for some suits. He told him a lot of things—advice Bob did *not* discount. There is that good old line about "consider the source," which applies in a case like this.

Bob has a pretty level head, and one reason for it is the three friends he has commissioned to watch him for any signs of dome-inflation. They are supposed to tell him about it, at the slightest indication, and I hope they are good enough friends really to do it. He had a lot of grand acting advice from John Stahl, who directed "Magnificent Obsession." That was the first picture in which Bob had to buckle down and work. Before, he had just whisked through, being himself.

All kinds of advice float around on whether an actor should have his choice of the parts he plays. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. Colleen Moore, (Continued on page 70)

The SEARCH FOR THE "RIGHT"

By Elizabeth Wilson



Merle Oberon found a part in a book that she liked so much she bought the screen rights herself.

IT SEEMS to me that in the late twenties, which we so often refer to as the Speakeasy Era of American history, there was a fallacy going around that movie stars never read. That they were a lot of beautiful but dumb creatures who could knit (though they dropped more than they purled), who could wear clothes, who could get Mexican divorces, and who could paint lovely water colors—but read they simply could not. There was an old wheeze told nightly at "Tony's" about the glamour queen (it was usually Harlow though it changed from time to time in the telling) who received a book for Christmas and very petulantly remarked with her lips way out to there, "But I already have a book." My, my, how we used to chortle over that one. Those poor dear, dopey movie stars.

It appears that we, who dined nightly and smugly on the right side of the grilled door in the West Fifties, were just a bunch of old stuck-up meanies who read books and who could not give Hollywood a break. But Fate took care of that—we were all given jobs in Hollywood and then that was a horse of another color, just like Agnes in "The Milky Way."

What I am aiming at—and if you're in a hurry about anything, don't stop to read this—is that this nonsense about movie stars not reading books is a lot of hooey. They read more books than you and I would ever think of reading; they read avidly, they read prodigiously, they read like mad. Yes, indeed, Hollywood is the book publisher's paradise. Some of the stars read for pleasure, and some of them read for dinner conversation, but practically all of them read for business. Just let her begin to ponder over where her next mink coat is coming from and even Alice Faye will read a book. You see, it's like this, the movies are growing up, and no longer can a star flaunt her personality for seven reels and clean up at the box office; no, now she has to have a story. The story has become the most important thing in Hollywood today. A picture with a good story has been known to make a star over night, and so the great story hunt is on.

In the old days, Miss Movie Star, due to the fact that a picture is never "shot" in sequence, never knew what the story was all



about until she saw it later on the screen, but now believe you me she knows every line in that script before she faces the camera, and if she's an important enough star she can go home and sulk and refuse to work until the professional story doctors have fixed things up. So, whether Hollywood wants to read or not, Hollywood has to read, for the story is definitely the thing. And the midnight oil burns on and on.

And what comes out of these sessions with the midnight oil? I wondered, too, so having nothing better to do one rainy afternoon I dropped in on a few sets to see who was reading what and if anything good would come of it. Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins, two of the better members of our colony, I

When Una Merkel reads a story she not only selects parts for herself but for all her friends as well.

PART"

Every Player Believes That Somewhere There Is The Perfect Part That Will Make Him Famous Forever After.



In current literature Madge Evans has found two parts that she hopes will fall to her.



After a run of sophisticated comedies Claudette Colbert decided melodrama was the thing, and signed up for "Under Two Flags."

bit oppressed. So Director William Wyler simply called up the studio engineer and had him turn on the heat on stage 4 to give it that realistic touch, and when I arrived it was a good sweltering ninety-eight, and Mr. Goldwyn's glamour girls were mopping like scrub-women.

Merle is one of the most avid of the Hollywood readers. So interested is she in parts that she is going to play on the screen

found in a perfect frenzy of perspiration. It seems that they were doing the walk home from the station scene in "These Three" and it was supposed to be an oppressively hot August day, but both Miss Oberon and Miss Hopkins were feeling extremely good this cool rainy afternoon and not the least

that she reads all the latest fiction, and at the same time snoops continuously among the classics, and the Broadway plays of the last decade. Her biggest disappointment lately was "Lorna Doone." She re-read that fine old classic just a month ago, and so entranced with it was she that it was broad daylight when she put it down. The thing she wanted most in all the world was to portray Lorna on the screen, and she fairly flew into Mr. Goldwyn's office with the glad tidings that Oberon's next picture was settled—only to learn to her horror and bitter disappointment that "Lorna Doone" had already been done by an English company.

For awhile Merle considered doing "Florence Nightingale," but it seems that another cinema queen, Kay Francis, was doing a little autobiography reading at the same time and was equally enthusiastic over the part, so much so that Warners has announced "Florence Nightingale" as Kay's next picture. The rôle that Merle covets above all others (now that she has gotten over the "Lorna Doone" disappointment) is that of "Anne Boleyn," which part, as you well know, she has already played in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," but it was only a brief sequence and she would like to do an entire picture of it. Merle has read everything there is to read about the ill-fated

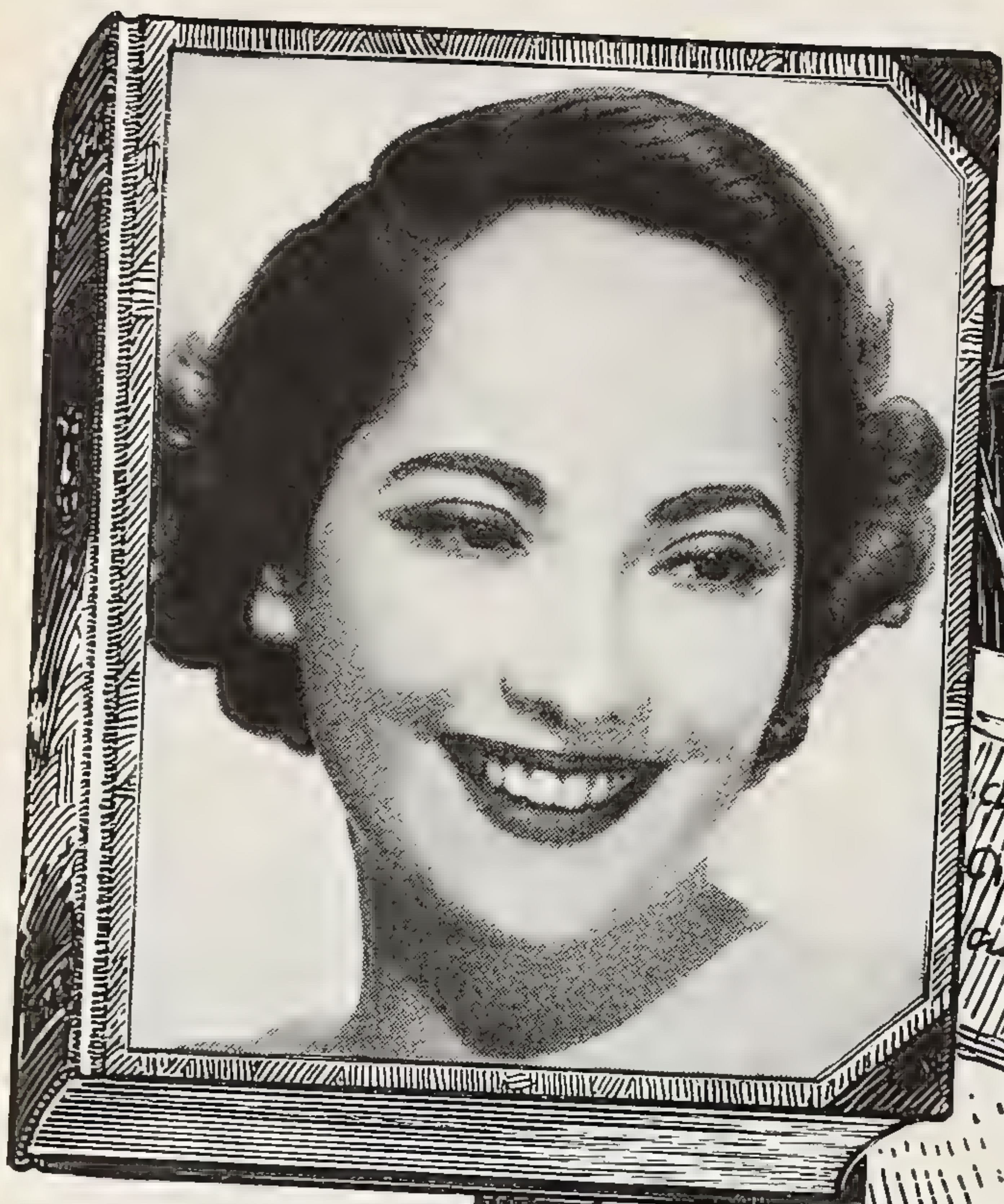
queen of England.

Another part she longs to do is the princess in Franz Molnar's famous play "The Swan," which she read in Europe several years ago, and has re-read this winter. James Hilton's "Lost Horizons" is her favorite book of fairly recent fiction, and she would like to play the Chinese girl in the llama's mystical castle, but Columbia owns the book and the studio is waiting on Ronnie Colman to put it in production, so Merle doesn't hold out much hope for that.

The day I talked with her on the set, between steam baths, she was reading "The Son of Marietta," which has nothing to do with Naughty Marietta (unfortunately) but is the latest book by Johan Fabricius and runs to a mere 813 pages, which makes it a runner up for "Anthony Adverse." "There's nothing in it for me," said Merle, "but there are excellent parts for Ronald Colman and Wallace Beery. Do you know what I did the other day? I read a story based on the life of the famous dancer and adventuress, Lola Montez, and I was so afraid that someone else would buy it for a picture before I could sell the idea to Mr. Goldwyn that I bought it myself. I have [Continued on page 64]

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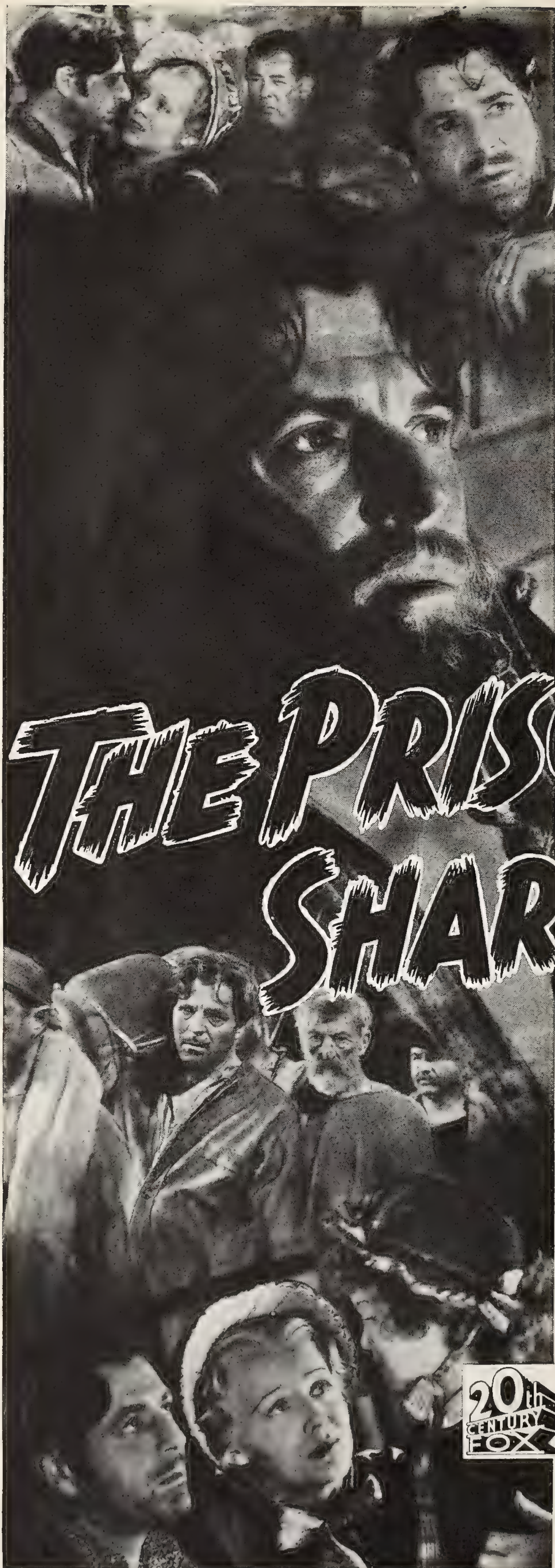
that she reads all the latest fiction, and at the same time snoops continuously among the classics, and the Broadway plays of the last decade. Her biggest disappointment lately was "Lorna Doone." She re-read that fine old classic just a month ago, and so entranced with it was she that it was broad daylight when she put it down. The thing she wanted most in all the world was to portray Lorna on the screen, and she fairly flew into Mr. Goldwyn's office with the glad tidings that Oberon's next picture was settled—only to learn to her horror and bitter disappointment that "Lorna Doone" had already been done by an English company.

For awhile Merle considered doing "Florence Nightingale," but it seems that another cinema queen, Kay Francis, was doing a little autobiography reading at the same time and was equally enthusiastic over the part, so much so that Warners has announced "Florence Nightingale" as Kay's next picture. The rôle that Merle covets above all others (now that she has gotten over the "Lorna Doone" disappointment) is that of "Anne Boleyn," which part, as you well know, she has already played in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," but it was only a brief sequence and she would like to do an entire picture of it. Merle has read everything there is to read about the ill-fated

queen of England.

Another part she longs to do is the princess in Franz Molnar's famous play "The Swan," which she read in Europe several years ago, and has re-read this winter. James Hilton's "Lost Horizons" is her favorite book of fairly recent fiction, and she would like to play the Chinese girl in the llama's mystical castle, but Columbia owns the book and the studio is waiting on Ronnie Colman to put it in production, so Merle doesn't hold out much hope for that.

The day I talked with her on the set, between steam baths, she was reading "The Son of Marietta," which has nothing to do with Naughty Marietta (unfortunately) but is the latest book by Johan Fabricius and runs to a mere 813 pages, which makes it a runner up for "Anthony Adverse." "There's nothing in it for me," said Merle, "but there are excellent parts for Ronald Colman and Wallace Beery. Do you know what I did the other day? I read a story based on the life of the famous dancer and adventuress, Lola Montez, and I was so afraid that someone else would buy it for a picture before I could sell the idea to Mr. Goldwyn that I bought it myself. I have [Continued on page 64]



TORTURED BY A NATION FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!

Tricked by fate into helping an assassin, an innocent man is torn from the woman he loves...shackled...condemned to a living death on a fever island where brutes are masters and sharks are guards!

THE STARK DRAMA
of "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Miserables"

THE PRISONER of SHARK ISLAND

Starring WARNER
BAXTER

with
GLORIA STUART
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER
ARTHUR BYRON
O. P. HEGGIE
HARRY CAREY

AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND
A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer and Screen Play
by Nunnally Johnson

Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd

The True Story of a Nation's Hidden Shame



Spencer Tracy has played many parts and has succeeded in putting a certain sincerity into each. So Spencer goes on to better parts opposite more and more glamorous ladies.

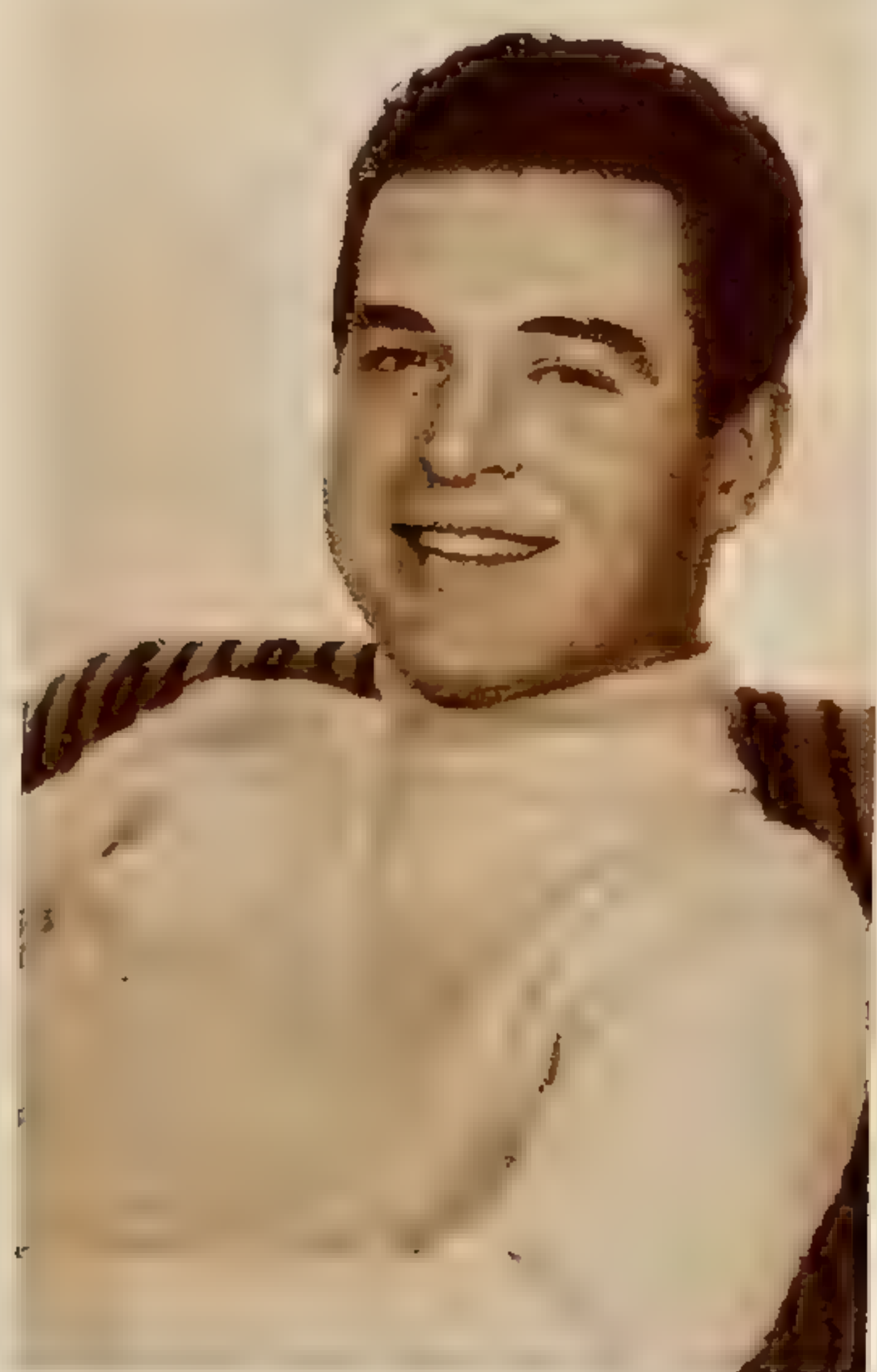


The HEART- BREAKERS

No Young Man Can Go Forward To Screen Honors Unless He Has The Qualities That Make Women Feel The Stirring Of Love.

ACTORS believe that certain "sympathetic" lines and situations put them over and that other lines in different parts will cause them to lose their popularity. But the feminine heart sees through all such foolishness and likes or dislikes the man himself whatever his part may be. The prejudice against an actor or the sentiment for him is often so unanimous that one part will make a player or oust him.

Let the actor study his technique, improve his voice and perfect his appearance, of course, but his destiny may be secured by a twist of his forelock or a grin that reveals his boyish heart.



Michael Whalen. See him in "The Country Doctor" and judge for yourself.



In "The Sky Parade," Jimmie Allen, the broadcasting star, has his great chance. Happy Landing, Jimmie!

Eric Linden is the best of the juveniles, as he indicated that he would be in "Are These Our Children?" years ago. "Ah, Wilderness!" re-established him. "The Voice of Bugle Ann" comes next.

"APRIL, APRIL, LAUGH THY GIRLISH LAUGHTER—"



Jean Parker, one of the youngest stars, did brilliantly in "The Ghost Goes West."

The Changeable Weather Of April Has Girlish Moods. But The Girls Of The Screen Are Neither Whimsical Nor Capricious About Their Hard, Determined Pursuit Of Fame.

The "Tarzan" picture has Maureen O'Sullivan back in the tree-tops. But her fame is climbing steadily with every part.



(At right) Mary Callis has been loaned for an English picture.

THE screen advanced the peak of woman's charm from the years of the thirties to her teens or early twenties. The days when an actress studied to act and then practiced her art in "stock" for years before making her bid for fame are as dead and departed as Fanny Davenport.

Today, the high school spills directly on to the screen. Girlish laughter is real and very fine.

Mr. Watson, who wrote the lovely April verse, has today a world joining with him in his adoration for youth.





(Below) Sylvia Sidney suggests the April showers in the verse: "April, April, Laugh thy girlish laughter; Then, the moment after, Weep thy girlish tears!"



(Above) Astrid Allwyn is a-tune to the spring-time spirit. In "Follow the Fleet," however, she lets herself go—enticing!



(Above) Leila Hyams in "Yellow Dust." An experienced player due for a great success.



A LESSON FOR LOVERS IN

*The New Pictures En-
tertain With Dramas
Of Love And Preach
Little Sermons For All
Two-Timers.*

Merle Oberon, Joel
McCrea and Miriam
Hopkins in "These
Three," a tragic story
from a famous play.

"Wife vs. Secre-
tary" is the 100%
title of the new
Jean Harlow-
Clark Gable-
Myrna Loy pic-
ture.



HOLLYWOOD GEOMETRY:—

The TRIANGLE!

WHEN two men love the same woman or two women love the same man, the dramatic essentials are complete and the story writes itself, but always in the theme of tragedy. "Anna Karenina" was a masterpiece of this type. The Anna Sten-Gary Cooper film, "The Wedding Night," was another.

As these stories unreel on the screen, there must be many times when there is in the audience someone who is actually living the part.

We hope these unhappy ones have profited by the screen lesson. And that is one reason why the hokum happy ending is unfair to the screen and to the audience both. Triangle stories do not end happily.

William Gargan, Katherine De Mille and Kent Taylor with their minds on air transports in "The Sky Parade."



The famous screen rivals—Pat O'Brien and James Cagney. The lady in this picture is Olivia de Havilland.



One side of a great screen triangle, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell.



The other side, Dick and Joan Blondell, from "Colleen."

"LOVE IS OF MAN'S LIFE A THING APART; 'TIS WOMAN'S WHOLE EXISTENCE

Not Only Do The Girls Of Hollywood Take Their Love Scenes More Seriously Than The Men, But The Girls Who See The Pictures Find That Their Emotions Respond Unforgettably.

Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland in "Anthony Adverse." Here at least the expression of love is woman's work.



Dorothy Lee and Bert Wheeler in "Silly Billies." No comedy can be funnier than a love affair.



Ross Alexander and Anita Louise in "Brides Are Like That."



A happy couple, Michael Whalen and Claire Trevor, in "The Song and Dance Man."

IT WAS not until women became financially independent that divorce became so prevalent. It is impossible not to feel that many long-married couples find a happiness that can never be known by the girls who always have the price of a ticket to Reno. Perhaps if women's whole existence is love, the modern woman's job is to make love worth the price.

We quote Mr. Brisbane to the effect that the institution of marriage is the first step in civilization. It may be that the institution of divorce is the second step toward the establishment of a finer and more beautiful realization of the loveliest emotion known to life (at least we have heard it spoken of highly).



A new team. Preston Foster and Carole Lombard in "Love Before Breakfast." Each is due for a big hit, and perhaps this is it.



Edmund Lowe and Virginia Bruce in "The Garden Murder Case."

BEAUTY IN MOTION

A GOOD director keeps a continuous flow of movement on the screen, letting his story *run* on, never stopping, always increasing its pace. One reason why the singing stars are so difficult to direct is that they must have solos and usually the solo means a long close-up with

nothing in motion but the lady's jaw. John Cromwell, directing Lily Pons in "I Dream Too Much," very cleverly overcame this difficulty by having Lily sing while on a carousel. The result was a solo close-up, but the whirl of the background and the motion of the crowd kept the picture alive.



June Travis, during a game of badminton, exhibits a natural grace. She is one of the student stars at Warners.

Joan Marsh and Eddie Nugent take steps to popularize a new dance in "Dancing Feet."



(At right) Paul Draper and his class in tapping, in "Colleen."



Claire Trevor in "The Song and Dance Man" swirls her frills about with the grace that actually makes her look prettier.



Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in one of their inimitable dance numbers.



Shirley Temple dancing in "Captain January."

Since The First "Western," The Rush And Swing Of A Running Horse Has Never Been Out-Classed As Cinema.

GOOD STORIES GO



"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is now being made with Freddie Bartholomew, supported by C. Aubrey Smith and Dolores Costello. This story was originally played by Mary Pickford.

Way back in the days of Priscilla Dean they made "Under Two Flags." It is once more before the cameras with Ronald Colman in the hero's part.



The Success Of
New Films Of Old
Stories Again
Proves That The
Public Respects Old
Favorites.

"ROUND A

The Producers Prefer
To Remake Old Stories
—Certain That They
Will Be Successful.

Hel
"C

STORIES are so important that when a producer has a story that the public once liked he feels that a remake with good actors is hardly a risk. The coming of sound, of course, made every old story good again.

Do you recall the silent versions of these great pictures?

In fact, this remaking of pictures definitely dates many of us. They are about to do "What Price Glory?" again with Clark Gable and Wallace Beery if possible, and the old Clive Brook, very successful feature known as "Forgotten Faces" will soon be out again as "Heliotrope." And what a wonderful picture that was!



The "Show Boat" again.
Irene Dunne in center.
A rehearsal.



(Above) "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," once a silent, is now being remade in color with a marvelous cast. Fred MacMurray, Robert Barrat, Fred Stone, Sylvia Sydney, Beulah Bondi—and Henry Fonda on the bed.

(Below) A scene from "Collegiate," with Ned Sparks and Jack Oakie. This has been screened before as "The Charm School."



SCENES FROM

Jack Haley and Grace Bradley in "F-Man." Ever since "Sitting Pretty" we have been expecting Jack to be one of the most popular comics.



"It Had To Happen," featuring George Raft and Rosalind Russell. Leo Carrillo and Arline Judge are also involved.



Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson, June Lang and Michael Whalen in "The Country Doctor," the talked-of quintuplets picture.



THE NEW PICTURES

Stories Writ In Celluloid.

WHEN pictures were very young the story always was built around some stunt in motion. The dashing hero would ride away from the outlaws by jumping off a cliff top or by swimming

his steed over the falls. If the hero lived, then they made the rest of the picture. Pictures today have character and humor, but the old directors still love to have one hair-raising climax.



Dickie Moore and Elizabeth Patterson in "Timothy's Quest."



"The Moon's Our Home" (nice title), has Margaret Sullivan as star.



Betty Furness, Rintin-Tin Jr., and Jackie Cooper in "Tough Guy."

(Left) Fred MacMurray and Joan Bennett in "13 Hours By Air." They are together at last after setting two records. Fred played opposite more feminine stars last year and Joan opposite more male stars than anybody else.

DRESSED IN STYLE

HOLLYWOOD'S Easter parade of Spring fashions will be such variety that anyone can find wonderfully becoming array! The hostess gown, as flattering a bit of luxury and frivolity as ever graced a lovely figure, continues strong. High neck, long sleeves and low back—or a slit that reveals an intriguing glimpse of back—feature the hostess gown.

It's a suit season! Trim tailored suits of smooth material, twill or men's suiting, have feminine frills, such as the high, jabot borrowed from the 60's. Much braid is used in trimmings. Natty suits with contrasting materials for the skirt and jacket run to military decorations—frogs for jacket closings being much in evidence.

Redingotes, so slimming and flattering to the figure, are back with us again. Suit skirts are going up. Hostess and evening gowns still reach the floor.

There's a great revival in pleats. Some of the new frocks of featherweight materials are entirely pleats—skirt, blouse, sleeves and all. They are not too Grecian, having definite waistlines and they do things for the figure. There are new print dresses in "paper taffeta," which rustles with every move. Flowers everywhere—a bright spot of color at a strategic point on the frock, on hats, in the hair!

Fabric as shimmering as hammered gold and lines of utter simplicity feature this hostess gown worn by Norma Shearer. The high neckline and wide metal-studded belt are important style notes.

Hats go to extremes . . . high odd shaped crowns with little or no brim to the wide-brimmed picture hat, an absurdly shallow crown, or "cake" style with the crown and brim all in one.



"In the Spring A Livelier Iris Changes On The Burnished Dove—"

Anita Louise starts the Spring season with one of those gay, giddy little hats that look so hard to wear and are so flattering to those who can! This felt hat has a high crown and is smartly trimmed with a wide grosgrain ribbon.

The figure-flattering red-ingote worn by Mona Barrie (left) is of putty pebble crêpe. It's collared and cuffed in demure white and tied with three string bows. Glimpsed beneath is a scarlet crêpe slip. The stitched putty "gob" hat is jauntily trimmed with a pair of scarlet coque feather pompons.

The ensemble above, in shades of brown, is made of coppery crêpe, styled with draped fullness at the side front and livened up with a cluster of bright flowers at the high neckline. Patricia Ellis wears it with a shovel-brimmed turban of matching doeskin to complete the ensemble.

Fashion is particularly partial this season to suits with contrasting materials for the skirt and jacket. This smart suit worn by Ethel Merman shows the new shorter skirt length. The large frogs for jacket closings carry out the popular military effect.

Patricia Ellis (left), does justice to the new Spring vogue for tailored lines with feminine frills. Her navy twill dress coat is single-breasted, closed with buttons all the way down the front and smartly trimmed with braid. The square-crowned "pancake" hat sports a shallow fishnet veil.

BREAD ON THE WATERS

Little Did Clark
Gable Ever Expect
To Read This Page.

TWO years ago, some hungry boys asked the proprietor of a little restaurant in Mission, B. C., to stake them to a meal. Clark Gable happened to be there and he paid their check. They recognized him and thanked him. An incident of this kind, which is so rarely heard of, is the best proof of the type of man Clark Gable is off-screen.



Vancouver, B. C.

I've decided to release a secret which every Clark Gable fan really ought to uphold as a major characteristic of our favourite star.

This incident occurred in the fall of that year of grace 1934.

Four chums and I were headed for Vancouver returning from the harvest season in the Prairies. By the time we reached a little town of "Mission," in B.C., our funds had evaporated. We hadn't eaten for a whole day, so we decided to go to a little restaurant and gorge "a meal." He gallantly asked the proprietor if he had any "leavings," whom who should pop up but Mr. Clark Gable. He asked us what we would like and in a most friendly manner gave the waiter \$2.50, which was to pay for our meal.

J. Fred Hoffman of East 51st Ave., Vancouver, B. C., repays Clark Gable for his generosity.

Having finished the most enjoyable meal I had in our lives, we proceeded to thank the most handsome and thoughtful man in the world, individually by shaking hands. As I clasped his hand I felt as if I were the luckiest man alive. I know that everyone of his fans will agree, that not only is he the greatest actor, but also the kindest gentleman to be found anywhere.

Thankfully yours
J. Fred Hoffman

The framed, auto-graphed picture which Clark Gable has inscribed to J. Fred Hoffman.

The "VOICE OF THE PEEPUL"

The Critics
Are Only Right
About Two-
Thirds Of The
Time. The Pub-
lic Is Always
Right.



Al Jolson is still "the top" at the box office. A picture of his grossed five million dollars.

By
Julia Gwin

Irene Dunne has a great popular following, although few critics rave about her. The clippings show how the news of her success reaches Hollywood.

'OBSESH' \$18,000, BEST
IN SNOWBOUND NEW K

'OBSESSION' \$10,000,
BIG IN PORTLAND, ORE.

'Dream' at \$1.73 in
Nice Seattle, Start;
'Obsession' \$10,000

Philly D...
\$18,000. 'Obsesh' 14G. Both Hold

'OBSESH' SMASH
13G, 'GOES' BIG
\$9,500, DENVER

Clippings from Variety

THERE is an old Latin proverb, "Vox populi vox Dei," or "the voice of the people is the voice of God" which seems to indicate that even during the reign of the Caesars the majority opinion ruled the world. Today, back of each picture success or failure—or anything affecting the world at large—is the voice of the people. Sometimes it is thin and small; sometimes it becomes the voice of doom like great waves pounding on a rock-bound coast. Always and very surely it determines your life and mine; our work and our wages—even the destiny of our movies.

According to Victor Hugo an audience is made up of three classes: the crowd which wants action; women who want emotion; and thinkers who want character.

Perhaps this explains the public's choice in pictures and stars. To be successful a picture must not rise too far above the level of its audience. The majority voice of these good old United States of America has shown its likes in its selection of films and those who make them. In the past eighteen months it has proved its preference for decent, wholesome entertainment. The listing of Shirley Temple and Will Rogers as the two most popular stars for 1935 indicates the popular taste. These two players specialize in human interest types. They represent the understandable, simple, believable things which audiences the world over recognize.

When, for example, a Joan Crawford picture comes to the village emporium of art what does it matter to Mr. and Mrs. Main Street that most of the critics throughout the land have "panned" the picture. They do not care that Paul Jones in

Dallas, Texas, called it, as he did, "an inadequate and shallow picture with little to justify its existence." They are not concerned whether Frank Daniels in Atlanta labeled it, as he did, "old stuff" and "boring."

Let us turn to the facts, taking this picture on which the record is complete. "Forsaking All Others" was a Joan Crawford-Clark Gable-Robert Montgomery picture, three star names to crowd the marquee and intrigue the fans. The picture had a quality that the public liked, emotions that the public knew, situations the public had experienced. Perhaps Eileen Creelman of the New York Sun hit upon it when she wrote of this film: "It may be trashy, but it is glittering, lively, box-office trash."

The public speaks and pictures do fancy things at the ticket booth.

In the year just ended there were approximately 475 pictures exhibited, with approximately 96 making the list of box-office champions, according to the Motion Picture Herald check-up.

When pictures pass the million dollar mark in grosses they become the Champions of Champions and the delight of their producers' hearts. In this class the all-time high is held by Al Jolson's "The Singing Fool," which did something like five million dollars worth of business. Running it a close second was "Cavalcade," a film about which critics and public agreed almost unanimously . . . that here was an [Continued on page 60]

"The GLORIFIER!"

By
William A. Ulman, Jr.



Myrna Loy and William Powell playing the parts of Billie Burke and her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld.

(From the *New York Daily News*, late in 1934)

The paths of glorifying the American Girl led but to an auction.

With only two people to mourn—a minor principal in "Show Boat" and one employe of twenty-two years' service—the theatrical properties of the late Florenz Ziegfeld went under the hammer in a 43rd Street warehouse.

The auctioneer's handbill hinted at the marvels to be sold—"South Sea Tom-Tom brought over by Reri . . . 80 West Point uniforms with plumes . . . Boxes of humming bird dress ornaments and feathers . . . Japanese trees designed by Urban made of shells and peach . . . Three very large mechanical elephants. . . ."

THUS did Broadway pay final homage to one of its greatest sons—the auction of those magnificent props which had symbolized his success. Homage, indeed! Of the legion of fair weather friends who had laid siege upon his offices, three came to this interment of his magnificent ambitions—an usher who had been with him twenty-two years, Jack Daley of the "Show Boat" cast and a lady who came to bid on two lovely French chairs and a settee which once graced the apartment of Anna Held, Ziegfeld's first wife and greatest star. The lady was Anna Held's daughter, who runs a road-house in Peekskill. She bid on the pieces but lost. An out-of-town dealer outbid her with \$55.00.

It fell not to Broadway, but to Hollywood, to pay the proper tribute to America's greatest theatrical *entrepreneur*. One year after that sad auction in a dusty warehouse, "The Great Ziegfeld" went into production on the M-G-M lot.

Hunt Stromberg, the producer, sent out the call. From theatres and studios, from retirement or obscure road shows came the troupers who had reached their zenith under the driving ambition and showmanship of "Flo"—and with them came the lore and legend of the past to lend life and substance to the picture. No ordinary picture is this. Not just the story of a great man, not just the picturization of an extravaganza which that man himself would have been proud to produce on the ample stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre, but the vivid impression of what he meant to the main stem and to the admiring theatrical world.

The cast has recaptured the haunting memory of the Ziegfeld Follies—an atmosphere not composed simply of good players putting on a good show but possessing an air of open splendor plus the glorification of beautiful girls.

One of Flo Ziegfeld's stars in the Follies was Harriet Hctor:



The story of "The Great Ziegfeld" is really the story of the beautiful American girl. Above, an informal shot of the Ziegfeld chorus in the film.

She is here, as lovely as ever, and her ballet has taken on a new verve. She was tops with Ziegfeld, as were all the others, because their performances were surrounded with every luxury and gorgeous extravagance. They couldn't help but feel it and respond. And now, in Hollywood, they once more feel the glamour that meant Ziegfeld—and again become inspired.

There is one set which shows what I mean. Harriet Hctor spins out from the wings, her white costume set off by the brilliant electric blue of the scenery, followed by a full ballet. Her nimble feet flash between two crouched—and very alive—lions who contemplate her with impassive eyes and twitching tails. No sooner is this tableau complete than a series of tall white columns rise up from the below-stage depths to towering heights. On each one stands the white, living statuette of a girl, who is breath-takingly lovely.

The Story Concerning The Life Of The Creator Of The "Follies" Is A Chapter In American Amusement History.



Fannie Brice again plays her famous "Follies" hits for the film.



Virginia Bruce in the part depicting the life of Lillian Lorraine.



Luise Rainer is cast as Anna Held in the picture. Early reports are that she is "terrific!"

While on the subject of beauty and glorification *a la* Ziegfeld, even the property men stood around bug-eyed when Virginia Bruce came on the scene singing Flo's favorite melody, "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody."

She was clad in a costume made entirely of the iridescent tails of over 700 Chinese pheasants.

Each one is a tiny thing to handle and it had taken some thirty girls over a month to make it—but the results!

Well, go and see for yourself! Going from the sublime to the ridiculous, we should take a look at Fanny Brice doing her stuff at the famous Midnight Frolics on the New Amsterdam Roof, the night spot where "the right people," inspired by Flo's extravagance in his show, gathered nightly. Fanny was singing "Yiddle on the Middle of Your Fiddle" and "My Man" when she was acknowledged New York's leading comedienne both on the stage and in the Roof Garden.

Immediately following her number on the dance floor, between the tables of the Roof Garden, a curtain pulls away disclosing a miniature stage. It was originally designed by Urban, with delicate, shining white trees each leaf of which is a single brilliantly fashioned shell. As the dancing begins, the whole thing moves forward, out across the regular dance floor, so that the chorus is dancing a beautiful and elaborate routine within touching distance of the spectators.

At Metro it is easy to step from the Frolic Roof to the stage next door and see another Ziegfeld company shooting Gilda Grey in her "shimmy"—the dance that shook the world—to the never-to-be-forgotten strains of "'Neath The South Sea Moon, With You . . ." A background of palm trees and the shimmering waters of a South Sea Island lagoon provide atmosphere. It is no wonder that Gilda swings back into that intricate routine again with all the vitality that made history, a few years ago, when her South Sea Island maidens sat about her incredibly undulating torso and played the accompaniment on ukeleles.

And yet you mustn't get the impression that "The Great Ziegfeld" is merely a revival of the Follies. True, in it you will find everything that the Follies stood for, and you will find it presented exactly as Ziegfeld did produce them, but interwoven in the motion picture is the gripping yarn, the true life drama of Flo, himself. Bill Powell starts the life of Ziegfeld at the time when he was managing "The Strongest Man in the World," Sandow, during the Chicago Fair in 1893. Of course, Nat Pendleton, playing Sandow, is one of the revelations of the year. They've

taken the big, tough, dumb gangster-strongarm and *blondined* him!

From that period on Bill Powell gives an interpretation of Flo that has left Billie Burke, Flo's widow, gasping at times and tearful at others. They worked together on the preparation of the part, but even then, though she had helped to pick him as the type, Billie is amazed at the results.

Added to that, Billie Burke has the unusual distinction of seeing herself portrayed by none other than Myrna Loy—as the screen Mrs. Ziegfeld. A rather weird sensation that—seeing your own husband and yourself played by friends of yours for the screen! But, what with the amazing atmosphere created by the entire cast, the studio and Wm. McGuire's story (he was Flo's playwright during the Follies' years) it is not surprising that even Luise Rainer should enter into the spirit of the gorgeously open-handed, open-hearted Ziegfeld Follies, as Flo's first wife, the immortal Anna Held.

They say that they've done everything possible to recapture the spirit of Ziegfeld. I believe they have. But, more than anything else in that effort they have also recaptured the ineffable beauty and splendor of the Ziegfeld Follies. It is fitting that the picture which shows this great showman's life to the world should do so in the spirit of the man, his times, his ambitions, his Midas-like success and his faithful players—his show-girls.

His life and work were both—EXTRAVAGANZA!

RECENT PEAKS

IN

Every Career In The Movies Starts
From The Seed Of A Perfect Bit.

DID cha know that the movie industry, just like the Greeks, the Hebrews, the Confucions and Gracie Allen, has its own ideas as to when a year should begin? No, January isn't good enough for them. It may be good enough for you and me and the President of the United States, but the movie industry, the zany, has to have August. Why? I'm quite sure I don't know, perhaps because the bathing suit art is so much better that month, and where would the industry be if it wasn't for Jean Harlow in a bathing suit and Shirley Temple? Don't tell me, it's merely a rhetorical question and you'll only upset me by answering, and heaven knows I've been upset enough this morning by six people wanting me to get them nice cozy studio jobs with a southern exposure and Venetian blinds through which they can peep at Robert Taylor on his way to his dressing room—the dopes, don't they know that if I ever heard of a job like that I'd take it myself.

Well, anyway, the motion picture industry selected August to begin its year, and I was never one to quibble with dissenters, so August it is if they say it is, and that makes the fiscal year about to end pretty soon, so if you have nothing better to do today we might just as well review some recent peaks in the cinema. And, inasmuch as you and I don't really believe that virtue is its own reward, we know darned well that money and recognition are pretty good too, we'll just emerge from a mental torpor for the nonce (I do love a good mental torpor, don't you?) and let our minds travel back over this last movie year and recall some of the outstanding scenes, and see if the studios did right by the

Fred MacMurray and Carole Lombard in one of their hilarious scenes from "Hands Across the Table."



fine actors who played them. It's perfectly remarkable, when you think about it, how a few inspired seconds on a bit of celluloid can be as important as the seconds when a prospector discovers gold in the trickle of a mountainside stream. It may be the smallest part in the picture, the rôle may not even rate a close-up, and certainly the player didn't rate a dressing room or a stand-in, but suddenly something clicks, and *Voilà*, as we say in our native French Somaliland, a star is made, contracts are signed, automobiles are bought, houses are built, relatives arrive, and fan writers move in to dish up long interviews about what the newest "discovery" eats for breakfast, what he thinks of marriage, and the women in his life.

And, then too, there is the case of the poor player who has been buffeted about from pillar to post, from Dietrich to Cora

Sue Collins, playing all the blah rôles in captivity until the audience is sick of his pan, and then along comes a scene in a picture where he is simply marvelous. "Discovered at last!" He immediately gets better parts, better reviews, better dressing rooms, more money, more interviews, more fans, and doubtless more girl friends.

Cary Grant is a shining example of the case of the disappearing star. Cary, a very likeable Englishman and an excellent actor, has been at Paramount some five years supporting various and sundry leading ladies, with perfectly beautiful close-ups of the back of his neck, and some of the most stilted dialogue in history. Paramount was only too pleased to loan him to R-K-O for "Sylvia Scarlett" and R-K-O was only too pleased to get him as he would be a nice prop for the glamorous Hepburn. So what happens? So Mr. Grant finds a part that is at last worthy of his talents and as *Jimmy Monkley*, the sly, cunning cockney bloke

who looks with horror upon earning an honest penny, he gives a performance that is the sensation of the year—and practically the only reason for seeing

One of the high spots of 1935—Charles Laughton, in "Ruggles of Red Gap," reciting Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.



In "Sylvia Scarlett," Cary Grant found a part that suited him and, most unexpectedly, he made one of the hits of the year.



PICTURES AND WHAT THEY BROUGHT US

By Liza



In "A Tale of Two Cities," Isabel Jewell proved herself one of our most gifted dramatic actresses. With Ronald Colman.

The scene in "Mutiny on the Bounty" when Franchot Tone pleads for a finer standard for the British Navy.



Lionel Barrymore explains the facts of life to Eric Linden in "Ah, Wilderness." Eric Linden's great scene.

"Sylvia Scarlett." Cary left for his home in England before the preview of the picture, but immediately Paramount got a look-see at the sporty Mr. Monkley, cables began to fly.

Cary's return to Hollywood has been delayed by the death of his father in England, but they do say that when he gets here Paramount will kill the fatted calf and give him a chance once more to display his marvelous talents as an actor. Doubtless there'll be a new contract with more money, and you're darned tootin' that there'll be a raft of Cary Grant stories, as, after all these years, everyone is busy "discovering" Cary Grant and proclaiming him the best. The scene that won me over in "Sylvia Scarlett" was Cary's dance at the foot of the stairs when, with Sylvia and her father, he is celebrating their plan to become caravan players. It was marvelous—and so was Cary all through the picture.

Of course that wonder boy of the Metro lot, Robert Taylor, was going fairly well before the movie industry celebrated its last New Year but it was really "Broadway Melody of 1936" that suggested him as the Dream Prince of a million women, and "The Magnificent Obsession" cinched it. "He's too pretty," the men insist but I must say I think it's sour grapes—the gals certainly don't seem to mind. Bob sang a song with June Knight, smashed Jack Benny in the nose, and called Eleanor Powell darling and immediately a good percentage of the female population of the Americas wrote in to Irving Thalberg not begging, but *demanding*, that Robert Taylor play *Romeo*. But unfortunately Bob came fresh from Pomona, California, without benefit of the New York stage and Shakespeare so, although he could have

managed the tights beautifully, he couldn't the metre. But he did get equal star billing with Irene Dunne in the very fussy Mr. Stahl's "Magnificent Obsession" and the manager of the Pantages told me that when that picture played there, there were women swooning all over the house for sheer love of Mr. Taylor. Now I am not the moonburn type with a rose tucked behind my ear, but I must say that when Bob Taylor, with powder in his hair and gravity in his voice, leaned over Irene Dunne and told her not to be excited—well I was so excited myself I almost got up there on the screen and snatched him away from her. Since "Magnificent Obsession" Bob has been given a new contract by Metro, with more money and more privileges, and has been given the lead in the Janet Gaynor picture, "Small Town Girl," and they do say that Bob Montgomery and some of the other Metro boys are that jealous.

Do you remember the boy at the school for the blind in "The Dark Angel?" The boy who rose from his chair after the pompous ass of a government official had told the soldiers how wonderful it was to be blind for their country and screamed hysterically, "I want to see my sweetheart." His heart-breaking scene was applauded long and loudly at the preview of the picture—he received more applause than any of the stars, and as I look back over that very popular picture now it is his scene that stands out most vividly in my memory. The boy's name is Douglas Walton and

you'll be most pleased to know that Mr. Sam Goldwyn, who knows a neat bit of acting when he meets it, signed Douglas on a long term contract the next day and is looking for a story specially for him. While the story is being written Goldwyn has loaned Jock Whitney an interest in the young man and he will very likely be seen in the next Pioneer picture.

Of all places to find a tenor—in a Marx Brothers picture! In fact you don't ever expect to find anything in a Marx Brothers picture except Groucho, Chico, Harpo and a lot of noise, and of all places for an ambitious young singer to make a debut I should say that would be the worst—I'm not disparaging the Marx Brothers, well not too much, but I'd as soon make my debut in a boiler factory. But with the mad Marxes leaving Italy, Harpo kissing everybody in sight goodbye, and Groucho

punning away on all fours, Allan Jones, pleasing young tenor, stood on the wharf and lifted his voice in song and immediately the preview audience forgot all about capers and cut-ups and fell completely under the enchantment of Mr. Jones' thrilling voice. He was "discovered" in that scene as far as Hollywood was concerned and Metro signed him on a new contract, gave out publicity stories, and

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"A DANGED GOOD ACTOR"

Fred Stone, In "The Trail Of The Lonesome Pine," Brings To The Camera A Great Talent And A Lifetime Of Experience.

By
Dickson
Morley

Years ago the straw man of "The Wizard of Oz" made a million kids happy. That was Fred Stone. He has never lost the trick.

WHEN a mother tags along to Hollywood with a petite, camera-conscious daughter, Mama is distinctly a back-seater. Maybe not actually, I'll admit, for she's likely to be the brains of the combination. But still, it's not Mama who is the news.

Of course, should the mater be an actress, too, and simultaneously crash through to glory, that would be something to talk about. Only it has never happened yet, so we shan't race our pulses in that direction now.

After which elaborate build-up I am sure that you are going to recognize an extraordinary set-up when I plop it down before you. I beg you to pause and ponder the Fred Stone case.

Fancy a father racing his three fetching, grown-up daughters for movie positions! He, also, is a stranger to Hollywood peculiarities and must face all the puzzling perplexities. Side by side they are figuring out pictures. They huddle in conferences. A quartet taking on the town together!

Fred Stone's menage is an all-round innovation for us. The rambling, comfortable house in a conservative section has no gaudy modernisms and the people in it reflect the genuinely homelike atmosphere. They're "just folks" in spite of their talent.

I was received by a vivid (and in-a-rush) brunette, whom I learned was youngest-daughter Carol. She was surrounded by an excited group of chattering chums. "Daddy," she cried, "Here's your interviewer!" Beyond, in the lived-in living room Fred Stone put down his cigar and paper, and arose from the davenport to give me a genial greeting.

For a few minutes there was a hubbub typical of any household full of impatient youth. Carol and her friends bustled off to a preview and no sooner had the front door slammed than a radiant redhead came

route to a pal's house in the neighborhood.

The blonde of the family, oldest-daughter Dorothy, is temporarily in the East. She has attained footlight prominence but will be back to vie again for a film break. Her attractive hubby, like Daddy and her sisters, has a studio start.

To date this remarkable father has out-distanced his daughters in the screen sprint. That's really as it should be if you are sentimental like I am and remember his marvelous stage record. Yet Hollywood is a place where recognition depends wholly on present ability. Fred Stone has had to click on his current competence alone.

When you go studios about him, he's even had a tremendous handicap. His girls have a fresh loveliness, as well as skill. Producers have been tough on fathers. Many a gray-haired mother has been a dramatic pivot, but good old, middle-aged, homely dad was thoroughly forgotten until Mr. Stone, as Hepburn's father in "Alice Adams," characterized this universally beloved type. The patient, well-meaning unsophisticate whose years have been spent working for security and happiness for his family.

With one part Fred Stone went across with a bang. Immediately he was pronounced star material. Special stories are being programmed because he's introduced something original—"Pop appeal!"

He had just returned from a month's location trip to Big Bear, in the Southern

dashing down the stairs. This was middle-daughter Paula, en-

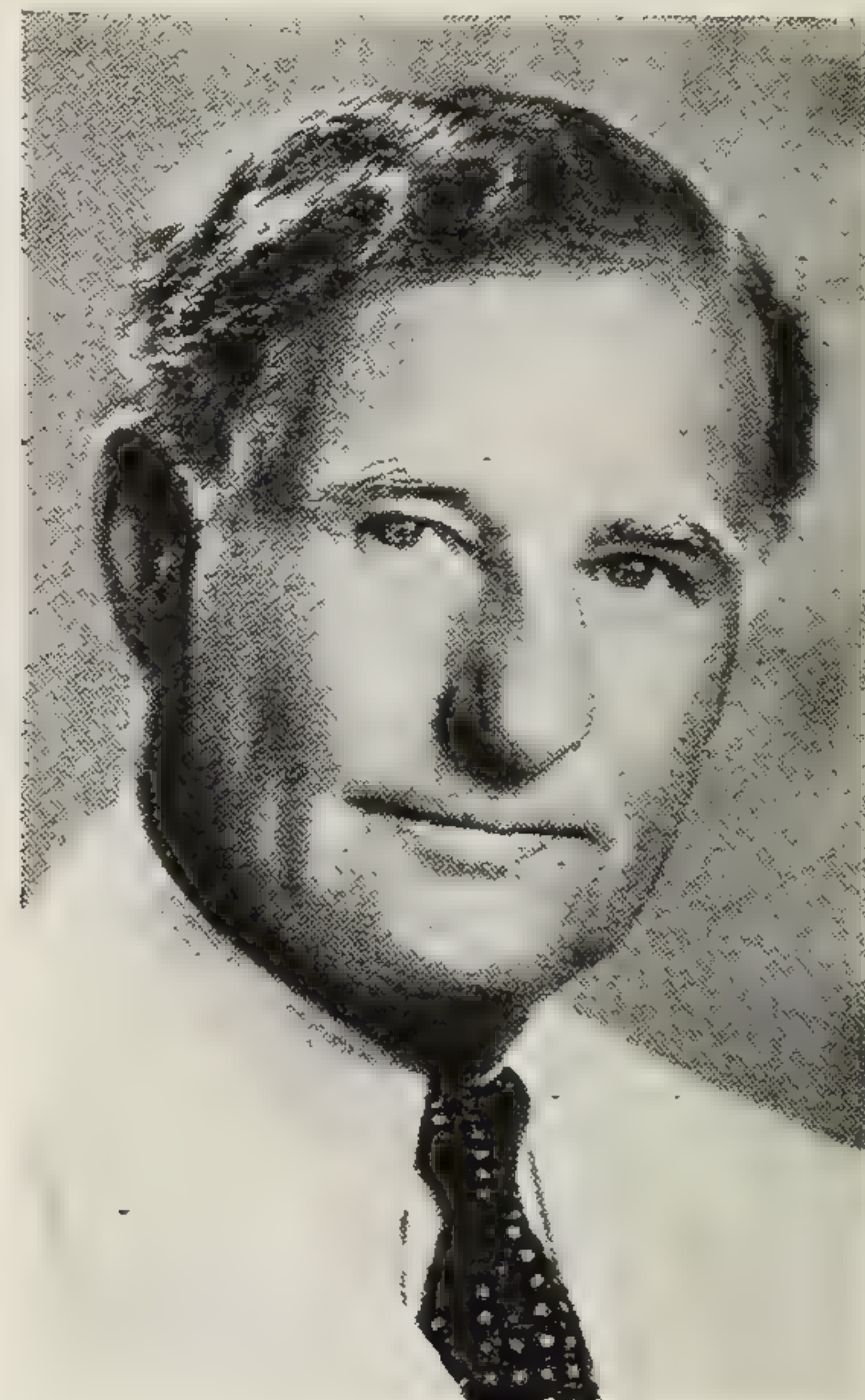
California mountains. There he'd been fathering Sylvia Sidney in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." In person I found him quite as I anticipated. Certainly he's no runner-up for the handsome honors, but that occasional twinkle in his still bright blue eyes betrays a ginger you can't resist. He is, incidentally, very modest. Not until you get his confidence do you realize what an amazing person he is. Conquering Hollywood at sixty-two is an unprecedented accomplishment, but his life has been loaded with achievements.

Although he may be a new name to film-goers, he is exceedingly well-known to anyone familiar with the theatre. He has been professionally active since he was a mere nine years old! A circus stopped in a Kansas village and he disported himself so impressively as an acrobat that he was invited to join up as a tight-rope walker. Which he did! Eventually he got to Broadway, and topped there for more than thirty years. He has starred in many of the most popular musicals, and his acrobatic dancing, songs, and genius for fun-making have greatly distinguished him.

But he has none of those "hammy" actor traits. He's never been touched by the artificialities, because his tastes are simple and his ideals high. Nor do those hits of the bygone era weigh importantly on his mind. He lives completely in today.

He gave the company a thrill at Big Bear with a between-scenes experiment. A wagon wheel, in which the spokes were nearly all nil, intrigued him. So he folded himself inside and went rolling down a hill lickety-split. Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda ran to his rescue, but the child

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REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN

"Modern Times" →

"The Milky Way" →

"Next Time We Love" →

"Desire" →

"The Voice of Bugle Ann" →

"It Had To Happen" →

"Love On A Bet" →

"Brides Are Like That" →

"Tough Guy"] →

"Colleen"] →

"Woman Trap" →

"Dancing Feet" →

Silver Screen's
Picture
Thermometer

MODERN TIMES

Rating: 99 44/100°—SEE YOURSELF AND LAUGH!

CHAPLIN writes his own story and he acts the main part (his own Paulette Goddard does most of the rest). He directs and produces and does it all perfectly. He is older, but turns a corner on one leg with the same perfection of humor. He will make \$2,000,000 from this picture and deserves it. No one has a better right to point out the greatness of individualism than Chaplin. His ridicule of our honest, dumb, quantity-production worker is the subject of *The Final Fling* (page 82).

THE MILKY WAY

Rating: 92°—GRADE A—Paramount

HAROLD LLOYD'S newest picture is the funniest farce comedy of this century, or of any other century you care to mention, and you'll laugh and laugh like you never laughed before. Harold plays a timid and slightly goofy milkman who has perfected an amazingly efficient knee action style of ducking punches.



Not the least remarkable feature of "Modern Times" is the welcome it has received. Charlie's popularity is as great as ever.

Adolphe Menjou is simply superb—he plays a gum-chewing fight promoter and is too comical for words. Lionel Stander, the man with the deep voice, is the sparring partner who is none too bright, and Helen Mack, who shows she knows a thing or two about comedy herself, is Harold's sister.

Verree Teasdale is simply elegant as Menjou's wife and wise-cracking fight follower, and many an actress could take lessons from her in reading lines. William Gargan is the champion and Dorothy Wilson is the little manicurist sweetheart of Harold's who shares his deep devotion to Agnes, his delivery nag. You'll go daffy over Agnes. As you know, every tragedy except death (Menjou was reported dead several times) happened to the cast of this picture while it was in production, and so all the more credit to Harold Lloyd, Director Leo McCarey, and the cast for turning out a smash-hit picture.

WOMAN TRAP

Rating: 50°—A NEW "BAD MAN"—Paramount

HERE'S a crook picture that's different, with a bit of mystery, a bit of romance, and a bit of comedy thrown in. It's not colossal, but it's satisfying. The picture is about a young reporter (George Murphy) who is sent by a Los Angeles newspaper to investigate a mysterious murder "below the border."

On his way to Mexico Murphy picks up Gertrude Michael, one of those society girl aviators, whose plane has come down in Mexican waters, and she is so fascinated by the adventure that she insists upon trailing along. Thanks to her they immediately fall afoul of Sidney Blackmer's murderous gang of jewel thieves, and she is held for kidnap ransom in the desert.

Akim Tamiroff plays a garrulous and delightful Mexican bandit, who sees Blackmer commit the murder and immediately cuts himself in on the jewels and also the kidnap ransom—but in the end he is revealed as a Mexican G-man, and what a grand surprise. Mr. Tamiroff, it seems, has been around Hollywood for quite some time but never has he had such a swell chance to show his prowess. He makes a much better "Bad Man" than either Leo Carrillo or the late Holbrook Blinn, and methinks you'll be seeing him around quite a bit after his personal triumph in this picture.

Praise should also go to Sidney Blackmer who can play a nasty crook with conviction. Roscoe Karns, Bradley Page and Ed Brophy are the other bad boys. The desert photography is excellent, and if you've never been to Mexico, after this picture you'll have a very good idea what it looks like.

COLLEEN

Rating: 70°—OAKIE AND BLONDELL—Warners

DICK POWELL and Ruby Keeler are teamed together again in this musical de luxe which has its moments—but the moments are all for Jack Oakie and Joan Blondell. The story's about a pseudo big business man, Hugh Herbert to be sure, who suffers from arrested mental development. He falls prey to the goo goo eyes of gold-digging Joan Blondell who puts nuts on Itsie Bitsie candies, and a couple of artful antics out of Joanie and he buys her a dress shop.

Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie simply go on a comedian's holiday and take everything in sight—as long as they are allowed on the screen. The high of the picture is when she and Jack sing "A Boulevardier from the Bronx" and do a dance specialty that is a magnificent take-off on Rogers and Astaire. This alone is worth the price of the admission. The gal has been treated so badly in her pictures of late that it was just like "discovering" Joan Blondell over again—and don't think the preview audience didn't.

TOUGH GUY

Rating: 70°—A KID SHOW—M-G-M

THE kids will go into hysterics over this, and don't let them miss it. The story's about Jackie Cooper who runs away from home because his father doesn't want him to keep his pet dog, Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr.

Jackie and the dog get mixed up with a gang of stick-up men and in an attempted escape they are held by the gang leader (Joseph Calleia) in his effort to escape the G-man hunt. Jackie and Calleia become first rate pals and when the rest of the gang try to hijack the kid to collect a reward, Calleia goes out to retrieve him. Jackie, Calleia and Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., make a swell team.

[Continued on page 58]

NEXT TIME WE LOVE

Rating: 89°—**BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY**—
Universal

NOT since "Only Yesterday" has Margaret Sullavan given such a poignantly beautiful and real performance, and once more we'll just have to become rabid Sullavan fans. The story's about a struggling New York reporter and a young college girl who rush impetuously into matrimony because they love each other so.

It sort of pries into the human heart, and women will love it. James Stewart, new to Hollywood, plays his first important part in this picture, and as the reporter-husband torn between love and career he gives an outstanding performance. Also excellent is Ray Milland, as the rich friend of the young couple, who hides his love for Margaret for nine years. Good bits are contributed by Robert McWade, Anna Demetrio, and little Ronnie Cosby.

DESIRE

Rating: 88°—**PUBLIC GLAMOUR GIRL**
NUMBER 1—*Paramount*

WHATEVER you have to say about Dietrich she is still the most glamorous of the glamour girls, and in this picture she is, if possible, even more glamorous and beautiful than ever. "Desire" is high comedy with a gay, laughable beginning and ending, but some place there in the middle the regeneration of a lost soul (Dietrich's) sets in and things get a little dull and Marlene gets an awful lot of close-ups, but she's so beautiful in them that you really can't object to the loss of comedy too much.

The story tells how a simply devastating woman thief steals a pearl necklace valued at more than two million francs right from under the pudgy nose of the most famous jeweler in Paris. This sequence is the high spot in the picture, with Ernest Cossart, as the jeweler, and Alan Mowbray, as the duped psychiatrist reaching a new high in comedy. Fleeing from France and the French authorities Marlene meets up with Gary Cooper, a Detroit automobile man, on a two weeks' vacation in Spain and ready for romance.

When the custom inspectors go through her luggage Marlene drops the pearls in Gary's pocket without his knowledge, and from then on it becomes her task to get the necklace back, using all her womanly wiles. And, of course, she eventually falls seriously in love with this romantic, upright American and has to confess to him that she is a thief. One of the best performances in the picture is given by John Halliday as her suave accomplice, and very effective bits are played by Alim Tamiroff, as a

representative of the Spanish police, and Zeffie Tilbury as Aunt Olga, a fellow crook. The picture is quite sophisticated and sexy at times—and not for little kiddies. It's by far the best Dietrich picture since "Morocco."

DANCING FEET

Rating: 40°—**TEN EASY LESSONS**—*Republic*

JOAN MARSH is determined to make her own living and launches herself on a dancing career which is well seasoned with foot-baths. Romance with Eddie Nugent grows out of an unpaid hotel bill. After several unsuccessful attempts to go on the air, Ben Lyon promotes Dr. Cassidy's Tap Dancing School of the Air, and pretty soon you get the idea that the whole world is tap dancing.

THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN

Rating: 85°—**SWELL DOG STORY**—*M-G-M*

A SIMPLE, human interest story, about dogs and darned good American folks in the Ozark mountains, that is so sincere and sympathetic that it fairly warms the cockles of the heart. Bugle Ann has the most beautiful voice of any dog in the world, according to Lionel Barrymore, a mountaineer whose one great love is for his dogs, and when Dudley Digges, a nasty dog-hating neighbor, threatens to kill Bugle Ann Mr. Barrymore shoots him, and is sentenced to twenty years in prison.

But Bugle Ann isn't killed and from his cell Mr. Barrymore hears her voice far away in the hills. Digges' daughter, Maureen O'Sullivan, who is in love with Barrymore's son, Eric Linden, wins a pardon for the old man, and then Bugle Ann has a daughter with a remarkable voice, and everyone is happy. Mr. Barrymore gives one of his stand-out performances as the simple mountaineer and his little talk to the court on the faithful friendship of dogs had the preview audience blubbing like babies. No dog-lover should miss this, and aren't we all?

LOVE ON A BET

Rating: 82°—**GOOD COMEDY**—*RKO*

GENE RAYMOND plays a rich meat-packer's nephew who wants to be a stage producer and loathes the idea of becoming a meat-packer. He wagers his old man that he can start from Central Park, New York, in his BVDs and hitchhike his way to Los Angeles, arriving in ten days, in a good suit of clothes, with one hundred dollars in his pocket, and a girl friend. If he wins he gets \$15,000 to produce his show, but if he loses he must become a meat-packer.

Well, Gene and his BVDs set out near the swanky Central Park Casino in one of the funniest scenes ever written, and he quickly promotes himself a suit of evening clothes much too large. The rest of the picture is concerned with his trip to California.

He meets up with an attractive girl, Wendy Barrie, and her acidulous aunt, Helen Broderick, who are driving to Los Angeles on a shoe-string so that Wendy can marry a rich and dull young man who is on his way to China. Adventure and romance set in and it's a lot of good, clean uproarious fun.

Helen Broderick, as Aunt Charlotte, is really something to write home about, and when she wins the cider drinking contest it's just too funny for words. What the movie industry needs is more Helen Broderick. William Collier, Sr., is excellent as the uncle, and Eddie Gribbon and Morgan Wallace do well by a couple of escaped convicts. You mustn't miss hearing Eddie call Miss Broderick "Toots."

IT HAD TO HAPPEN

Rating: 85°—**GEORGIE'S BEST**—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

HERE'S George Raft's best part and best picture in many a long day. He plays a real he-man who, with his pal, Leo Carrillo, sets sail from Italy and arrives in America expecting to find streets of gold. But, alas and alack, America isn't like that, so the two husky immigrants get themselves a ditch-digging job.

Through a plot twist George meets the mayor and gets a political job. He is straightway launched on a political career which carries him right to the top in less than five years. He does not go in for graft and chiseling, and he is interested in helping his own people—in fact the rich are just so much scum to him until he meets Rosalind Russell, society woman and wife of the big banker, Alan Dinehart. Dinehart has diverted his depositors' funds, so George has to get him, and he gets the wife, too. If only there were more honest politicians like Georgie. The picture moves and teems with action.

BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT

Rating: 80°—**HOME ON THE RANGE**—*Warners*

HERE'S an unpretentious little domestic comedy that is so full of laughs and good clean fun that it will probably be one of the big hits of the year. The preview audience simply laughed themselves silly over it. Ross Alexander plays a golf-playing-college-graduate. Anita Louise and Joseph Cawthorne are featured.

Love And The Leading Ladies

[Continued from page 23]

brake. Erring Romeos think long and hard before exposing themselves to a divorce which will strip them of half their possessions, and the *femme* stars also ponder deeply on the provision before shelving a husband for a sleek gigolo. A poke in the "poke" deters even the hardest sinner. As I say, this law permits a certain latitude of abuse, but in the majority of cases, it is an assurance of justice.

Weigh all the pros and cons of the marriage situation in Hollywood and you come to certain definite conclusions: (1), that California's liberal divorce laws do stimulate divorces, as does the accessibility of Mexico to the south, and Reno to the northwest; (2), that the blaze of publicity to which every Coast marriage is subjected

is an emotional hazard; (3), that the peril to marriage is doubled and tripled because either husband or wife spurts to fame, and leaves the other lagging behind. Yet after compiling all of these negatives, you must return to the record which shows that Hollywood also permits a Lionel Barrymore to remain married for 28 years, a Thomas Meighan to preserve his marriage vows for thirty years, a George Arliss to reach his golden anniversary.

My advice to the flicker colony is succinct: "Take yourself less seriously." In every divorce which has come to my attention, either husband or wife has taken himself or herself so seriously that the grievances have grown out of all proportion. Jean Harlow, for instance, excited

international mirth when she stepped into court and asked for a divorce from Hal Rosson, because he prevented her from sleeping by reading books in bed. If either of these two had a lively sense of humor, they'd never have taken such an asinine plea to court, but Hollywood, which pays high prices for screen humor, lacks a sense of humor in its private life.

Let these cinema chickadees re-fertilize their senses of humor and sanity will return. From the smallest to the biggest, they take themselves too seriously. This, I think, is the biggest single factor in the divorce situation. The marriages that have lasted the longest in Hollywood have been seasoned with humor, leavened with loyalty and garnished with love.

Recent Peaks In Pictures

[Continued from page 55]

loaned him to Universal for "Show Boat." He can now stretch his vocal chords all he likes without fear of being assaulted by a Marx.

A scene I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred, and I definitely hope I won't, was the love scene of Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden in "Ah, Wilderness," that magnificent picture which so beautifully combined the comedy and tragedy of adolescence. Little Cecilia Parker was uplifting and as inspiring as anything these old eyes have ever seen, and they have seen Helen Hayes in "Dear Brutus." There was something mystical and magical about Cecilia's *Muriel* that kept making you think that she was playing you yourself as a little girl. And of course Eric Linden's scene, where his father is trying to explain sex to him, won great praise for that young man and definitely established him as Hollywood's most talented young juvenile. Of course Eric did some good dramatic work for R-K-O several years ago, then he left Hollywood for a year and Hollywood naturally completely forgot him, so "Ah, Wilderness" was his "come-back" picture, and come back he did with a bang. Both kids have good Metro contracts.

In "A Tale of Two Cities" and in "Ceiling Zero" Isabel Jewell proves herself a charming actress with great emotional power. Except for her brief scene in "Evelyn Prentice," which was not a popular picture and which very few saw, no one realized that Isabel was an emotional actress. Wise-cracking telephone operator parts were considered plenty good enough for her, and she and Metro parted company. She went to New York, and then back to Hollywood again and no one seemed to care what happened to Isabel Jewell except Isabel Jewell. Then she was given the part of the little seamstress who rides hand in hand with Ronnie Colman to the guillotine in "A Tale of Two Cities"—a very tiny part, and not until the last reel of the picture—but Isabel did it so well that her stark little scene in the prison received enthusiastic applause from the preview audience, and the next morning everyone was saying, "Was that really Isabel Jewell playing the seamstress?" It was.

It was also Isabel who played Stu Erwin's wife in Warner's excellent picture "Ceiling Zero," and she told Mr. Jimmy Cagney exactly what she thought of him when her Stu was killed in a plane accident all because of irresponsible Jimmy. That scene also received tremendous preview applause. And Metro was beginning to wonder if perhaps they hadn't made a grievous error when they dropped Miss Jewell. As we go to press I hear that Isabel's test for *Lotus* in "The Good Earth" is by far the best the studio has had (and practically everyone in Hollywood has been tested for that part, as "The Good Earth" is going to be one of those pictures) and that she will very likely be cast for the part. Metro droppeth, but Metro taketh back—with much better rôles and contracts.

And my, my, where would we be without comedy? I'd be in the doldrums. So thank your lucky star for Fred MacMurray. Of course folks began to take notice of Paramount's Mr. MacMurray when he sat on the bench in front of the New York library with his shoes off, and ate pop-corn with Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily." He looked promising, but after all it was definitely Claudette's picture, and no one except Paramount was much concerned about Fred MacMurray. Then along came "Hands Across the Table," with that opening shot of Fred playing hop scotch down the hotel corridor, and I, like



Luise Rainer was told that she should have bodyguards to protect her from kidnappers.

"What do I need bodyguards for?" she protested. "There are always three or four agents hanging around me!"

millions of other dames, simply went into hysterical ecstasies over Fred MacMurray.

He has a flare for comedy that's hard to beat and you couldn't ask for anything more hilarious than his scenes with Lombard in "Hands Across the Table" and Colbert in "The Bride Comes Home." But it was that hotel linoleum that really started MacMurray on his future, with a hop, skip and a jump. That scene and the scene where he pretends to telephone his fiancée from Bermuda, with Carole breaking in every second as the Bermuda operator, are quite the most delightfully funny scenes we've had this fiscal year. You'll be seeing Fred next with Sylvia Sydney in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," in technicolor—and you may be quite sure he's the fair-haired boy of the Paramount lot.

Of course Errol Flynn is the big sensational find of the year—an easy, charming, graceful Irishman, with one of the most pleasing voices you've ever heard. The studio has two epics in mind for him, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "Robin Hood"—with production starting on the former immediately. I can hardly wait for his Robin Hood.

I suppose if we must be technical Nelson Eddy was "discovered" long before last August, but as a lot of us didn't get to see "Naughty Marietta" until late summer, or maybe we were seeing it the fifth time by then, I might just as well claim Nelson's scene in the governor's ball room, where he sings "Sweet Mystery of Life" to Jeanette MacDonald, one of the big peaks of the movie year. Of course the studio knew they had something there in Eddy (though he had been hanging around for a long time) but they didn't know just what they had, until fifty million women heard him sing "Sweet Mystery of Life" not once, but a dozen times, and "Naughty Marietta" quickly became one of the big box office attractions of the year. If you think another studio will get a chance at Mr. Eddy you're crazy. Metro has attended to all that. After "Rose-Marie"—and if you haven't heard him sing that "Indian Love Call" you haven't heard anything yet—Nelson Eddy went on a concert tour which will take him over the entire country almost. Then back to Hollywood, and more pictures, thank goodness.

John Arledge's scene in "Shipmates Forever," where he has to leave Annapolis because he has flunked out on his exams, was so sincerely and emotionally acted by

Johnny that RKO immediately put him on a long-term contract. And Paramount took one look at Tom Brown, in the scene where he has unknowingly killed Sir Guy Standing and goes to pieces in "Annapolis Farewell," and put him on a long-term contract.

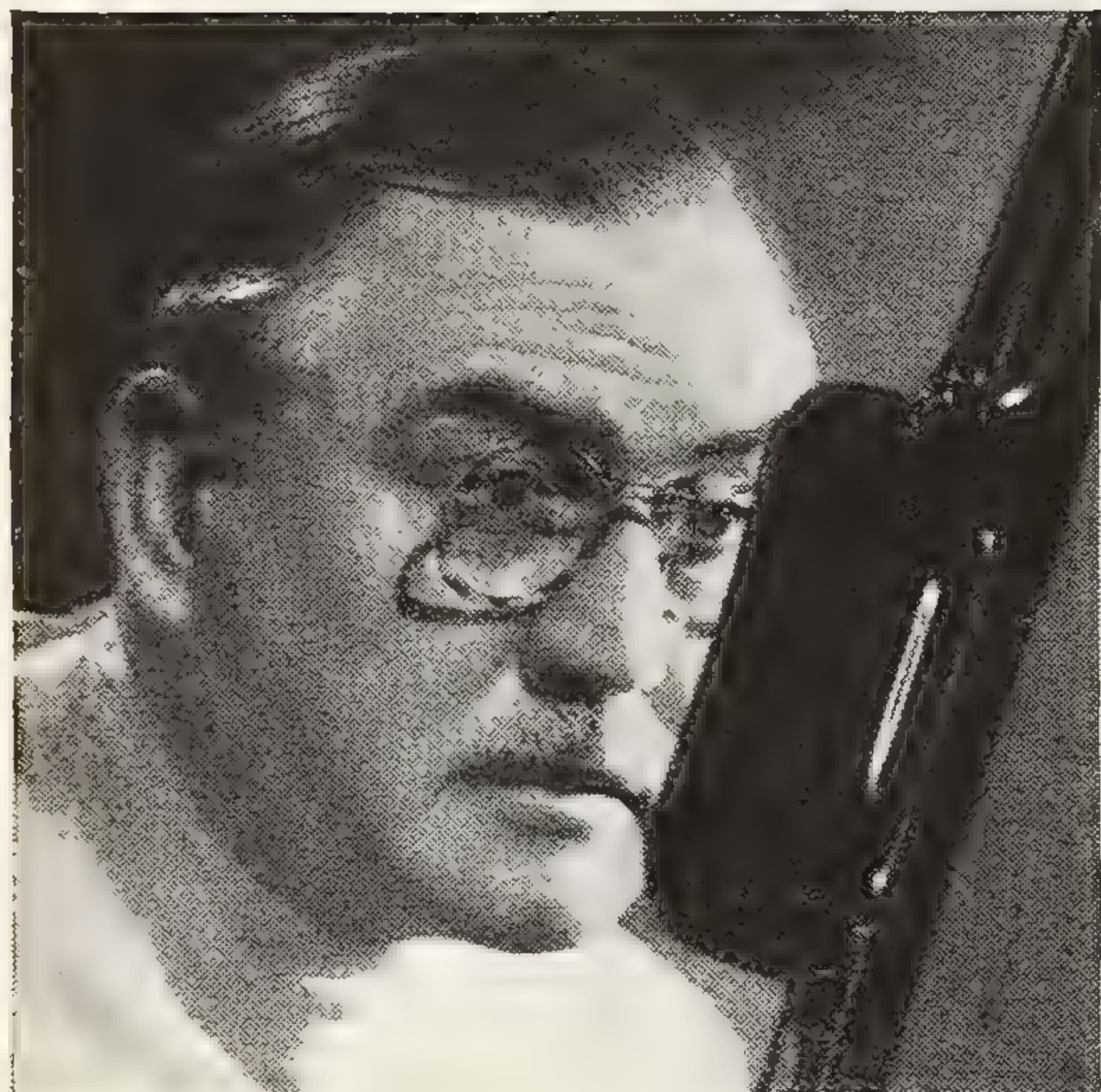
Franchot Tone's studio kept him in white tie and tails most of the time and never gave the poor guy a chance to act. But Paramount borrowed him for "The Lives of the Bengal Lancers" and he gave such a grand performance that his home studio gave him the third most important part in "Mutiny on the Bounty," and dead indeed is your soul if you did not thrill to his speech before the big shots of the British Navy. But, unfortunately, Franchot's reward for this magnificent bit of acting was one of the duller parts of the year in a very dull picture called "Exclusive Story." Eddie Quillan was another actor who rose to sublime heights in "Mutiny on the Bounty" and whose performance was praised by practically every critic in the country—but so far nothing good has come of it.

Luise Rainer gets tight (in a nice way, of course) with William Powell in "Escape," in one of those Blue Danube old world restaurant scenes, and immediately half a nation goes mad about her, and with one picture to her credit she now gets equal star billing with Powell and Myrna Loy in "The Great Ziegfeld." There are two schools on Rainer: those who say she is too coy and those who will shout you down that she isn't. I belong to the first school, it seems, so I can't get horribly excited over her. If you don't mind I'll save my enthusiasms for Rosalind Russell who dished up an extra dose of sleeping potion for Mr. William Powell in "Rendezvous," in one of the gayest comedy scenes I have ever enjoyed—in fact her performance throughout the entire picture made me feel much happier. I'm all for Rosalind Russell becoming a star, and I think Metro has that in mind too.

And don't forget Charles Laughton reciting Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg in "Ruggles of Red Gap," which scene I am reliably informed has much to do with his getting the coveted role of Mr. Chips in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips."

Oh, I could keep this up all night, but I am sure that by now you must have grasped the idea that I don't think the cinema is slipping.

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Ralph Bellamy, returning from Palm Springs the other day, was stopped by a hitch-hiker. "Got a radio in your car?" asked the thumber.

Bellamy said no, to be dismissed with the remark: "Wal, I guess I'll wait for a car with a radio in it—there's a program I like to listen to every day at this hour."

The "Voice of the Peepul"

(Continued from page 51)

excellent picture from start to finish in all of its phases. Some of the success of "The Singing Fool" may be accounted for by the fact that it was one of the first all-talking, all-singing pictures.

Entertainment is the main function of pictures.

Historical films without the lightening effect of dramatic license are usually stuffy and loquacious—boring to the point of tears. Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it is often very tiresome. But the public has shown in the past two years that it has nothing against costume pictures; they are okay if well and interestingly made.

The recent excursion into Shakespeare has many of us rubbing our eyes, particularly with the prospect of "Romeo and Juliet" just around the corner, and with, perhaps, other favorites to follow. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was a little too much for most of us. "Romeo and Juliet" should turn out better since its actors have more of the quality of the traditional Shakespearean player. Shakespeare is notably hard to read and hard to cast and should never be attempted by actors unversed in the ways of the theatre. Miss Shearer should prove a happy exception to the rule.

Of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the London Times said: "It is too much to expect an adequate performance of Shakespeare's plays in the films." The London Morning Post said it was marred by touches of "Teutonic coarseness." Yet London paid, I understand, five dollars a seat at the premier of this film. At its New York premiere opinions varied but many of the critics agreed with Melvin Johnson who said: "For Max Reinhardt the spectacle, not the play, is the thing—too bad we couldn't have the spectacle without the actors." Shortly thereafter, another critic, writing in the Boston Transcript, was having difficulty deciding whether it was Shakespeare, Reinhardt or Mendelssohn.

Even the public was bewildered. I overheard one woman say on leaving the theatre:

"Isn't it too silly. They played that as a comedy."

"Yes, they did," replied her companion, obviously taken back, "first thing you know they'll be playing 'Hamlet' as a tragedy."

And the woman just smiled.

Yet with all this, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" enjoyed a healthy run on Broadway and is doing more than a satisfying business in the provinces. In this case it seems to be "name magic" which is drawing the crowds into the theatres. The public is interested in anything new and unusual on the part of its favorites. No one can retain a reputation for culture and pan Shakespeare. Many instances could be cited to show that the "Voice of the People" is quite independent and is not under the control of the critics, however learned. Going as far back as December, 1932, I find that John S. Cohen, Jr., said in the columns of the New York Sun: "'A Farewell to Arms' shows that the heart and head of Hollywood are exactly in the right place. It is a fine talkie." This seemed to be the general opinion of the critics everywhere, yet when the voice of the people had had its say "A Farewell to Arms" went down in history as a financial and artistic flop.

In May, 1935, "The Informer" came to the screens of the nation. For scintillating brilliance of dialogue and performance; for visual satisfaction and emotional appeal nothing finer was produced during 1935. The critics, almost to a man, saw a new era in picture production. Of "The Informer" Eileen Creelman in the New York Sun said: "Worthy of all the praise it is bound to have lavished upon it." "A film that for grim power and a sense of reality has hardly a precedent on the American screen" was the opinion of Edwin F. Melvin in the Boston Transcript. In the Daily News, New York, Kate Cameron called it "the most powerful picture released in New York this year." "A film of major greatness" said Howard Barnes in the Herald-Tribune. "One of the few films which must be seen" was Regina Crewe's comment in the New York American. Bland Johaneson in the New York Daily Mirror called it "As exciting and stirring as it is distinguished." And in the World-Telegram, William Boehnel said it was "as fine a picture as you will see this year." All

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At your favorite store, there is a color harmony powder, rouge and lipstick for every type of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead. Discover how lovely you can be, how interesting your type is, by using your color harmony make-up as screen stars do. Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.



Margaret Callahan IN RKO'S "MUSS 'EM UP"
Betty Grable IN RKO'S "FOLLOW THE FLEET"
Anne Shirley IN RKO'S "CHATTERBOX"

Powder

You too, like screen stars, can give your skin youthful radiance with Max Factor's Powder. Satin-smooth and clinging; alluring in its color harmony shade. Used exclusively, its purity will keep your skin fine textured and young.

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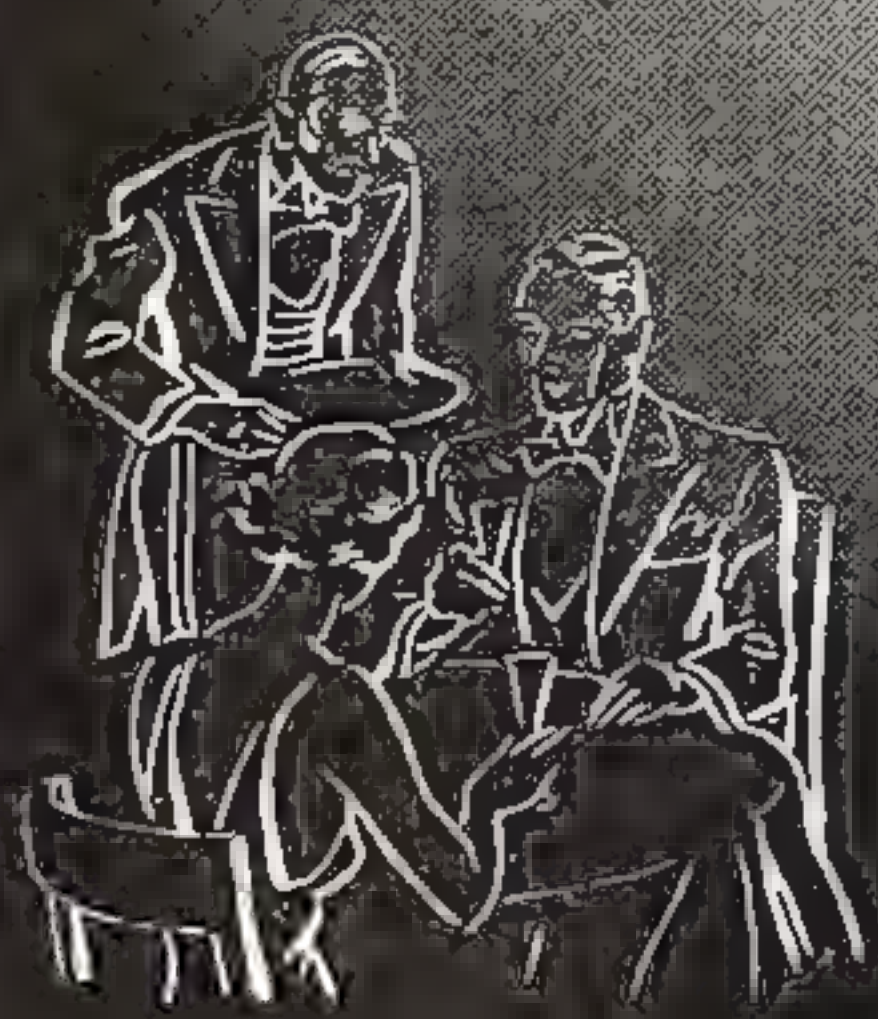
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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) ☐	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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this praise from the men and women closest to the industry didn't mean a thing when the public decided against this picture. It was one of the most disappointing pictures of the year financially.

Here is the mysterious voice of the people, the answer of that jury whose decisions are final.

In the newly released book, "Movies on Trial," Seymour Stern, editor of Experimental Cinema, appears not too impressed with that sublime classic, "David Copperfield."

"This embarrassingly over-rated film," says Mr. Stern, "was neither fish nor fowl; it was only middling Dickens and it was decidedly poor cinema."

Aside from the fact that many judges of Dickens have been equally sure that this picture is good Dickens, the astounding success of "David Copperfield" at the box-office seems to indicate that it was not "embarrassingly over-rated" so far as the public is concerned. As to its being "poor cinema," the public rendered a verdict in excess of a million dollars to date.

A check-up reveals the interesting fact that for the month of February, 1935, "David Copperfield" was the unqualified box-office champion while, for the entire year's record, it ranks second in the list.

In deciding what it wants the public doesn't in the least mind making monkeys of wise men who are supposed to be its betters.

Another picture which is piling up smiles in the box-office and profits for the producer is the recently released "Magnificent Obsession." Personally I thought it a grand picture, yet I have read dozens of reviews and most of them have been unfavorable. Thornton Delehanty in the New York Post called it "A picture that would have been long at half the length." Regina Crewe said in the New York American: "It is Miss Dunne, and in a negative character, who will hold you throughout the dragging hours of the film's duration." A critic in Cincinnati said it was a "routine picture, dull and slow, interesting because of the young Metro hopeful, Robert Taylor." Another critic in Des Moines called it "cheap and shoddy." It is too early to say what the picture will do for the duration of its run but, so far, it has been playing to capacity business, piling up new scores in the box-office and winning the stamp of the public's approval in no uncertain fashion.

It is a strange business. Producers, authors, directors, actors—all the cogs in a great machine pour into the making of a picture a part of themselves. Critics are called in for a private screening to gage their reactions; the picture is then shown under the least auspicious conditions to a preview audience in some small out of the way house. Perhaps the results are indicative of what may be expected when the film "takes to the road"—perhaps not. Often it is re-edited to suit the needs of that audience, but who can tell how it will be received by other audiences.

According to William J. Perlman, of the Cinema Research Bureau in Hollywood, a recent estimate places the average weekly moving picture attendance in the United States at approximately seventy million, each with a mind of its own.

Good pictures fail . . . poor pictures succeed! How can you tell what the majority vote of preference will be? Critics may voice opinions in the newspapers but the public makes its opinions felt at the place where they count—at the box-office.

When a critic is good (or lucky) two-thirds of his reviews are bull's-eyes; so his opinions are valuable to those who read and depend on him. But often a good story from the viewpoint of the critic will not even gross production expenses while

a picture, which to the reviewer has appeared downright bad, will be taken up by the public and borne to an unprecedented success.

In more or less this fashion did "Imitation of Life" attain a vogue. Dozens of critics agreed that it was a "cheerful orgy of pathos with no great originality of direction." Scores of others felt that the New York Times' criticism was justified . . . that "despite the sincerity of John M. Stahl's direction, he scarcely managed to conceal the shallowness of the play's ideas, the commonplace nature of its emotions, nor the rubber stamp quality of its writing." Despite this I have yet to talk with a single non-critical observer who didn't think "Imitation of Life" was "a perfectly swell picture" and the cross country box-office check-up bears them out.

The same type of criticism fell on "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which, without the benefit of a name cast, brought the customers flocking to the theatre and chalked up new records, earning a place with the champions for 1935.

A foreign film, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," was another picture which the critics joined hands in condemning, and it was another on which the public placed its approval. The "Scarlet Pimpernel" also made the championship list.

Something of the same thing can be said of "It Happened One Night," last year's Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Science Award winner. Few of the critics were particularly enthusiastic in their reviews. It was, apparently, just another program picture. Yet a diligent search through Variety, in the files of the New York Public Library, yielded the information that "It Happened One Night" garnered more than a million dollars in the first three months after its release.

"Flying Down to Rio" is another picture on which the critics and Variety went haywire. New York critics labeled it "movie-ish and silly," "foolish and unbelievable," "important only because it has Fred Astaire in it," etc. Variety said "this picture is not destined to do big things." It was, they continued, "too shy and slow on story to rate much above, if any, the normal deadline." Yet "Flying Down to Rio" is one of the all-time best sellers in pictures.

Greta Garbo is one of the stars who can always be relied upon to win the approval of the public. Her unusual and compelling personality make her pictures incredible successes. This is proven by the fact that although she has had consistently bad stories for several years she is still the Divine Bernhardt of the screen. Her "Queen Christina" was knocked because of its story throughout the land, but Garbo's performance was praised. Some papers



Wide World

Mae West in the shadow of Jim Timony at the boxing matches in Los Angeles.

neglected to even give the picture a review. Denver and Omaha definitely went thumbs down on the film, voicing a loud disapproval in box-office receipts. In London Garbo and "Christina" played to smash business, sixty thousand dollars and no stage show on its first showing, and the total gross was sufficient to put it on the list of champions in the check-up for 1935.

The wants of the public rule the movies, but unfortunately, public taste is as variable as the weather. Also, unfortunately, the glittering, brilliant, artistic picture which Broadway heralds with great publicity will often be viewed with alarm in Rockmart, Georgia. They may be sisters under the skin but these smaller towns usually like their cinema with a little more of the tradition of the old time drama which rewards the hero and punishes the villain. To the public at large human interest is more important than actors. All they are interested in is the entertainment value of a picture and they do not give a whoop how this phenomenon is brought about. They seek realism as the predominant note, not poetry and romance, and they demand faithfulness in the screen's presentation of human life, thought and feeling. The audience wants to be told a good story; to be shown interesting people doing interesting things.

"The great characters in drama are motivated by emotion rather than by reason," says Professor Hubbell and Beaty, "and they represent fairly simple types. The themes of great plays are usually simple and they are often old. The audience likes to see the old situations and types of character reproduced with slight variation; it loves to laugh at jokes on all the stock subjects, to weep over the same pathetic situations."

This majority voice controls every phase of every day life, it determines more than the fate of movies. It is the barometer of a nation's progress.

The voice of the people is indeed the voice of Fate—ask Louis B. Mayer or Darryl Zanuck.

The So-Illusive Lady

[Continued from page 29]

and to watch the reactions and encouragement Merle gave her.

Despite her slight appearance, her vitality is amazing. Joel once remarked to me, "Her vitality is so remarkable everything she says or does is done with such force it is bound to compel attention. You have to listen intently to anything she says."

She has less real beauty than many extra girls but she has a sparkle that is far more fascinating than mere physical beauty. One of her mottoes is "Live Dangerously." Fear of over-taxing her strength is never a deterrent—either in her work or anything she wants to do in her private life.

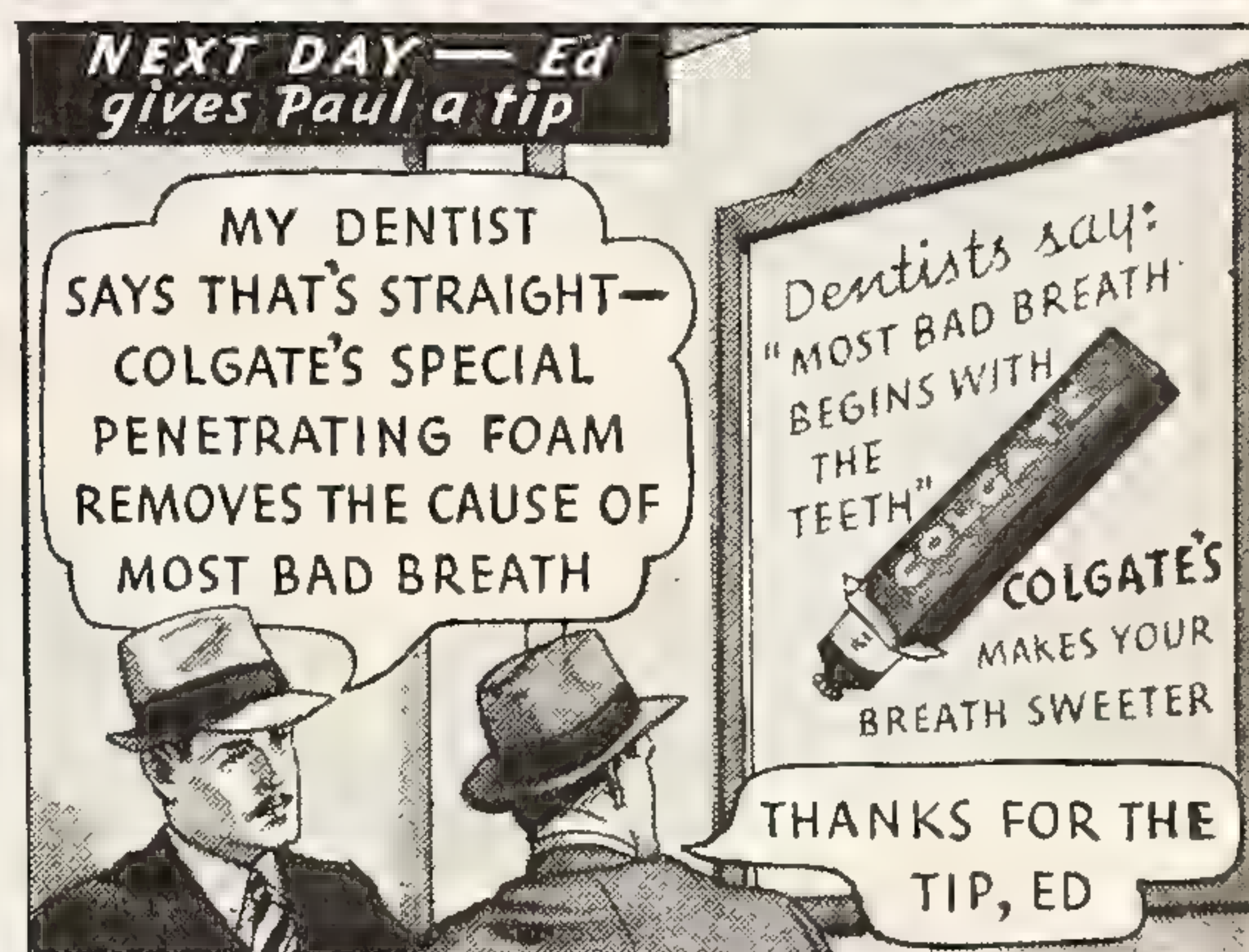
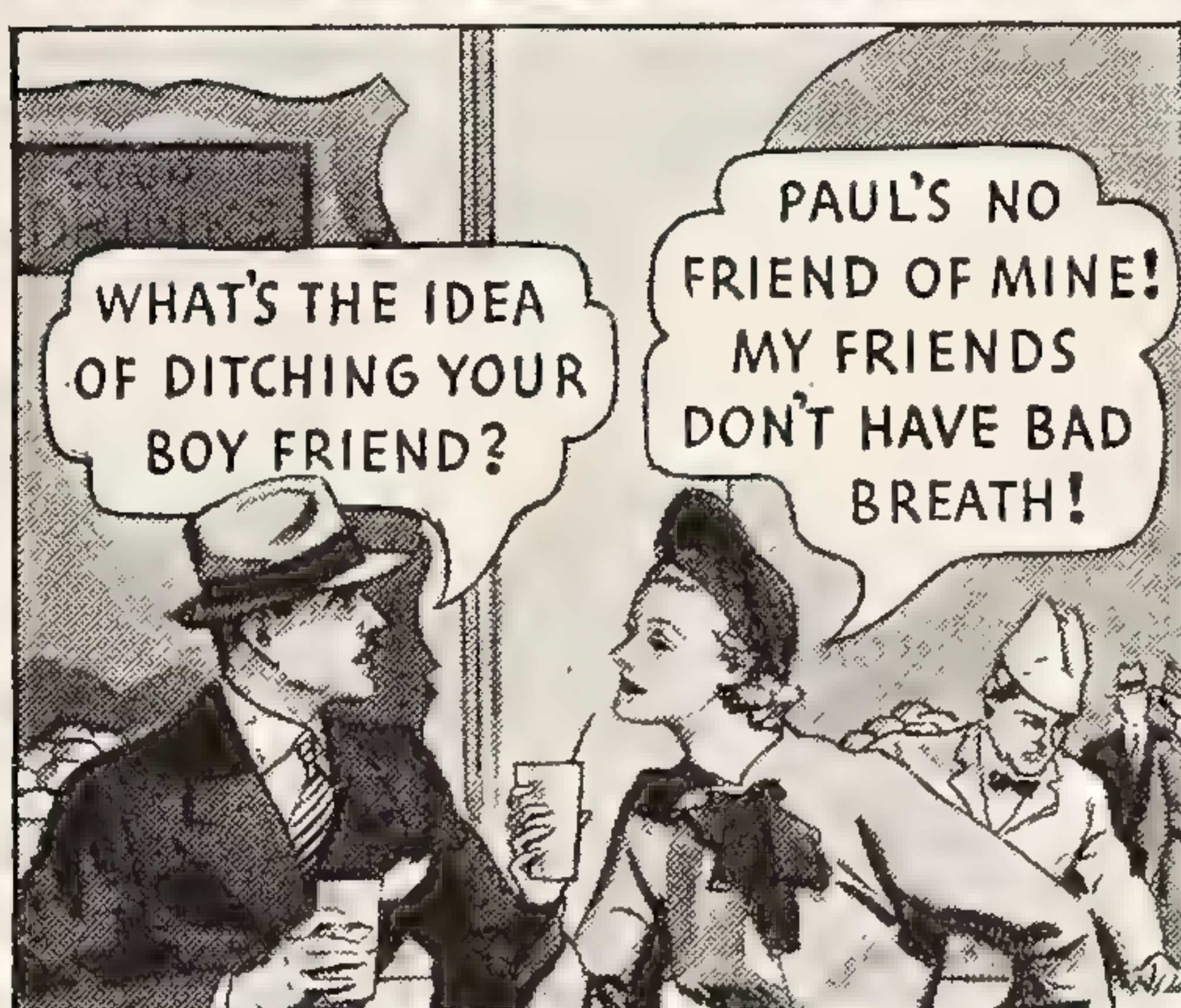
Notwithstanding the intensity with which she works, she has learned the trick of relaxing and can fall asleep on the set when she has as little as fifteen minutes between shots.

The thoroughness with which she prepares for her rôles is demonstrated by the fact that, before she started work on "Barbary Coast," she spent two hours a day for weeks learning to manipulate a roulette wheel and cards so she could make the audience believe she could do it as crookedly as it was done in the days of the old West, and still do it so skillfully that they'd believe the customers wouldn't detect it.

When she made "The Richest Girl in the World" she had the world's champion billiard player coaching her.

Her intelligence is illustrated by her

Paul wins the ring and the Girl



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feeling as she approaches an unpleasant part: "I have never been worried that the public would confuse me, as a person, with the characters I have played on the screen. I have never hesitated about playing unsympathetic rôles—as long as they were good rôles.

"I have never been able to understand the attitude of fans who rush around with a flaming sword, attacking anyone who said anything at variance with their preconceived impression of a star—an impression gained solely from watching her on the screen.

"No player lives his life on the screen. Yet, knowing that cinema audiences identify screen personalities with their real lives, many stars demand sympathetic rôles merely for that reason. I have little sympathy with this ridiculous attitude.

"I am sure the thinking public does not believe simply because she portrays a sexy girl on the screen that Jean Harlow, in the privacy of her home, spends her time on a sofa with a bottle of gin in one hand and the head of a male star in the other. Or that Janet Gaynor, just because she plays goody-two-shoes' parts in movies, still believes in storks and Santa Claus.

"Would you accuse me of being a gold-digger in real life because, in 'Becky Sharp,' I used everybody who crossed my path as a means to an end? Surely no one would be so foolish as to assume that *Becky Sharp* and Miriam Hopkins were one and the same person!

"Actors are merely players. They submerge their own personalities—or should—into those created by the author. Perhaps it is because in these days villains are not so black nor heroes so spotlessly pure it is possible to make them more human and, consequently, more easily confused with real people.

"Most people are like *Becky*—good and bad. Among my own circle of friends there are very, very few who are either wholly admirable or wholly detestable—and I'm glad of it. There is bad in the best of

us and good in the worst."

She has a keen sense of humor. She tells that when she first went to New York to break into theatricals she heard they were casting for the chorus of the first "Music Box Revue." She marched up to the dance director and said, "Mr. Hassard Short told me to see you about a job."

The man was a trifle amazed. He merely said, "I am Hassard Short!"

There was another time when she was scheduled to do a picture with Clark Gable. The studio called for love-making tests. She and Clark were introduced and immediately fell into heavy clinches all over the room. When it was over Gable stood up, bowed politely and said, "Good-bye, Miss Hopkins."

"Goodbye," Miriam responded, and they have never seen each other from that day to this.

Her powers of fascination are intangible but potent. At the house-warming the Elliott Nugents gave, Miriam was attired in a pair of pleated shorts and a middy blouse. She was surrounded by men. Most of the other women were dressed within an inch of their lives. They played bridge with each other.

Society is the breath of life to her. She goes out very little while she is on a picture but between pictures—whether she is in Hollywood or at her home in New York—she is in the centre of all sorts of social activities. Usually she is surrounded by authors, artists (in any branch of endeavor) and critics.

She is one of the most generous people imaginable. Her home, her swimming pool, tennis court, garden and ice-box are open to her friends whether she is there or not. But she cannot abide bores and prigs.

She... Nuts! I've told you practically everything I know of Miriam and I still haven't shown her to you as she is. You can't put her into words any more than you can describe the sparkle of champagne.

She's Miriam Hopkins—The Illusive Lady.

The Search For The Right Part

[Continued from page 33]

never been so enthusiastic over anything before and if Mr. Goldwyn or Mr. Korda won't star me in 'Lola Montez' why I'll just produce it myself."

I, too, was fascinated by the life and adventures of the glamorous Lola Montez, and I think it would be a grand picture for Merle and I hope we aren't going to have any trouble with Mr. Goldwyn.

But I was definitely going to have trouble with Miriam Hopkins. Miriam and I have had sort of a secret understanding ever since Broadway that she is not to aid or abet me in any way in my nefarious career as a fan writer. If it's fun I want, a hearty laugh, or a cup of tea Miriam is right there to give it to me—so after all I suppose I shouldn't expect a paragraph in a fan mag too. "Never," said Miriam, but emphatically, when I asked her if she read books trying to find a part that would give her a marvelous opportunity. "I hate fiction. I was married to a writer for three years and I had to read everything he wrote and discuss plots, plots, plots morning, noon and night. He wrote so many novels he finally had to get the names of his characters out of the Cornell Year Book. I like to read verse because it has no plot. (It was Miriam who entertained Gertrude Stein on her last visit to Hollywood, and now I see what the girls had in common, for one could never accuse Gertie of sheltering a plot.) The best book I have read this winter is Walter Duranty's 'I Write

As I Please'—but don't you dare say that I was looking for a part in it!" Well, Miriam and I glared at each other as usual for a few moments, and then she suggested a glass of sherry and a laugh in her dressing room and all was forgiven.

When I arrived on the Myrna Loy set I was reminded of a cartoon out of the *New Yorker* of several years ago. Remember the one of the man and the girl in a passionate clench, and the girl suddenly remarks, "Have you read any good books lately?" Well, Myrna and Bob Montgomery are co-starring in "Petticoat Fever" now, and Myrna plays the beautiful young aviatrix who gets lost in her plane, somewhere in the frozen north, and drops in on a virile and handsome young government radio man who hasn't seen a white woman in years and years, and he gets one whiff of Myrna's Parisian perfume and simply goes off his head—and feet too. (Sh-h-h—don't tell the censors, you'll spoil the fun.) But somehow or other Myrna and Bob didn't seem to be the least annoyed when I popped up with "Have you read any good books lately?" (Personally, I don't think screen kisses are real.)

Myrna assured me that she hadn't read anything since Grimm's Fairy Tales, and I was about to give her a Hopkins glare and not settle for a glass of sherry this time, when she finally broke down and confessed that she would have given a year's salary to play Velvet in "National Velvet." "Para-

mount owns it, why don't you ask to be loaned out?" I suggested, always the helpful one. "Velvet," said Myrna, giving me the icy look, "was fifteen years old. I'm not. And not by any stretch of the imagination."

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feeling as she approaches an unpleasant part: "I have never been worried that the public would confuse me, as a person, with the characters I have played on the screen. I have never hesitated about playing unsympathetic rôles—as long as they were good rôles.

"I have never been able to understand the attitude of fans who rush around with a flaming sword, attacking anyone who said anything at variance with their preconceived impression of a star—an impression gained solely from watching her on the screen.

"No player lives his life on the screen. Yet, knowing that cinema audiences identify screen personalities with their real lives, many stars demand sympathetic rôles merely for that reason. I have little sympathy with this ridiculous attitude.

"I am sure the thinking public does not believe simply because she portrays a sexy girl on the screen that Jean Harlow, in the privacy of her home, spends her time on a sofa with a bottle of gin in one hand and the head of a male star in the other. Or that Janet Gaynor, just because she plays goody-two-shoes' parts in movies, still believes in storks and Santa Claus.

"Would you accuse me of being a gold-digger in real life because, in 'Becky Sharp,' I used everybody who crossed my path as a means to an end? Surely no one would be so foolish as to assume that *Becky Sharp* and Miriam Hopkins were one and the same person!

"Actors are merely players. They submerge their own personalities—or should—into those created by the author. Perhaps it is because in these days villains are not so black nor heroes so spotlessly pure it is possible to make them more human and, consequently, more easily confused with real people.

"Most people are like *Becky*—good and bad. Among my own circle of friends there are very, very few who are either wholly admirable or wholly detestable—and I'm glad of it. There is bad in the best of

us and good in the worst."

She has a keen sense of humor. She tells that when she first went to New York to break into theatricals she heard they were casting for the chorus of the first "Music Box Revue." She marched up to the dance director and said, "Mr. Hassard Short told me to see you about a job."

The man was a trifle amazed. He merely said, "I am Hassard Short!"

There was another time when she was scheduled to do a picture with Clark Gable. The studio called for love-making tests. She and Clark were introduced and immediately fell into heavy clinches all over the room. When it was over Gable stood up, bowed politely and said, "Good-bye, Miss Hopkins."

"Goodbye," Miriam responded, and they have never seen each other from that day to this.

Her powers of fascination are intangible but potent. At the house-warming the Elliott Nugents gave, Miriam was attired in a pair of pleated shorts and a middy blouse. She was surrounded by men. Most of the other women were dressed within an inch of their lives. They played bridge with each other.

Society is the breath of life to her. She goes out very little while she is on a picture but between pictures—whether she is in Hollywood or at her home in New York—she is in the centre of all sorts of social activities. Usually she is surrounded by authors, artists (in any branch of endeavor) and critics.

She is one of the most generous people imaginable. Her home, her swimming pool, tennis court, garden and ice-box are open to her friends whether she is there or not. But she cannot abide bores and prigs.

She... Nuts! I've told you practically everything I know of Miriam and I still haven't shown her to you as she is. You can't put her into words any more than you can describe the sparkle of champagne.

She's Miriam Hopkins—The Illusive Lady.

The Search For The Right Part

[Continued from page 33]

never been so enthusiastic over anything before and if Mr. Goldwyn or Mr. Korda won't star me in 'Lola Montez' why I'll just produce it myself."

I, too, was fascinated by the life and adventures of the glamorous Lola Montez, and I think it would be a grand picture for Merle and I hope we aren't going to have any trouble with Mr. Goldwyn.

But I was definitely going to have trouble with Miriam Hopkins. Miriam and I have had sort of a secret understanding ever since Broadway that she is not to aid or abet me in any way in my nefarious career as a fan writer. If it's fun I want, a hearty laugh, or a cup of tea Miriam is right there to give it to me—so after all I suppose I shouldn't expect a paragraph in a fan mag too. "Never," said Miriam, but emphatically, when I asked her if she read books trying to find a part that would give her a marvelous opportunity. "I hate fiction. I was married to a writer for three years and I had to read everything he wrote and discuss plots, plots, plots morning, noon and night. He wrote so many novels he finally had to get the names of his characters out of the Cornell Year Book. I like to read verse because it has no plot. (It was Miriam who entertained Gertrude Stein on her last visit to Hollywood, and now I see what the girls had in common, for one could never accuse Gertie of sheltering a plot.) The best book I have read this winter is Walter Duranty's 'I Write

As I Please'—but don't you dare say that I was looking for a part in it!" Well, Miriam and I glared at each other as usual for a few moments, and then she suggested a glass of sherry and a laugh in her dressing room and all was forgiven.

When I arrived on the Myrna Loy set I was reminded of a cartoon out of the *New Yorker* of several years ago. Remember the one of the man and the girl in a passionate clench, and the girl suddenly remarks, "Have you read any good books lately?" Well, Myrna and Bob Montgomery are co-starring in "Petticoat Fever" now, and Myrna plays the beautiful young aviatrix who gets lost in her plane, somewhere in the frozen north, and drops in on a virile and handsome young government radio man who hasn't seen a white woman in years and years, and he gets one whiff of Myrna's Parisian perfume and simply goes off his head—and feet too. (Sh-h-h—don't tell the censors, you'll spoil the fun.) But somehow or other Myrna and Bob didn't seem to be the least annoyed when I popped up with "Have you read any good books lately?" (Personally, I don't think screen kisses are real.)

Myrna assured me that she hadn't read anything since Grimm's Fairy Tales, and I was about to give her a Hopkins glare and not settle for a glass of sherry this time, when she finally broke down and confessed that she would have given a year's salary to play Velvet in "National Velvet." "Para-

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star I have ever seen was the day her agent informed her that "Mary of Scotland" would be the next Hepburn picture. She did her best to figure a part for herself out of Booth Tarkington's "Turmoil," and the studio is still working on it, but without holding out much hope. For months she read and re-read Edith Wharton's "The Old Maid," which is both costume and tragedy, but somehow she just couldn't see herself as the Old Maid.

Then came the chance to play a part in a good old meller of a bygone day (she read "Under Two Flags" three years ago and decided then that if anyone ever went to the trouble and expense of producing it, she would ask for the rôle of Cigarette) and so, tossing aside a batch of lovely sophisticated comedies whipped up specially for her, Claudette now wanders over deserts with Ronnie Colman, for better or for worse.

Carole Lombard's heart's desire in the way of a starring rôle is Carrie in "Valiant

Read in SILVER SCREEN for May, Elizabeth Wilson's charming article on the sentimental courtesies that leading men must show their leading ladies.

The Flower Gardeners

[Continued from page 25]

No snail would dare intrude in Edna May Oliver's trim little flower plot. She knows every bug on her place and behaves exactly like Aunt Betsy in "David Copperfield." For some reason this reminds me of Bellamy's Weed. It seems Ralph was proud of the flowers his gardener got under way at his new Holmby Hills home. One plant was accorded extraordinary care and Ralph came to revere it. That is, until a wise lady reporter abashed him after listening to his build-up about it. She told him it was only a weed! One never fails to inquire about Mr. B.'s weed when encountering this gentleman. And then one runs like—heck.

There's nothing like having to teach your gardener the facts of this game, and Charlie Chan (nee Warner Oland) can prove this. He employed Signor Danelo Benedetti and even agreed to take his wife on as a cook, in spite of the Olands already having a swell Norwegian in their kitchen. It shortly appeared that the signor was better as a model for Mrs. Oland's painting. Mr. O. had to tutor him assiduously in the difference between geraniums and petunias. He has sixteen species and wants to keep 'em. With two cooks alternating in earnest rivalry, the Oland table is cosmopolitan and how.

The comic Helen Broderick simplified matters. She'd lived in big cities until her recent Hollywood break. She promptly bought a home in the San Fernando Valley and instructed the landscaper to lay out the front to suit himself. But the backyard was to be hers to play with. She doesn't care for spectacular flourishes, so to date she's put in shasta daisies, marguerites, and marigolds precisely as the spirit directs her. Another gal who's a panic, Glenda Farrell, is having worse luck at her new homestead. She moved in gleefully, planted a flock of hyacinths—red, blue, pink, white, yellow were a few of the shades!—and then Glenda made the worst discovery a flower-lover ever makes. Her land was just bad and they bloomed but to fade away. She's busily importing soil by the truckloads.

No one's dumber on the screen than Hugh Herbert. But oh my, he isn't so crazy when he's among his petals. He's a whiz. Indeed, every day he isn't slaving at being sappy he's endeavoring to cross lady slippers, a member of the orchid family, with chrysanthemums. If his noble

is the Word for Carrie." She thinks that the most charming and well written book she has read in months. And next to Carrie she would like to play the Tallulah Bankhead rôle in "Dark Victory." But Merle Oberon has been given "Dark Victory" as her next picture, and Paramount thinks Carole too young for Carrie and is dickering for Ruth Chatterton to star in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie."

So li'l missy Lombard very likely is doomed to a little dancing number called "Concertina" with Master Georgie Raft. Well, it looks like that if there isn't a Hepburn in your ointment there is always a Chatterton or an Oberon, and some days you just can't get any place at all. Carole also has a great desire to do "Marie Antoinette" on the screen and she has read almost everything written about the unfortunate French queen, but methinks that the fly in that ointment looks mighty like Norma Shearer. Well, that's the way it goes.

experiment jells he's titling his creation the chrysorchid.

You'd be surprised at how many stars rent houses according to how they like the gardens attached. Leslie Howard, for example, won't set foot on premises that haven't artistic floral trimmings. Back in England he grows such native things as sweet William, Canterbury bells, and rosemary. (Ah, ducky—rosemary for remembrance! Or don't you go in for the language of flowers?) In California Leslie invariably casts his eyes about for a garden where white predominates. Only buds of this hue are allowed in the Howard drawing-room. Jan Kiepura selected the most ornate garden he could find when the real estate agents carted him about Beverly. Then he consented to glance at the edifice that went with it. We artists!

When a player rises in the world the



Charles Laughton returning from a vacation during which he grew a moustache, a part of his make-up for his next character—Cyrano de Bergerac.

fashionable step now is to seek a bigger flower spot. Anne Shirley lived in a plain little apartment in the noisiest part of Hollywood until this last winter when her future was assured by a starring contract. She had one tiny balcony where she tended to a dozen flowering plants. But today she's reveling in the sweet peas, pansies, and marigolds she's had put in at the house to which she's moved. Carnations are her pet, though, and she keeps a fresh, long-stemmed one in a silver vase in her bedroom. Josephine Hutchinson okays the carnation, too, quoting Shakespeare at me. She vows he said, "The fairest flowers of our season are our carnations."

All the same, Una Merkel would rather have a rock garden where the hardiest stalks zoom up triumphantly. To be less flowery, Una gets a kick from cactus. Basil Rathbone's yen is for Chinese plants. Being a most polite actor, he hired two secretaries to assist him in replying to the fans who deluged him with letters last month. He'd informed a columnist that he was dying for a kumquat tree as the *piece de resistance* in his sunken garden. Neither Basil nor the scribe realized that the Hollywoods are full of such.

Luise Rainer is determined to give America the Garbo treatment. She won't be interviewed. But the gal's not so stony-hearted to the public she left behind in Vienna. The editor of a film journal there asked her to send him flowers from her garden in this country, so he could enclose one in each copy of his spring edition. Darned if she didn't go to all the bother of picking, pressing, and mailing 'em! Left practically flower-lorn, Luise has turned water lily booster and now no other flower ever crosses her doorstep. Great bowls with the lilies afloat decorate her rooms.

In a few weeks Grace Moore is departing for a sojourn at her villa in Cannes, and what is Gracie packing but a royal assortment of seeds! It appears she already has many grape vines and plenty of fruit rampant on her estate by the sea, but henceforth she'll look at American flowers and enjoy their fragrance, too. She personally has made out the list of what she'll be taking. It includes marigolds, orange cosmos, sweet peas, pinks, petunias, zinnias, double dahlias, asters that won't wilt, and California wild flowers. I'll bet the Riviera will be a whole lot brighter.

When a feminine star steps into her garden on a dewy March morning, to do serious things, she never forgets her floppy straw hat or her cotton glovelets from the five-and-dime. Wally Ford is the only man who's splurged for \$35 boots, but the high-heeled footwear he sports was actually bought for a film rôle. And you forgive him when you note that cheerful gap between his sweatshirt and pants. Wally's transplanted a hundred and eighty rosebushes so far this month. He's about to tackle a mess of gladiolas.

I've told on our foremost, i.e. the "planters." Here's a word on some of those who are just climbing onto the bandwagon—the "pickers." Ann Sothorn felt the urge and devoted an entire day to spading up the earth in her yard. She planted and watered with zest. But even while she was in the tub, cleaning up, her pet puppies discovered a new place to play. And when Ann came outside, her garden had gone foey. Since then she picks and lets it go at that. Both Warner Baxter and Bill Powell dally in their splendid formal gardens. Jean Harlow's hilly front yard looks as though she's scattered seed in a whoopsy manner. Instead of lawn

it's a fragrant mass of flowering bushes. But it was the gardener who was whoopsy. However, Jean herself raises camellias in her backyard hothouse. It's a camelia to you if you click with this honey.

Trust Bette Davis to be extra friendly. Her garden is right smack in front, for every passerby to enjoy. She lives on a principal Hollywood street and the old-fashioned New England flowers behind her petite wicket fence are a refreshing sight.

Certainly you want to know which child star is most fascinated by this month's hobby. The award goes to Jane Withers. When she finished her first lead she was presented with a completely furnished doll penthouse. There were miniature window boxes, and Jane found them large enough to install real pansies and dwarf snapdragons. She waters her plants every morning before breakfast, rakes the top soil with a toy spade and rake each Sunday, and, since the Withers moved to a hilltop home above Los Feliz Boulevard, Jane has added a lawn with a sweetpea border and a cacti circle in the middle—to set off her prize possession. Cut-up, take a bow!

In your next note to your secret cinema sorrow, just follow up your suave compliments (before you progress to the request for an autographed photo) with some juicy tidbits on how to make a garden grow. That'll bring out the true person behind the pomp and the darling will probably make you a pen-pal. There I go again, always telling you how to get in good with these movie stars. Yet why shouldn't you? They're up to new tricks all the time and they're more fun! But now I must beg off. I can't afford not to stay in the Hollywood swim, so I'm running out to plant petunias in my patio. That'll slay Myrna Loy!

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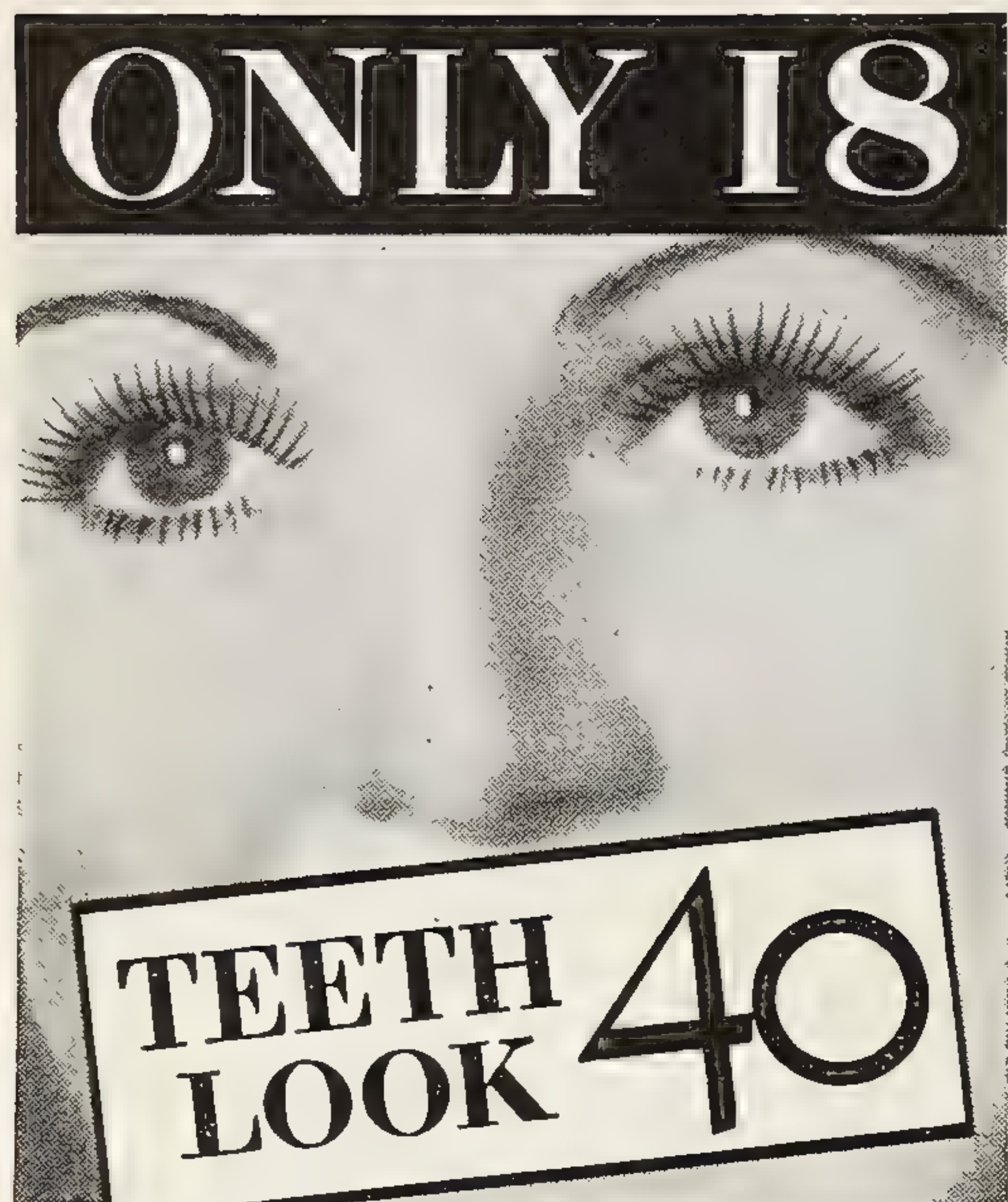
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Make-Up News

[Continued from page 8]

instance, if Russet is your "tone key," you use the make-up items called "Russet." This doesn't mean the shade is the same for all items. But all harmonize with each other and with your own coloring. Russet, Paris Blend, Castilian and Champagne are the names she has given to express the four "tone keys." They're arranged to suit each type from the dark, exotic siren to the girl with delicate Dresden-china coloring. You can try out your "matched make-up" with an inexpensive trial set of the five harmonizing items.

When you put on your lipstick, start well inside the lips and work out. Then smooth it over with the tip of your little finger. Press a cleansing tissue between your lips, then against the upper and lower lip.

The art of "powdering to look un-powdered" is the contribution of Mello-glo, who have invented what they call "modeling." There are two ways of doing it, but we prefer the French technique. This is a

method of patting and pressing with Mello-glo Soft-tone powder, and it gives the skin a lovely fine finish. First you pat and press the powder liberally over your forehead from the center outward to the hairline and temples. Then down between the brows. Pat powder over your neck, upward from the gown-line. Be especially careful to do the under-chin and around the ears and nape of the neck. Now the cheeks—a downward pat and press from the temples to the under-chin. On the chin, use an inward patting, blending into the under-chin. Also treat the upper lip to a downward pat. Finally, the nose. Pat and press on all surfaces. Then finish with a light, circular and downward motion, blending all the powdered sections together. Upward motions may accent the tiny down on the upper lip and cheeks. To be doubly sure of a soft, natural, complete finish—brush off any excess with a powder brush.

"A Danged Good Actor"

[Continued from page 56]

actors in the cast beat them to him. Nonchalantly he dazed one and all with, "That's nothin'. I used to do that every night on Broadway!" As a matter of fact, athletic stunts were indeed routine for him.

Because daughter Paula had a location trip before he was sent on one, Mr. Stone was as anxious as could be for such an experience. He rented a cottage at Big Bear so Mrs. Stone and the girls could week-end with him. And he admits he had to dig out his woolen underwear to withstand the nippiness. This second assignment was in Technicolor and he's sharing his discoveries about the special make-up with the Misses Stone.

"I'm not crazy to be a star out here," he declared to me. "If I can keep busy in rôles that are interesting I'll be satisfied. It's the girls I'm most ambitious for. I think Hollywood is a wonderful spot for us all. The thing that makes me happiest is our being together."

He believes men and women are meant for vital, stimulating lives, and that a natural mode is the smartest. Often he has been buoyed up by his dependence on the divine power available to those who search their own hearts for strength to carry on. Too, he has a passion for sports and has excelled in most of them. The girls, practically from infancy, have been tutored in outdoor fun.

"They're all different," he fondly explained. "Dorothy is a splendid entertainer, if I do say so myself. Carol, the baby, is most inclined towards straight drama. She's studied with New York's finest coach. But it was Paula who beat me to the cameras. While I was waiting to be cast, she went right out and began." Now she's under contract to Warners.

These adored daughters aren't helter-skelter. They've always had a real home. They've been raised to please the public because Mr. Stone himself has found acting a rich road to a full life. He's demonstrated that the erratic and the tragic are avoidable trimmings. Mrs. Stone, who quit a stage career of her own at marriage, was out the evening I visited. I am certain she must be exceptional, too.

Father's prestige isn't being capitalized on by the girls, who're tackling Hollywood independently. Each has her agent to secure jobs and each relies on her individual abilities. Yet it was easy to detect that this understanding, encouraging father is the fount to which they all turn for advice.

He may be a novice in movieland, exactly as they are, but he couldn't have triumphed in the theatre without gaining much applicable information.

In return for being treated as equals, they keep his dates in order. They aren't so puzzled by Hollywood's amazing idiosyncrasies.

Quite the up-to-date, as well as wise parent, he's eager to sample all the grand things this world has to offer. But he's not given to accepting second best. The secret of his record success has been nothing more complicated than *Work*, and lots of it. He considers easy short cuts fallacious routes. Deliver the goods and he promises you'll not be overlooked.

He isn't afraid the hey-hey laddies will be tempting his girls, either. They're too sold on the way they've been reared to be lured off on any foolish tangents. I came away from Fred Stone with a swell feeling. This dear old dad is not only arousing our emotions on the screen. He's revived our respect for honest-to-gosh home life.



Young Doug Fairbanks, who once was such a prominent figure in Hollywood, has recently been working in England, where he has his own company. His first picture, "The Amateur Gentleman," is soon to be released.

"A Natural"

[Continued from page 28]

their audience without saying a blessed word or acting all over the place. You understand?"

Apparently I looked as if I grasped his meaning, for he went on—

"Now if I followed that pattern I'd be a perfect ham. If I studied my script and said 'Ah!' for instance with well-rounded effect as taught by the best schools of elocution, the result would be terrible. I have to say it naturally, just as I'm talking with you. I musn't worry about effects. I must be simple and unaffected. And the best way to be that is to read over my lines just once before rehearsal and then go before the camera and speak them just as any ordinary person in normal life might speak them. That's what I mean by being a natural. Gary Cooper's in that class, too. So is Franchot Tone. And yet both of them have done outstanding work.

"Knowing this, I reasoned that I should be able to do something that stood out above the rank and file of film rôles, too. I'd been working for almost four years on the screen and I liked it. But I wasn't getting anywhere in particular. Living in Hollywood I couldn't help but notice how the trend of film characterizations was changing. The romantic heroes were taking a back seat consistently and sinister characters were being glorified with all the congratulatory trappings once conceded only to the upright and noble.

"It's true that most of these malevolent characters had moments in which they could show some decency, some instincts that might be termed humanitarian. That saved them. The public gloats over bad men with streaks of gold in their craven hearts. When I took those rôles in 'Let 'Em Have It' and 'Show Them No Mercy' I knew quite well that they had no redeeming moments. Somehow I didn't mind. I said to myself, 'Bruce, if you handle those rôles properly, they'll be the making of you.' And they were."

He's darn right, they were! M-G-M has already signed him to a year's contract in which he dictated some of his own terms. One of the first of these is that he will not play a succession of rôles depicting defiant men badly maladjusted to the life and times in which they are living. He doesn't mind being cast as an old meanie now and then, of course, but he insists upon the streak of gold showing up somewhere in the characterization.

In his first film under the M-G-M banner, "Robin Hood of Eldorado," Bruce reverts to the straight and narrow paths of righteousness and fine instincts. In fact, as he laughingly informed me, he is quite a hero, with enough of the milk of human kindness to last a long while. So much so that he was not averse at all, when loaned to Columbia for "Don't Gamble With Love," to playing a shrewd gambler who, when hit below the belt, decides to play the game as it is not taught in school. He also seemed to be delighted with the fact that, even though he played a so-called heavy in this, the part was romantically written—on the type of the Edward G. Robinson rôles—and he could dress like a man of the world and have his hair slicked back for a change, in magnificent contrast to his get-up in his two "success pictures."

M-G-M tells me that they have great plans for Bruce Cabot. They are terribly impressed with his heroic rôle in "Robin Hood of Eldorado" as contrasted with his insatiable villainy in "Let 'Em Have It" and "Show Them No Mercy," and feel that with his versatility they will have little difficulty casting him. They are al-

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Cinderella

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ready going ahead with plans for a story called "Gram," in which they will have him play along with the illustrious Madame Schumann-Heink and the popular May Robson.

As for Bruce himself, at the moment he is not concerned so much with his career or his finances as he is with his love life. For, as you may remember, Bruce fell in love a few brief years ago with Adrienne Ames—also of the films. And Adrienne, being a tender hearted girl, reciprocated the emotion. BUT there were complications! Adrienne was married to Stephen Ames, a New York business man whose millions were not to be sneezed at. But love, as they say in the story books, conquered all. And soon Adrienne took a trip to the divorce courts and returned triumphantly to the altar once again, this time with tall, handsome Bruce Cabot, *nee* Etienne Jacques du Bujac, as the lucky bridegroom.

If this were a story book I could write *finis* to the chapter, but it is not a fairy tale even though it happened against the background of Hollywood, which spells fairyland to most of us bread and butter workers. And it seems that Adrienne and Bruce, now that they had been congratulated and publicized as the happiest love match in the film capital, agreed to dis-

agree and Adrienne, who's a fast worker no doubt of that, paid another visit to the divorce courts.

But, and a big BUT this time, the divorce decree was not final and will not be so until April. And this is where Bruce enters the picture again. For he does not want that decree to be final. That is why he hopped a plane for New York the moment he heard that Adrienne stepped off the ship from England, where she had worked in a film, and called her up on the telephone so constantly that it's a wonder the Hotel Pierre, where he was stopping, didn't object to their telephone wires being held up for so many hours at a stretch. I ought to know, for I persistently held on to the house phone downstairs for one hour the morning I visited him, only to be told with equal persistence that "Mr. Cabot is still talking on the other phone," and when I finally did get admitted to his apartment he nonchalantly murmured, "I was just talking to my ex-wife."

"Well, 'C'est la Vie,'" I murmured with obvious relish and appreciation of the fact that even though the Greeks boast about always having a word for it, the French go them one better by always having a nice, tasty phrase for it, too. Which always makes things so much easier for us interviewers. Or don't you think so?



Wide World

Jimmy Gleason and his wife, Lucille, and their son, Russell, standing outside the bus, filled with their guests, which escorted Boris Karloff to the train on the occasion of his leaving Hollywood to make a picture abroad.

"It's The Free Advice That Brings The Gray Hairs"

[Continued from page 31]

Richard Barthelmess, Ruth Chatterton, George Arliss and Corine Griffith chose their own roles. It was rather a disastrous procedure for them. On the other hand, Bette Davis had to buck all sorts of opposition from her own studio and practically everybody she knew when she wanted to play the girl in "Of Human Bondage." Bette happened to be right. She knows what she can do, and that was her first chance to prove it.

But a lot of beefing goes on about parts

"they" make the poor long-suffering actor play. He is advised to strike, to hold fast, to free-lance, to break his contract, to go to England for awhile, to make fewer pictures, or to make them as fast as he can while his luck holds. God knows how he ever makes a decision. His agent says one thing, his wife or his girl-friend says another, his masseur gives him a load of what to do, and his barber has the whole thing figured out. The boys on the corner will also work it out for him, and the

studio make-up man has an earful all ready.

Jean Harlow walked out of her Howard Hughes contract, early in the game, because she didn't want to continue in parts like the girl in "Hell's Angels." She has been playing them ever since—so what? Bill Powell would have Philo Vance himself into oblivion, if *that* had kept up much longer. Either he took some good advice or gave it to himself, and one "Thin Man" make him a big, BIG star. He is always stewing about investments and everybody, including his brother, advises him—then Bill does just what he was going to do all the time.

The Marx Brothers are so busy giving each other advice they can hardly get any work done. Bob Montgomery was deluged with it before he went to Europe—where to go, what to do, whom to meet, be sure and see so-and-so. Finally he threw away all his addresses and started from scratch and had a pretty good time, from all accounts.

Joe E. Brown is the pater familias adviser over at Warners'. He tells 'em to behave and do as they're told and save their money. Dick Powell and Pat Ellis go to his school.

Jimmy Cagney says fight 'em and never give 'em a break. Jean Muir is an outstanding example of Jimmy's advice. She's *always* in hot water. She gets good breaks, too, if you have noticed. Jimmy is such a remarkably grand gent I almost wish this were a Cagney story so we could tell you things that lad has done to put the heart back in people who needed it, and needed it badly . . . But what works for Cagney doesn't work for everybody else. He must be about the cleanest guy on earth, he has lived in hot water so long. Cagney takes advice from no one, and that's that. It would take colossal presumption to walk up to Jimmy and begin telling him how to handle his affairs. I can't quite visualize the person who would be dumb enough to do it. He handles 'em all right—a little roughly sometimes, but he gets things done.

A whole army of busy-bodies tried to scare the voice out of Jeanette MacDonald. Imagine! They told her not to stick to a singing career, that no singing star ever could make good, that she must vary her roles, that the public would tire quickly of a voice. What is your score? She almost weakened, perish the thought. She took many a singing lesson with a heavy heart, but she felt she was right and so did her teacher who backed her up in it. Jeanette has proved that a singing star can have everything, and I hope all the dim-wits who advised her to *talk*, which anybody can do (and a lot of persons do entirely too often), will have the grace to blush.

Rosalind Russell says hordes of people rushed up wringing their hands and advising her not to "go Hollywood." That was when she first arrived, some months ago. So far, she has been too busy to find out just what "going Hollywood" means. She hopes to keep on being too busy, thank you very much and hoping you are the same. She says she has had enough advice to run the Normandie over and back, single-handed, if it could only be converted into steam or whatever they use to run boats. Anyway, something useful.

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are a stalwart pair or they would be groggy from taking it, pro and con. Don't marry, do marry, and God-bless-you-my-children, and of-course-it-can't-last.

All separations leave a big wide-open spot for advice, and has Clark Gable been taking it on the chin! You would think people could draw the line somewhere and let a man have a shred of privacy. No stranger walks up to John Jones and tells

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him how to run his married or his unmarried life. But Clark isn't John Jones and his life is about as private as the Statue of Liberty.

Jean Harlow's new hair—I guess the girl explained herself hoarse and that's why she had to escape for a vacation. Joan Crawford's mouth. There isn't an editor in the country who hasn't taken a crack at it, along with thousands of fans, well-wishers, busy-bodies, helpful Susies and Johns. Joan put on a national campaign with her lip-stick, and then suddenly everybody shut up about it. The fact is Joan hasn't cut down on her lip-rouge. Not a bit. But all the other girls have put on more, so Joan's doesn't look startling any longer. Dietrich's eyebrows upset the whole world, she had tons of advice. But eyebrow tweezers became part of the equipment in every office, and if a girl had a spare moment she could always pluck out another hair. It became part of the daily ritual, and if Dietrich ever lets her eyebrows grow as nature intended, time will hang heavy on many a girl's hands.

Stu Erwin, one of the nicest young men in pictures, gets a load of advice against being too much of a home boy. They tell him he's no Romeo, and to make up for it he must get out and kick up his heels in the Trocadero and be terribly gay. He practically has to be pried loose from the fireside, but now and then he gives in. Any time you look settled and happy and serene in Hollywood they simply can't stand it. You have to be doing something else, no matter what it is. Just something different. And in a case like Stu's, it's a pretty good chance for the adviser to horn in and get invited. Very little unsolicited advice is entirely innocent of a suspicious motive.



Fan mothers are asking Jean Hersholt how to bring up their babies since he played Dr. Dafoe in "The Country Doctor," the quintuplets picture.

There's one thing Hollywood players are pretty well agreed on. Advice is free—and there is an old adage about being suspicious of something you get for nothing. Sometimes they remember it in time—often they just chalk it up to experience.

A lot of them say they can take it or leave it alone—the old experienced "um-hum" listeners with the cultivated far-away look, for instance. But it's the kids who have to plough their way through, and God keep them. Very little of the free advice ever will.

When Romance Ran Out Of Gas

[Continued from page 27]

Bob pondered this bitterly while he shoved the car. That girl was getting in his hair. With all her cuteness, her kind heart and her good intentions, she was a pest, a boll weevil, a corn borer, a plague of Japanese beetles, a termite—a jinx. That was it! Jinx! The name suited her.

Do what he would, he couldn't shake off Jinx and he noted angrily they were still headed for London, Ohio. Why? Jinx had the thirty-five cents that would buy them gas—provided she could remember where she had squirreled it away for safe keeping.

They neared a post that said State Line. Bob shouted, "Hold it, Arthur." The car stopped. Jinx climbed out and walked across the state line, saluting the signpost demurely. The Ford followed her, thus diplomatically avoiding any imputation that their expedition was not of the highest moral tone.

Bob bent his aching back and exhorted Arthur, "Come on now, give!" They gave like congressmen at election time and still the going got harder. From behind the car they couldn't see it, but the Ford had ambled off a bend of the concrete and was headed up a gentle rise, straight toward a creek. Jinx could have told them, but Jinx had been snubbed once too often for offering advice.

The Ford landed in the middle of the creek. Arthur saved his guitar. Bob barely saved himself from apoplexy. Jinx came up beaming, her fingers thrust into the lining of her cute little jacket.

"I've got it—"

"Got what?"

"The thirty-five cents. There was a hole in my pocket."

The farmer that came along looked like something the government forgot to plow under along with the other crops, but he drove a husky team. Sure, he could get the Ford out of the crick. And wasn't that nice of him, simple, wrinkled, golden hearted growth of the soil that he was! They thought so until he mentioned it would cost them two dollars and a half.

Bob saw just one thing to do, work it out and do it quick, before their benefactor came to collect. They hustled into the farmyard to do their daily Boy Scout. Bob's eye flew to a woodpile. He'd split all those neat logs into kindling; it never occurred to him that the neat logs were the new fenceposts.

Jinx found a pail of paint and started on the side of the barn, assisted by a ladder.

Woodpiles and paint buckets were nothing in Arthur's life. He followed the farmer's wife, guitar in hand. She was a demure little white-haired woman and he suggested singing to her quaint folk songs—or old fashioned hymns, or what did she like?

"Torch songs, like the fellow on the radio," said she. Beaming like a cherub she forgot to feed the chickens and settled down for a long winter's nap.

The future looked about as sunny as the inside of a cow when the farmer returned, towing the Ford behind his team. He took one look at his new fence posts and began looking for Bob. Bob was arguing violently with Jinx, whom he caught red handed at her painting. Both had taken on a gory look because the paint bucket twined itself around Bob's shoe. Then the farmer saw his barn.

It was Arthur who saved the day, Arthur and his guitar. Arthur was discovered in the kitchen, chair tipped back, feet on the table, twanging chords.

"You young jackanapes," Pa observed. "I'll have you arrested for illegal entry. I'll run you till you got legs like a dachshund. I'll—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Ma. Not harshly. Not raising her voice. Just smiling and taking the roast turkey out of the oven. "That young man's stay-in' to dinner," said she, and the words included the crooner's friends.

After dinner the scene was almost idyllic. Pa had his jug of applejack; Ma had her torch singer; Arthur had his guitar and the center of the stage; Bob had a comfortingly tight feeling around the belt and Jinxy had an idea.

At heart she was a good girl and friendly as a stray pup. Mellowed by a square meal she grew tender and optimistic again. Arthur was singing "When You and I Were Young Maggie" and a languor composed of equal parts of turkey dressing and the milk of human kindness stole over them all. To Jinxy it looked like a splendid chance to make it all up with Bob. She hadn't pulled any boners for at least two hours, or hardly any, except that job on the barn with the paint meant for the new fence posts.

Bob sat by himself on the sofa and Jinxy went and sat beside him. She felt in the mood for a little tenderness, a little recognition of herself as a rather charming personality. She tried slipping her warm little fingers ingratiatingly between Bob's.

Bob dozed, comatose like the python after an extra large rabbit pie. He was humming in harmony with Arthur. The small fingers that touched his were soft and pleasant to hold and he pressed them gently. Jinxy smiled and swayed nearer, wondering if she wasn't going to like Bob a lot.

Her movement startled him. He found he was holding Jinxy's hand. He pushed it away with a look that said he preferred to fondle a rattlesnake.

In London, Ohio, people didn't treat Jinxy like that—especially young men. The Van Ranesealers were the best people in town and Jinxy was used to queening it over loyal subjects. And now a young nobody named Bob McDonald didn't like her! Jinxy liked puzzles and this standoffish young man from nowhere wasn't going to be easy to solve.

She concentrated for the present on wangling a tankful of gas out of the farmer and encouraging Ma to pack a lunch for them in Arthur's guitar case. It was raining when they started and the top of the Ford had a hole in it. But Jinxy had a slicker and she spread it out nicely over the hole where it collected several gallons of rain water, causing it to sag lower and lower through the hole. Meantime they were dry and snug and she could think of some more helpful things to do for Bob.

By the time they reached the outskirts of the town of Fairview the rain was a downpour. The slicker sagged closer to their heads, bulging with the water it imprisoned. Darkness was coming.

Fairview had caught the dog racing craze. The new dog track was just about ready to open. Through a rain streaked windshield they spied an inviting little building, deserted and waiting to welcome them.

Bob halted the Ford. The overworked slicker went *blah* with the jolt and the rain Jinxy had patiently impounded all that time poured down their necks. There was nothing to do but streak it for the shelter of the building.

A match showed lighting fixtures and wiring, not yet finished. Bob began to splice together the unfinished job and Jinxy, always helpful, spied the light

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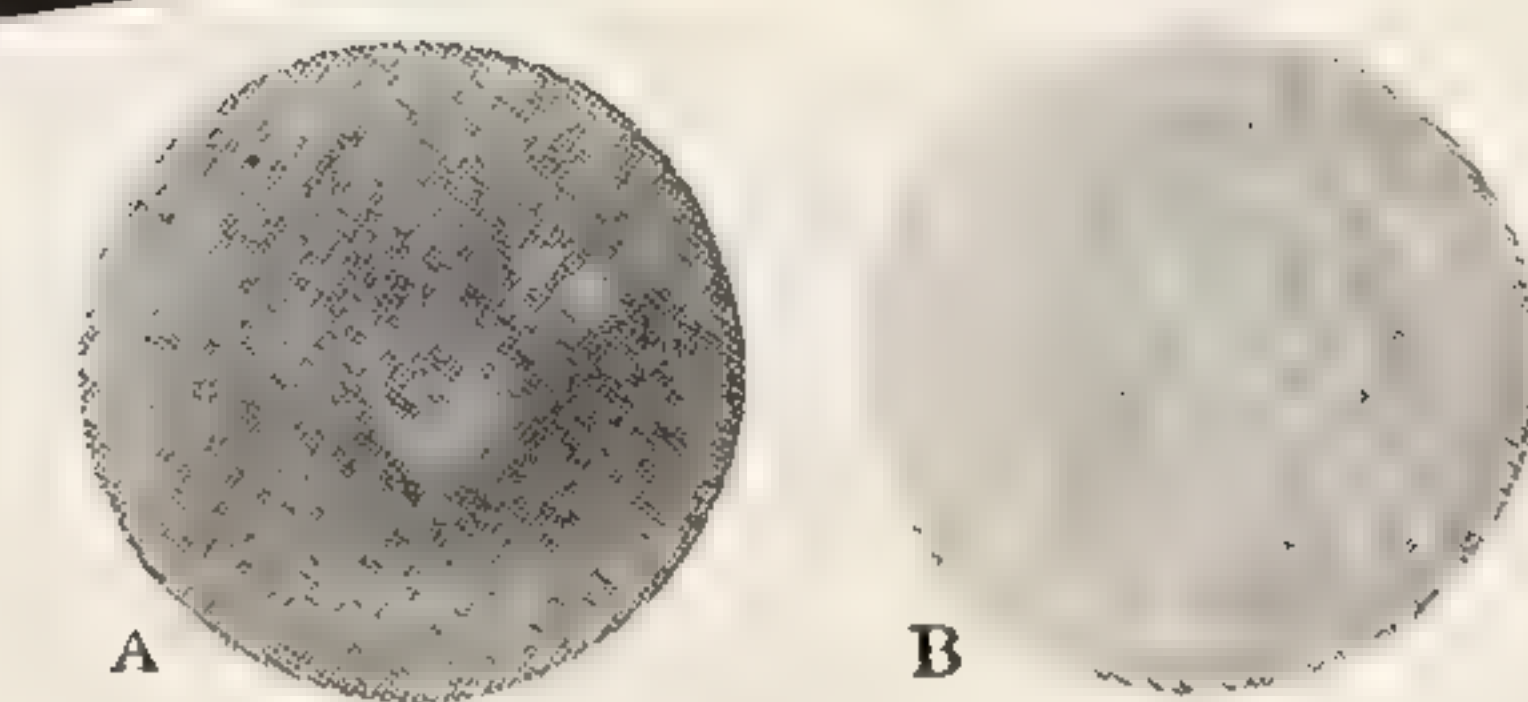
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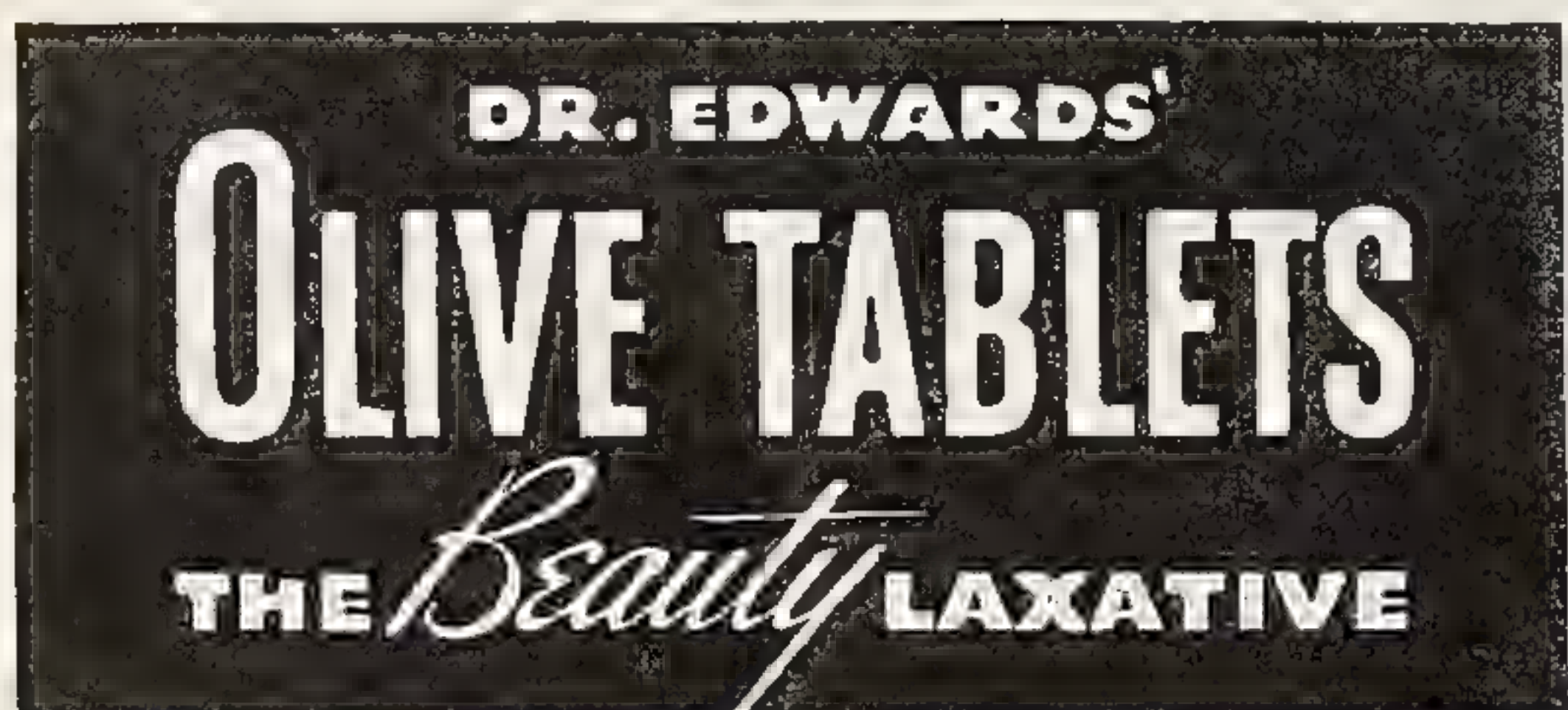


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switch and turned it on. His hands twined in hot wires, Bob glared through a sheet of flame and something told her she had done wrong.

They found they were in a dog house, not the humble one room kennel that used to stand near the kitchen steps, but a dog house de luxe. It had running water and unit heat and electric lights and rows of cute little stalls, each with a dog blanket and straw, each bearing the name of its famous racer. They began settling down to lead a dog's life.

Jinxy retired to a stall and began throwing out wet clothing for the delighted Arthur to drape over the steam radiator.

Bob thought about her while he smoked and toasted, eyeing the array of intimate little garments Arthur had spread to dry.

Undoubtedly she was a jinx. And he didn't believe for a minute that Van Ranesaleer was her name. When first they met she called herself Sally Brown. No, she was a phoney. But there was something about her . . . that certain, indefinable something . . .

He smiled and collected the name plates off several stalls. They were made of movable cardboard letters and by scrambling them he made out a plate for her stall . . . JINXY. Well pleased with his jest he put it in place.

Presently Jinxy wandered out. She was wrapped in the dog blanket and looked dreamily at the name Bob had put above her door. Then she turned to gaze wonderingly at him.

It was a tingling moment for them both. They stared and fireworks sizzled in their hearts like more live wires.

The blanket slipped again from Jinxy's shoulder, disclosing the pretty youthful sculpturing. She moved toward him.

"Am I really a jinx?" she asked, softly.

His arms opened and she came into them. She came closer with a happy sigh and their lips met. She snuggled there, starry eyed with delight until Bob thrust her away. He was shaken more than she knew and spoke firmly because he was scared.

"Wait a minute, let's get this straight! You don't know anything about me and I don't know anything about you except that right now you're wrapped in a blanket and I've got my shoes off—"

"What else matters?"

"Nothing, if that's how you feel about it, but if it means any more than that—"

She whirled on her heel, snatched up her dry clothes and slammed into her stall. Bob continued to orate, tangled up in the sticky fly paper of his mingled emotions.

"You're a nice enough kid, but you're a liability. When I fall for a dame she's gonna be an asset. Money, position, influence—connections that'll help me get some place in the world—even if I have to marry a rich widow. You'd be a weight around my neck. If you think I'm gonna keep my nose to the grindstone, slaving for some dizzy dame and getting her outa jams—"

At this point Arthur returned with news the storm was over. But he was wrong. It had only begun. Jinxy slammed out of the dog house and Bob forbade pursuit. They were rid of her at last.

They were rid of something else, Bob didn't reckon on. A kindly milk truck driver happened along, saw the Ford and Jinxy and asked her if she didn't want a tow. She certainly did! The Ford, with Jinxy steering it, trundled off down the highway, headed again toward London, Ohio.

A graduate architect and a graduate electrical engineer arrived in London, Ohio, footsore, to discover their lost Ford sitting on the imposing lawn of the finest residence in town. They presented themselves

at the door of the big house, met the butler and then met Jinxy's father.

Mr. Van Ranesaleer had heard all about them from Jinxy. Tactfully he welcomed them in and tactfully offered each a job with corporations he controlled. Arthur and Bob accepted with smiles. Their luck had turned at last.

Then Jinxy showed up to congratulate them.

Bob's face went deep red. His spine stiffened; he bristled with pride. "Oh, I see! You really are Miss Van Ranesaleer and you want to play Lady Bountiful handing the poor boys a job on a platter. Well, before I take that kind of a job, I'll go dig ditches."

"Maybe you should," said Van Ranesaleer, a little miffed himself.

"Maybe I will," Bob growled. "I'm certainly not going to have some dame throwing a thing like this up to me for the rest of my natural life."

Jinxy's voice was a tearful wail, "But last night you said you wanted somebody to help you!"

"That was last night . . . I'm telling you now I'm not going to go through life dependent on my wife's family—"

"And whatever gave you the idea this was to be your wife's family?" Jinxy's voice was sweet, but it was filled with arsenic and ground glass.

"You did," Bob growled, glaring at her.

Jinxy exploded. "Of all the pig-headed, conceited— You're nothing but the fellow who picked me up in New York . . . You're a liability. When I marry a man he's got to be an asset . . ."

That was the moment Freddie Miller chose to barge in. Freddie had heard over the phone that Jinxy was home and he hastened around to get in his dirty work.

For once Jinxy greeted him with a smile she meant. "Mr. McDonald, this is Freddie Miller, my fiancé," she announced with a look that said, You asked for it!

Papa Van Ranesaleer was worried. Jinxy, her pride roused, declared she would marry Freddy. Now Freddy was all right in his way, but Jinxy's parent knew where he could buy men like Freddy by the gross. Bob McDonald was another matter . . . Bob looked as if he might be able to pound a little sense into Sally's head. But Bob had vanished and couldn't be found.

Van Ranesaleer talked it over with Arthur, who seemed to have something beside torch songs inside his gothic skull. "This may sound screwy," Arthur said, "but what I say is work on Jinxy to marry Freddy right away, quick—"

"Marry him! But I don't want—"

"I know Bob. He's stiff necked as the devil. But he loves her. Right now he's got himself a job as a telephone lineman because he won't take help from you. Just silly pride! Well, if he hears the girl he loves is about to make a nose dive he'll come running here like Young Lochinvar." It didn't sound like much of an idea, but it was all they had.

On the day of her wedding a pallid little Jinxy huddled alone in her bridal gown, terrified. She had agreed to it because she was mad at Bob. She hoped up to the last minute Bob would come back. Mad or glad she longed for him. Now she faced tragedy.

A queer scratching outside her window made her look out. A telephone lineman was swarming up the wall. She saw his face . . . Bob!

He swarmed in through her window and she gazed at him with breathless radiance. Her eager smile died when she saw the look in Bob's face breathing its last as the hope in her heart died. He couldn't love her and look at her like that!

"I could never be happy in a little white bungalow," she explained with sad dignity. "I was born to all this. I need money,

lots of it—"

Didn't he care at all? Had he never cared! He didn't give a sign of it.

"I was a silly child that night in the dog house," she went on pathetically. "But that's all over and done with. Today is my wedding day. Won't you wish me luck?"

Her heart leaped when he took her into his arms. But his kiss was only brotherly. He put her away from him and scowled. "Go on and get married," he snapped and disappeared again out of the window.

Downstairs the wedding march was pealing, the minister waited, Freddy and his best man stood at the altar. The music swelled to triumph. Yay, here she comes! Jinxy, pallid and lovelier than ever, walked slowly down the aisle on the arm of her despairing father, ogled by Arthur whose terror made his eyes stick out crabwise. Poised on the roof of the Van Ranesealer house, peering through a skylight, Bob saw and heard.

She was doing it . . . ! His Jinxy! Throwing herself away on that little fuss-budget! She had taken him at his word!

Something had to be done—and done quick.

Bob's startled eye ran over the expanse of shingles. He spied the main light cable. His pliers were in his hip pocket and he knew what he was doing as he crouched over that cable. Clip . . . the lights sputtered out. He paused a moment longer to grin at the shouting pandemonium that broke out below.

Then he was off into the dark, swarming down the side of the house.

Inside the wedding had turned into a riot—a stampede in the dark. Through the milling confusion, trampling on feet, Bob dashed, dragging Jinxy after him.

The Ford still sat on the front lawn.



Eddie Robinson visited an art dealer.

"It is a pleasure," said the dealer, "to show you my pictures. I have so often enjoyed yours."

"Yeh," grunted Eddie, "mine cost you a quarter and yours cost a couple of grand."

When she saw it she dug in her feet and anchored him.

"I won't. I hate you. I'll make life miserable for you. I'm a jinx—"

Bob yanked so hard something had to give and that something was Jinxy. "Get in there and shut up," he shouted.

Jinxy glared up into his enraged face. Slowly the fury faded from her own little face, giving way to a starry eyed, flushing loveliness. "Yes, dear," said Jinxy meekly

and she got in.

Arthur and Papa Van Ranesealer stood arm in arm, flushed with triumph and cocktails, staring after the vanishing Ford.

"Great girl," Arthur said. "Giving up all this for a poor mug of a telephone linesman. Y'ought to be proud of her!"

Papa Van Ranesealer favored him with a cockeyed wink.

"She knows I own the telephone company," he answered.

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Studio News

[Continued from Page 15]

emperor who has been ordered by his mother to marry his cousin, Frieda Inescourt, whom he has never seen. She doesn't love him, so her father and sister (la Moore, two jours amour) set off for the castle in a donkey cart. They meet—Franchot and Grace—they love, they—The only trouble is that although Grace knows who Franchot is, he doesn't know who she is. He sneaks away from his mamma, disguises himself, and meets Grace and they go to a Bavarian fete.

What a set! What atmosphere! What gayety! Grace looks too beautiful in her white gown with a lot of silver trimmings, and Franchot in his blue and red jacket with white breeches and a sword (that he keeps damning because it gets in his way every time he goes to sit down) makes quite a snazzy young emperor.

They're strolling through the crowd who little reck that royalty and romance are walking hand in hand among them.

"Cissy," says Franchot, "I feel I never want to be with anyone else."



Grace Moore sings again in "The King Steps Out," and the very busy Franchot Tone carries on.

"But tomorrow," returns the practical Grace, "her Imperial Highness will command you to forget your feelings and the Emperor, like a good boy, is going to do exactly what his mother wishes."

Franchot stops and faces her. "That doesn't sound like I'm very much of a man; does it?"

"No, your Majesty," says Grace in what, for her, is quite a humble tone.

"I suppose it's up to me to prove I am," Franchot surmises.

"Yes," Grace sighs, "I'm afraid you'll have to prove it."

And just then the hand of Providence is clearly seen for Franchot is suddenly jostled by an aggressive roughneck who is evidently looking for trouble in A BIG WAY.

"Hey!" snarls the bruiser. "Why don't you look where you're going? How'd you like a punch in the nose?"

"Well," says Franchot quickly to Grace, "here's someone else who thinks I'm not much of a man." And he turns to the bruiser: "Suppose the young lady likes my nose the way it is?"

"Suppose she likes it better when I get through with it," snarls the bruiser pugnaciously.

"Don't tell me you're going to fight!" the blood-thirsty Grace cries in gladsome tones.

"Cut!" yells Von Sternberg through his loud speaker.

So Franchot and I chat for a few moments of this and that—of his bride, his sword and his performance in "Mutiny on the Bounty" which I thought was great but which he's not so enthusiastic over, and of the picture itself which he doesn't think

shows that two million dollars and eighteen weeks of hard labor were spent on it. Then I remember that life is not all chats and pleasantries and that I have not yet covered—

Paramount

MY CONSCIENTIOUSNESS is rewarded. There is not a thing to tell you about over here. "Sky Parade" with William Gargan and Katherine DeMille is on location. The set of "Too Many Parents" with Frances Farmer, George Ernest, Billy Lee and Henry Travers is closed because it's full of children (the picture, I mean) and they're having so much trouble if they allow visitors on the set they'll never get any work done.

The other picture, "Thirteen Hours by Air," which covers a transcontinental flight from New York to Los Angeles or vice-versa and which features Joan Bennett and Fred MacMurray is on the process stage and no visitors are ever allowed there, either.

And that's all there is over here so I don't even stay for lunch. I just take the breeze to—

Warner Brothers

"ANTHONY ADVERSE" starring Fredric March and "The Gentleman from Big Bend" featuring Warren William are both on location.

But there are three others going.

"Green Pastures," of which we've heard so much, is the first set I visit. What a set they've made for this one. There is a rolling meadow with slight hills, willow trees, oak trees, a brook purling its way through, and fleecy clouds made of cotton and all of them mounted on rollers and pulleys so they won't be stationery. The clouds that are not being used today are carefully covered with muslin so they won't get soiled.

They're shooting "the heavenly fish fry." I doubt that anyone who hasn't lived in the South will fully appreciate this scene but it is to-rific. There are two darkies sitting up on a cloud with fishing poles and lines, the other end of which is in the brook. All of a sudden a tiny cloud, which a nine-year-old cherub is propelling with his wings, collides with the larger cloud.

"Whut you tryin' to do?" one of the fishermen asks.

"I'm bumpin' into ev'a'thin'," the cherub answers pleasantly.

And then a young man cook, smoking a cigar and wearing an apron and a straw hat, looks up in the direction of the fishermen. "Hurry up, Cajey," he calls, "dis yere fat's cryin' fo' mo' fish."

"Dey gotta be ketched, ain't dey?" Cajey demands. "We cain't say: 'C'mon, little



Mr. Marc Connelly's famous play, "Green Pastures," is a triumph of imagination and folklore.

fish, c'mon and get yourselves fried!"

I wish I could stay here all day. There are few things in the world that matter to me as much as the South and if I can't be there this is the next best thing. But there's work to be done so I presently find myself on the next set.

"I Married a Doctor" is one more filming of Sinclair Lewis' novel, "Main Street," which never seems to grow old. This time it has Josephine Hutchinson in the rôle of the girl who married the doctor and set out to reform the entire community. Pat O'Brien plays the doctor and Louise Fazenda the Swedish maid. They tell me Louise played it years ago. I don't know, I didn't see it. All I know is I have rarely seen such a transformation as there is in her appearance and Garbo, herself, couldn't have a more perfect Swedish accent.

This scene is, apparently, where Pat and Jo have just returned to his old home town. They're in their bedroom and a more hideous room I've never seen with its nondescript golden oak furniture.

"So you really like your home, honey?" he asks.

"Ya, ya. Ay tank Ay never see such a



Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson and Louise Fazenda in "I Married a Doctor." What, no Cagney?

swell house," Louise answers, although he isn't speaking to her.

"You heard the answer," Jo laughs.

"I left it just as it was," Pat says. "You can fix it up any way you want to."

"Oh, may I!" Jo responds with unguarded enthusiasm.

"Well, anything within reason," he answers, not so unguardedly.

Miss Hutchinson's gown, girls, is startling to say the least. The skirt is black velvet and the blouse is nothing but ermine. I haven't seen anything like it since years ago—when in a picture—Valeska Suratt climbed into bed in an ermine nightgown!

Lastly—on this lot—we have "Murder by an Aristocrat" which features Lyle Talbot and Marguerite Churchill. I suppose it's a good title but I can't figure out where it's any more pleasant being bumped off by an aristocrat than anyone else.

Be that as it may, a gent in the family of aristocrats has just been shot. Lyle, as the doctor, has brought in his fiancée, Marguerite, as the nurse.

They meet in the library. "How goes it, darling?" he puts it up to her.

"Allen," she answers earnestly, "I've got to talk to you."

"Why, what's the matter?" he asks.

"Ssh-h-h," she whispers mysteriously and pulls him into another room. "Bayard Thatcher's shooting wasn't accidental," she informs him.

"What!!!" Lyle ejaculates.

"Somebody tried to murder him," Marguerite states positively.

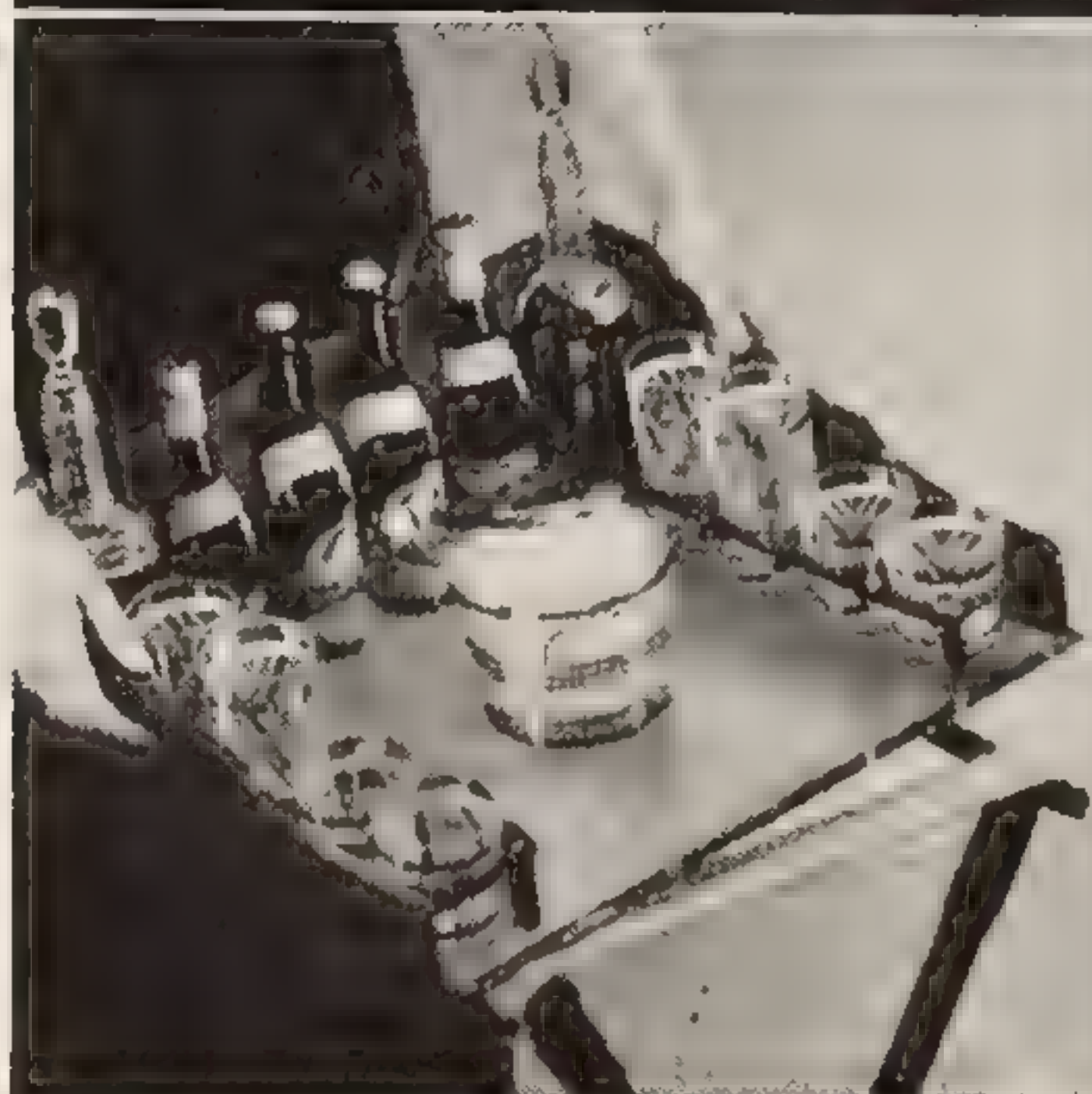
Well, that's that. "Say, Lyle," I grin



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"Murder By An Aristocrat" has Lyle Talbot and Marguerite Churchill in the leading rôles.

when the scene's over. "Did you see that fan letter in one of the magazines extolling you because there's nobody on the screen who can say 'Hi'ya, toots?' like you can?"

"Wasn't that a helluva recommendation?" Lyle comes back. "I suppose I ought to go 'round saying 'Hi'ya, Toots' to everybody I meet since I do it so well!"

I chuckle over Lyle's sally and beat it to—

Universal

OUT here, children, "Sutter's Gold" goes on and on. But you heard about that last month and, as teacher is in a benign mood today, he'll spare you. "Show Boat" with Irene Dunne has finally got under way but the scene they're doing today is an unimportant one and as this is one of teacher's favorite operettas he'll wait until next month when he can tell you about it in a BEEG way.

That leaves only "Love Before Breakfast" which stars Carole Lombard and Preston Foster, with Cesar Romero thrown in for good measure. This is based on one of Faith Baldwin's stories and it ought to be a knock-out.



You have to get up early to beat Carole Lombard and Cesar Romero in "Love Before Breakfast."

Carole is engaged to Romero but Foster (filthy with money) is in love with her and harassing her constantly to marry him. He buys the oil company for which Romero works so he can send Romero to China and get him out of the way. He buys a horse on which Carole has gone riding so he can take it away from her in the middle of the park and make her ride back to the stable with him rather than walk. He gets Bill engaged to another girl (in China) and finally wins Carole, giving her not one engagement ring but three, which I call being rather princely about the whole thing. Then he tells Carole he has ordered Romero back to New York to give him a sporting chance. But Carole is furious over the way he runs other people's lives and gives

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him back the engagement ring she happens to be wearing at the time.

On Romero's return, Foster invites them to spend a week-end on his palatial yacht but Carole tells him Romero has already chartered a yacht and they have made arrangements to go on that. Then she tells Romero to rent the biggest yacht he can find. Imagine her consternation when they get down to the dock to find the luxurious tender from Foster's magnificent yacht while Romero has only rented a tiny sailboat for their week-end.

At dusk when she and Romero are preparing their dinner of scrambled eggs, Foster's tender suddenly pulls up alongside. Carole rushes up on deck to see what's happening and the steward says: "Mr. Miller's compliments and would Miss Colby and her party come aboard his yacht for dinner?"

"Mr. Miller!" Carole ejaculates. "Is he in this cove?"

"Yes, miss," the steward (Forrester Harvey) informs her. "We're lying right off your starboard bow."

Carole gets that exasperated look on her face as she gazes off in the direction indicated. "No!" she finally screams.

"He thought you wouldn't," Harvey announces, "so he sent you this with his compliments." And forthwith he hands up a hamper of delicious food and a magnum of champagne.

Carole, in a rage, promptly dumps the hamper into the bay but the resourceful Romero rescues the wine on which he promptly proceeds to get thoroughly lit. Carole jumps into the water to swim ashore and when Foster comes after her in his tender she won't go aboard. So he jumps into the water, knocks her unconscious, takes her aboard his yacht and the captain marries them while they're still screaming imprecations at each other.

This is being directed by Walter Lang who did such a swell job on "The Warrior's Husband." And the set is something to remember. They have built a cove right on a Universal stage. There are rocks, trees, water, and hills. A wind machine furnishes the breeze and a dozen men, along the edge of the water with pushers, make the waves.

"Gee, this is swell," I yell at Carole who is out on the water in the sailboat.

"Wait till we've been on the set a week or so and the water begins to have a slight odor," she screams back.

Universal is a bitter disappointment to me today. Carole's set is one of the few where I always have a lot of fun and here she's stuck out in the water and I'm stuck on the land so there's no chance for any banter. Oh, yes! The tender used in this sequence is actually off Preston Foster's own yacht.

Nursing my chagrin over not being able to talk more to Carole, I transfer my activities to—

M-G-M

THERE are two pictures shooting here. One of them is "Romeo and Juliet," but after about fifteen years of picture-making Norma Shearer still suffers from stage fright and no visitors are allowed on her set.

The other picture is "Small Town Girl" starring Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor. Janet lives in a little town between New Haven and Boston—right on the edge of the football crowd but not of it. She goes for a walk one night, meets Bob who is on his way to a road-house to join some friends, accepts his invitation to join the crowd, not knowing that he's drunk. They have a big time and start for an even bigger one in New York. They lose their way and Bob, by this time as drunk as Romero was when I left him at Universal, suggests they get married. Janet, realizing this is her chance to get away from the



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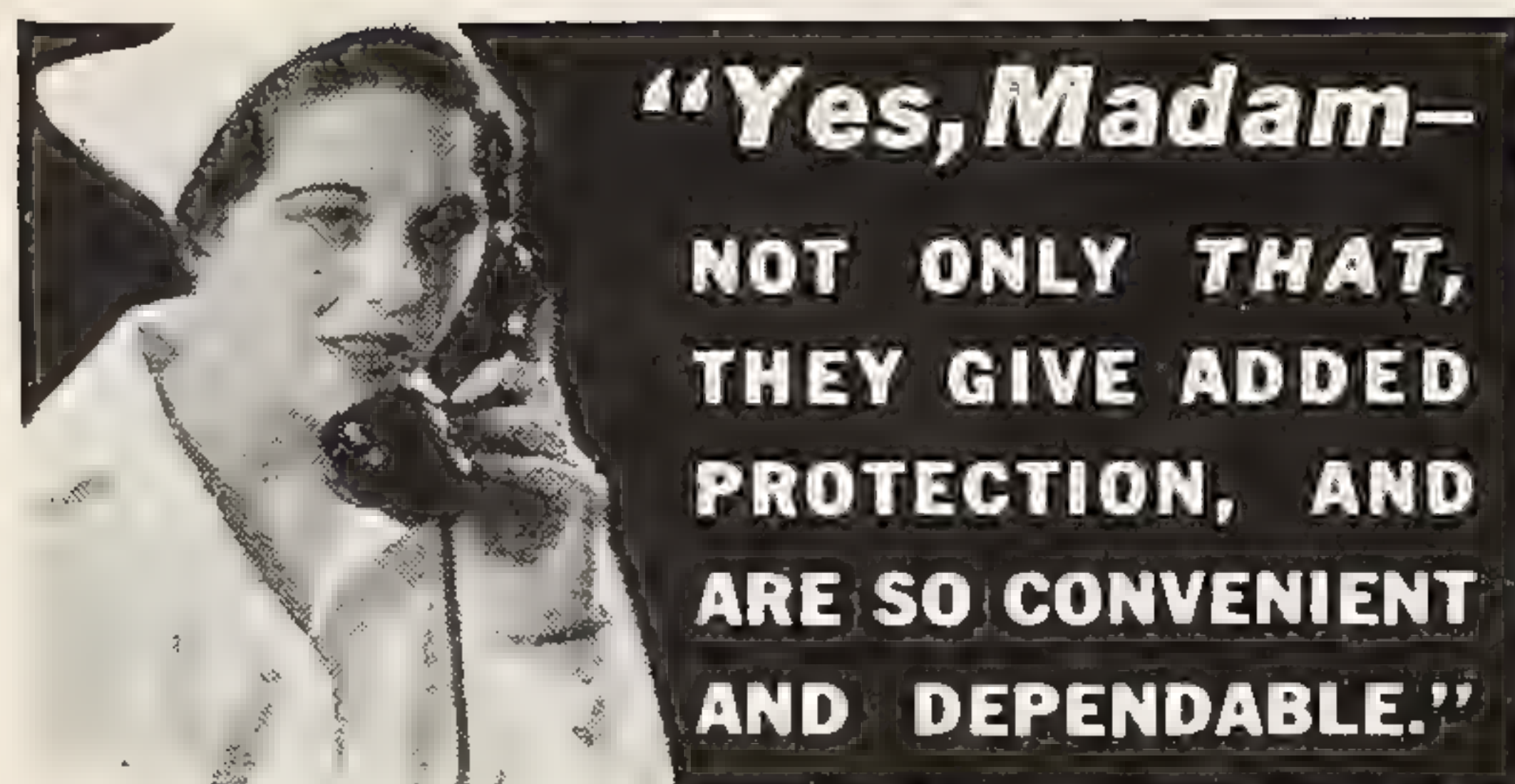


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life she loathes, accepts him. When he wakes up he realizes what he's done and after a time Janet realizes he'll never love her. So they go for a loveless honeymoon on his parents' yacht, intending to get a divorce afterwards. They catch cold and Bob is confined to his cabin. Janet sends him some Carvel remedy.

"Tell her," Bob instructs the Chinese boy, "to take that Carvel remedy and pour it down the—"

But just then Janet comes in. "Hello," Bob whispers hoarsely.

Janet glances angrily at the pitcher So-So has put on the table. There is a pause as Janet confronts Bob. "I'll drink it," he agrees meekly. "I'm licked." She gives it to him and he drinks it like a small boy. Then, looking up guiltily, he observes, "I'm tired of being a grouch, aren't you?"

"I never was one," snaps the unrelenting Janet, "but I was getting to be."

"Forgive me?" Bob pleads.

"Of course," Janet smiles.

"As long as we have to put on a show," Bob observes, gazing at the ceiling, "we might as well be comfortable doing it. And this boat isn't big enough for a cat and dog fight, is it?"

"No, it isn't," Janet answers with an embarrassed laugh. "I'm glad you're not angry any more."

"You're all right, Kay," Bob concedes. He reaches out and pours another drink



Robert Taylor and Janet Gaynor in
"Small Town Girl." The indications
are that this will be a great hit.

of medicine. "You take your troubles like a gentleman and a scholar." Then he jerks his head towards Priscilla's picture (Priscilla being the girl he's really in love with and whom he intends marrying as soon as he and Janet are divorced). "Pris and I drink to you." He starts to drink and as he does so, she looks over at the picture of the other girl, drops her eyes and looks into her lap.

There being nothing more to see here, I take a drive out to—

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"Ah!" Phil exclaims to her, "you admit my powers of fascination."

Mac seizes a pair of scissors and holds the hole in one handle up to her eye

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Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke and Rafael Storm in "The House of a Thousand Candles."

as a lorgnette. "So that's your technique, Tony?" she inquires. "You stun them."

"Merely the frill on the lamb chop," Phil replies, flipping back his dressing gown and winking at Storm.

"Some frill!" Mae scoffs. "A decent American gangster wouldn't be found dead in that thing."

"Ah, you Yankees," Phil chafes her. "Always boasting."

It's getting late and I haven't time to stop and chat with Mae and Phil but you'll agree, I think, that this is what picture dialogue should be—gay and yet with nothing forced about it.

There's still another picture going out here, called "Laughing Irish Eyes." It is being directed by Joseph Santley who recently completed "Her Master's Voice" and it features Phil Regan whose singing voice is second to none in the business.

In County Cork, Ireland—or some county over there, Cork being the only one I know—they're having a contest, run in connection with the fair, for a tenor. Phil is timid but his girl, Evalyn Knapp, makes him enter it. That's the only false note in the whole thing. His worst enemy could never accuse Phil of being timid, but he may be a better actor than I think so we won't get captious.

Just now, late in the afternoon, the judges are assembled on the platform. Bob Homans who is, apparently, the spokesman, speaks to the other three judges and then steps to the fore, raising his hand for silence. "I'm pleased to announce," he announces in a brogue so thick you could cut it, "that the judges have unanimously selected Danno O'Keefe as the winner of the contest." There is a pause during which much applause is heard. "Come up, Danno, me bye," Homan urges Phil. More applause is heard as Phil mounts the steps. "And it gives me great pleasure," Homans concludes, "to give you the keys to the car that the winner wins."

After the scene is over, Phil takes me over to a machine, gives me a pair of ear-phones and I listen to his recording of "The Londonderry Air."

"That's swell, Phil," I congratulate him, "but how'd you ever hit that real high note?"

"Oh," says Phil modestly, "I went shot for shot with another tenor. He strained a little harder than I did so I hit it."

"Well, that's fine," I encourage him. "And now as the sun sinks in the west, I'll hit for home and mother."

And another month's copy is in the bag.

The Cream of the May

SILVER SCREEN, next month, will tell all about the golfing set. The stars have a way of forming cliques; polo enthusiasts fraternize with polo players, tennis experts are found in groups and golf players foregather with kindred spirits. Read the story by Ben Maddox in the May SILVER SCREEN.

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The Final Thing



Wide World

Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.

"MODERN TIMES"

WHEN an artist shoves his creation out the studio door into the world, after five years of thought, study and revision, we may analyze it, secure in the knowledge that there are hidden depths and, possibly, touches of irony and satire which a casual glance might not detect. Charles Chaplin, in his new and very amusing picture, has made a record of his growing-older thoughts. They are bitter and each jibe carries venom-tipped humor.

In "City Lights," Chaplin resorted to hokum, but, when he did, the emotional situation was handled so perfectly that it reached the stoniest heart. You recall the blind girl, cured, laughing at the funny little fellow outside. Beautiful! And a marvellous example of contrasts. Did you laugh with the girl or weep at the cruel jest of fate?

Now, Chaplin sees a funnier comedy in the tragedy of our economic life. It is based on Truth, with little stretching of facts for dramatic effect. First, a flock of sheep, that's *you*, going to work! Then the grim humor of a man practically geared to a quantity production machine—laugh you slaves, again that's *you*! The twitch that continues after he stops working. That's a good laugh for the pneumatic tool workers, phosphorus and silicosis victims. And then the perfect jest at our day and age, when the jail has all the comforts. We realize that work is for fools, the wise go on relief. No wonder Chaplin grins as he notes the taxes that are piled on the workers, and the sentimental mush and creature comforts spread before the feet of those merry men in jail who know a joke when they see one.

Charlie is no communist, and the propaganda is only to spur the downtrodden to laugh and get wise. When the red flag falls from the tail end of a truckload of steel girders, Charlie, always anxious to lend a helping hand, picks up the banner. Of course, a parade of revolutionists comes around the corner and Charlie becomes their leader. What a perfect comment on pop-up dictators generally.

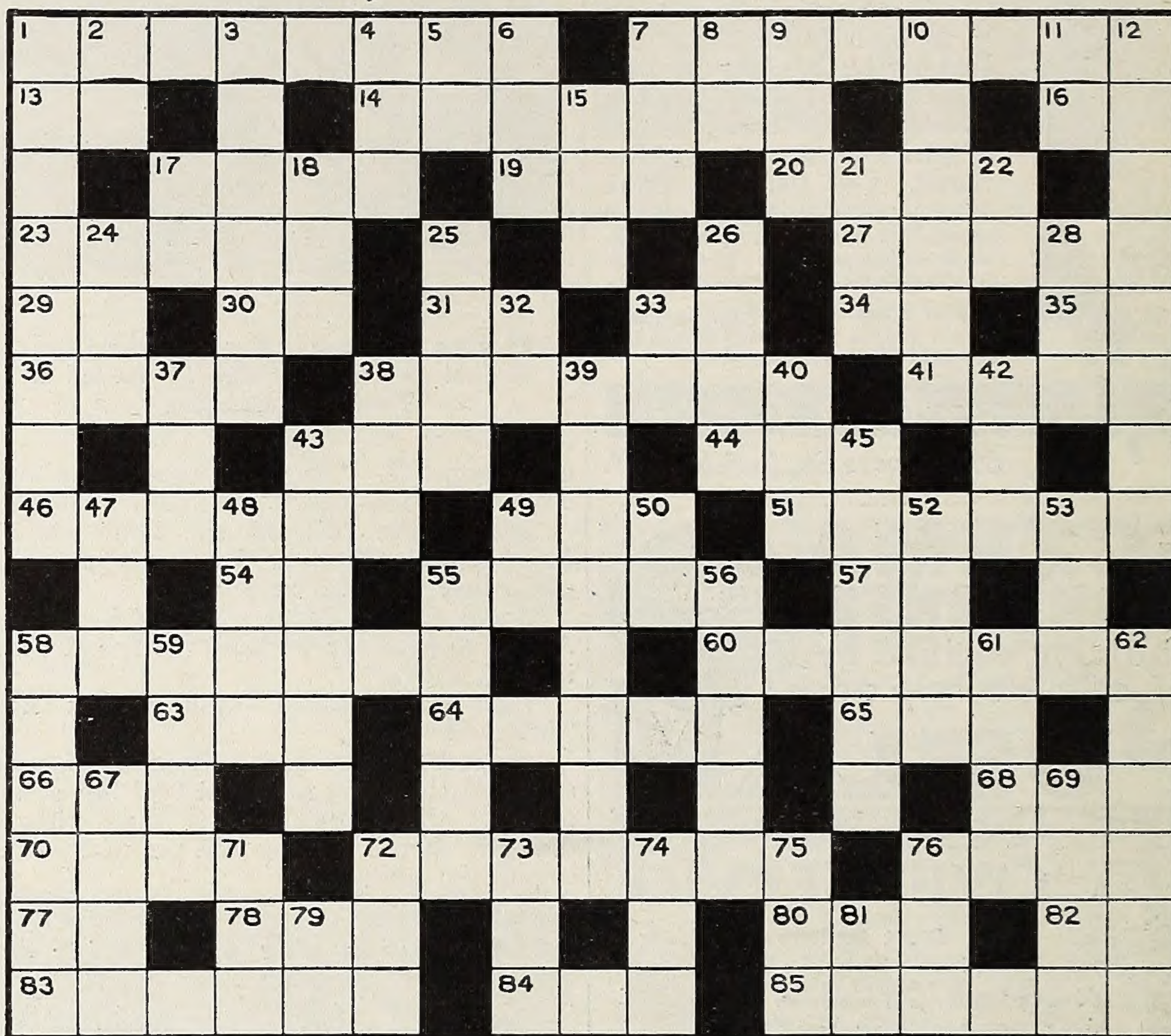
Paulette Goddard is delightful, a perfect preachment for liberty (which lies outside of our stuffy laws), and when, once more, Charlie walks down the road into the adventurous future, we are quite happy that little Paulette is beside him.

Did I say "Modern Times" is a hilarious comedy? It is. You laugh from beginning to end.

Shut Keen
EDITOR

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

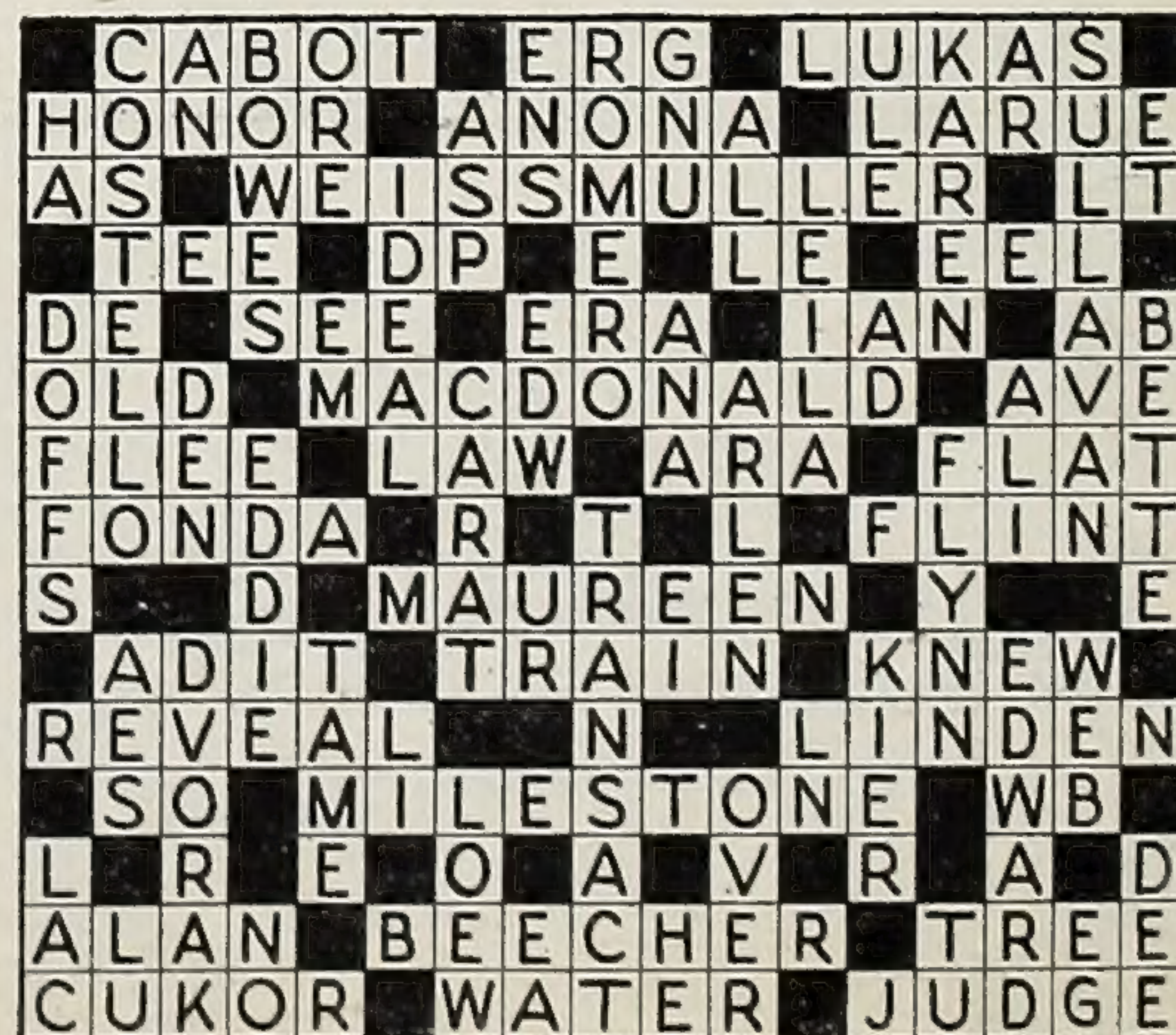
- 1 The foppish marquis in "A Tale Of Two Cities"
- 7 The music teacher in "Follow The Fleet"
- 13 Upon
- 14 The bibulous uncle in "Ah, Wilderness"
- 16 The two-toed sloth
- 17 Sydney Carton's law partner in "A Tale Of Two Cities"
- 19 With Spencer Tracy in "Whipsaw"
- 20 Unharmed
- 23 Conforming to a standard of perfection
- 27 Murdoch Glourie in "The Ghost Goes West"
- 29 Negative
- 30 His next picture will be "Petticoat Fever" (initials)
- 31 An interrogative
- 33 A degree (abbr.)
- 34 Elder (abbr.)
- 35 North River (abbr.)
- 36 To sow or plant
- 38 The drunken candidate in "Thanks A Million"
- 41 He is excellent in "The Story Of Louis Pasteur"
- 43 Co-starred with Gladys Swarthout in "Give Us This Night"
- 44 Exclamation of disgust or contempt
- 46 More tidy
- 49 Energy
- 51 A powerful alkali
- 54 Irish poet and playwright (initials)
- 55 Chief Edwards in "Millions In The Air"
- 57 Behold
- 58 The Justice of the Peace in "The Bride Comes Home"
- 60 She was so delightful in "Hands Across The Table"
- 63 Elongated fish
- 64 A maxim
- 65 The orb
- 66 Our own country (abbr.)
- 68 A torn piece of cloth
- 70 Reunited with Marlene Dietrich in "Desire"
- 72 Diana in "The Invisible Ray"
- 76 A musical composition for the voice
- 77 For example (abbr.)
- 78 Seventh letter of Greek alphabet
- 80 Anger
- 82 Tellurium (abbr.)
- 83 The queen in "Three Kids And A Queen"
- 84 Her last picture was "I Found Stella Parish"
- 85 Tommy Thomas in "Ceiling Zero"

DOWN

- 1 The faithful slave in "The Littlest Rebel"
- 2 Indefinite article
- 3 He is now making "Romeo and Juliet"
- 4 To possess
- 5 A continent (abbr.)
- 6 A measure of length
- 7 Grass, cut and dried for fodder
- 8 A suffix
- 9 The (Fr.)
- 10 To communicate news to
- 11 The sun god
- 12 "Desire" is her latest picture
- 15 An undressed piece of timber
- 17 Type of lettering (abbr.)

- 18 A beautiful shade tree
- 21 Public notices
- 22 A prefix
- 24 Female deer
- 25 She was charming in "If You Could Only Cook"
- 26 He stole the acting honors in "Sylvia Scarlett"
- 28 She was superb in "Peter Ibbetson"
- 32 The famous be-spectacled comedian (initials)
- 33 Measure of weight (abbr.)
- 37 A period of time
- 38 Armed conflict
- 39 The mother in "Ah, Wilderness"
- 40 A short sleep
- 42 Jeanette MacDonald's maid in "Rose Marie"
- 43 The little seamstress in "A Tale Of Two Cities"
- 45 With Anne Shirley in "The Chatterbox"
- 47 Before
- 48 The rising young architect in "Dangerous"
- 49 Six (Roman)
- 50 Doctor of Medicine (abbr.)
- 52 She appeared in "Forced Landing"
- 53 A title of respect
- 55 The sentimental killer in "Show Them No Mercy"
- 56 Slant
- 58 Appeared in "Lady of Secrets"
- 59 Close by
- 61 Combining form of air
- 62 The physician in "Mutiny On The Bounty"
- 67 A granulated food starch
- 69 A prefix denoting against
- 71 Affirmative
- 72 An enthusiastic admirer
- 73 Noah's haven
- 74 Modest
- 75 Occupy a seat
- 76 The ocean
- 79 Toward
- 81 A mode of transportation (abbr.)

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



A Movie Princess sticks to LUX

"The best care for washables I have ever found," says glamorous
BINNIE BARNES



"LUX is like a fairy godmother," declares this lovely but intensely human British star, who has acquired a Texan drawl, and a store of American slang!

"Getting the breaks may be luck, but looking like a million dollars is a cinch with Lux. I've had so much experience pinching pennies, I know! My blouses and sweaters are wows after they're Luxed."

"And, boy, does Lux stymie ladders—runs, as you say. Lux saves the elasticity of stockings, so they last longer."

Binnie doesn't think cake-soap rubbing is "so hot." Rubbing, or using soaps with harmful alkali weakens threads, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. As Binnie knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

SPECIFIED IN ALL THE BIG HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS! "I take care of all washable costumes with Lux," says Vera West, wardrobe supervisor at Universal. "It cleanses even badly soiled fabrics like magic . . . colors come out of their Lux bath as lovely as new."

Hollywood says—

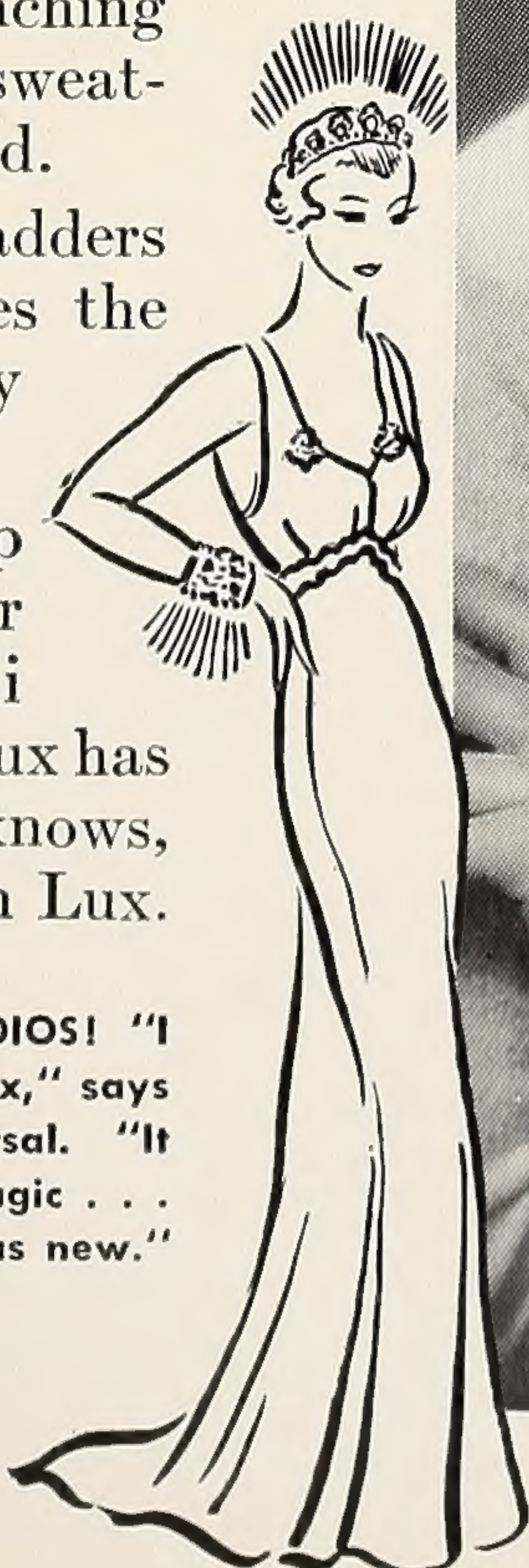
DON'T TRUST TO LUCK

TRUST TO LUX



Universal's "Sutter's Gold" is another triumph for Binnie. In her Hollywood home (above), she is devoted to country-house simplicity and Luxables—ranging from her own smart clothes to crisp organdie and chintz.

Binnie is keen about active sports, tailored clothes, and Lux! "It's a honey for woolens," she says. "Lux leaves them so soft! And little silk scarfs and lingerie Lux like hankies."



Unless Camels thoroughly please you— they cost you nothing!



Camels are mild in the best sense of the word—mild in flavor and, even more important, so mild you can smoke all you want.

To emphasize our confidence that you will recognize the superiority of Camel's costlier tobaccos...we want you to try them at our risk.

See if you don't agree with Mrs. Allston Boyer, Miss Dorothy Paine, Mrs. William Wetmore, and the other discerning women throughout the country who have learned that in cigarettes the cost of the tobaccos and the skill with which they are blended are all-important.

MRS. ALLSTON BOYER (*Above*): "I notice that if I'm tired a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

MISS DOROTHY PAINE (*Above right*): "Of course I smoke Camels. They have such a grand, smooth flavor. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I'm all tired out, a Camel sets me right again."

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE (*Right*): "Everywhere you go they're smoking Camels. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer life we are leading again. They are made from more expensive tobaccos."



Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina